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TURNER

THE LIFE

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

FOUNDED ON LETTERS AND PAPERS

FURNISHED BY

HIS FRIENDS AND FELLOW ACADEMICIANS.

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BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

"Nature's most secret steps
He, like her shadow, has pursued."—SHELLEY'S ALASTOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

SOME four years ago, when the desire to write a life of Turner first entered my mind, I determined to take no steps in such a scheme till I had ascertained whether Mr. Ruskin might not himself have some intention of one day becoming the biographer of that great painter whose genius he had done so much to illustrate.

In answer to my letter of inquiry, Mr. Ruskin replied that he had no intention of writing a life of Turner, but that he should much rejoice in my doing so, and would give me all the help he could. His words were:—

"MY DEAR SIR, * * *

"Fix at the beginning the following main characteristics of Turner in your mind, as the keys to the secret of all he said and did:—

Uprightness.
Generosity.
Tenderness of heart (extreme).
Sensuality.
Obstinacy (extreme).
Irritability.
Infidelity.

nished me by that celebrated engraver, Mr. John Pye, the possessor of the best extant collection of the "Liber Studiorum," in nearly all states, and a collector for the last thirty years of all matters relating to that *chef-d'œuvre* of Turner's genius; nor must I forget to also warmly thank Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, E. M. Ward, R.A., Messrs. Bale and Smith, Mr. Mayall, the eminent photographer, Wilkie Collins, Esq., and the two executors, Messrs. Hardwicke and Cockerell.

Nor can I close my preface without expressing my obligations to all Turner's engravers—Messrs. Goodall, Cousen, Le Keux, Rawle, Wilmore, Armitage, &c., and not forgetting Mr. S. Lupton, who has from the beginning taken a special interest in the work.

When Mr. Ruskin first wrote to me, encouraging me in my plan of "A Life of Turner," he said, "there is no time to be lost, for those who knew him when young are dying daily."

I do not think, however, that as yet much information has been lost in that way—Sir John Swinburne is dead, it is true; Mr. Stokes, Turner's oldest friend and enthusiastic admirer, is also gone, but the laborious catalogues and most of the stories of the latter have been handed to me by survivors.

The Stokes and Hawkins collections of the "Liber Studiorum," it is true, have gone to pieces; but Mr. Pye's, even a richer and fuller one, still remains intact; Mr. Trimmer, Turner's preceptor in Greek and pupil in painting, too, is dead, but most of his traditions have been preserved for me by his sons. Mr. Wells also is dead, but some of his reminiscences have been

written down for me by his daughter. Mr. Charles Heath and Mr. Charles Turner, both dead, were well acquainted with the artist, but their recollections survive in the memories of others. And thus I trust that a kind Providence has allowed nothing of this great man to perish which might be useful to a future generation, either for incitement or for warning. It is only a Shakspeare who can afford to leave his works behind him as his only monument.

And now a word in conclusion about my predecessors in Turner biography. They are few, indeed, whom I have to thank or to quote from. Mr. Peter Cunningham once wrote a short memoir full of prejudice, and still more full of errors. But for Mr. Burnett's most valuable remarks on Turner's art that accompanied it, it would be worse than valueless. Little else has been printed, if I except a short memoir of Turner in an old "Fraser's Magazine," by Mr. Cyrus Redding, another by Mr. A. Watts, and a still shorter one in some other paper, for which Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, furnished many facts. Mr. Timbs, with little of that courtesy that should distinguish literary men, plying his scissors with his usual industry, has lately cut out a dozen or two of trite or erroneous Turner stories, and published them in a catchpenny form—for which, as partly fulfilling Job's wish, I thank him. To Mr. Wornum, an official of the National Gallery, I am indebted for two or three dates.

In Mr. Ruskin's fifth volume of "Modern Painters" he alludes kindly to my "Life of Turner." I trust that my views of Turner may agree with those of the

great exponent of his genius. I have spared none of Turner's faults—I have tried to forget none of his excellences—I have not tried to caricature him as a miser, because I knew that one great work of charity had been the fixed object of his whole life: I could not ridicule him as an anchorite and a misanthrope, because I knew how tenderly he was beloved by his more intimate friends, how sensitive he was to their sufferings, and how deeply he felt their loss.

Yet I have not written this book in the base gladiator spirit of a mere special pleader, but with, I hope, a stern and undeviating regard for truth. I had no motive whatever to warp me. I did not wish to write a eulogy, a fulsome funeral oration, a poem, a riddle, a rhapsody, or a mere saleable time-serving apology. I have tried to paint the man as I really believe he was—an image of gold with clay feet—a creature over whom the sun now shone, now darkened —a great disappointed man, whose ambition was never satisfied, and who in despair of all other pleasure sought out nature, and in her presence felt his only real happiness.

I have not sought to put him on a higher or lower throne than the genius of his great exponent has already placed him, but rather to gather fresh proof of his genius from the records of his personal history. In many respects I certainly do not think his mind was so vast or so harmoniously developed as that of Michael Angelo, Raphael, or Titian. I do not think that his oil pictures were always equal to his water-colour drawings. But I do firmly believe that though often utterly defective in a sense of form, Turner was,

taking altogether his quantity, imagination, variety, quality, and originality, the *greatest landscape painter not only England, but the world, ever has and perhaps ever will produce.*

WALTER THORNBURY.

P.S. In a postscript I must also thank Turner's old friend, F. H. Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, in Yorkshire, for the kind readiness with which he sent me a catalogue of his unique collection of Turner's drawings (chiefly unpublished); and to Mr. Trimmer for his original reminiscences of Lawrence, Gainsborough, &c. I have been much indebted to Mr. Pye also for his admirable and well verified volume on the history of English Art, which, as a treasury of dates, facts, &c., especially as relating to English engraving, cannot be equalled; nor can I help expressing my gratitude to Mr. Ruskin for many passages in the last wonderful volumes of his on "Modern Painters," volumes which, although I often differ from them, seem to me monuments of a genius as versatile and profound as Turner's, and infinitely more logical, clear, and far-seeing.

I only trust that the following pages will at least show the injustice of Mr. Fairholt's assertion, "that all reminiscences of Turner are unpleasant, and only tend to lower the man."

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THE LIFE

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURTAIN RISES.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER was born on St. George's-day (day ominous of greatness), the 23rd of April, 1775, and was baptised on the 14th of May following, in the parish church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, where his name may still be seen in the register.

His father, William Turner, a barber,* well known in the district of the Garden, lived at the west end of Maiden-lane, on the right-hand side, opposite the Cider-Cellars (opened about 1730); at the time of the future painter's birth the studio of an Artist Society. Only a side door of the murky house is still extant,† and that is now absorbed into the sticky warerooms of Mr. Parkin, an adjoining grocer, who has pushed his conquests even to Hand-court. Geographically

* Turner's father had a large theatrical connexion; no doubt Garrick often came to his shop and talked of Johnson and Goldsmith.

† Pulled down this very year, 1861.

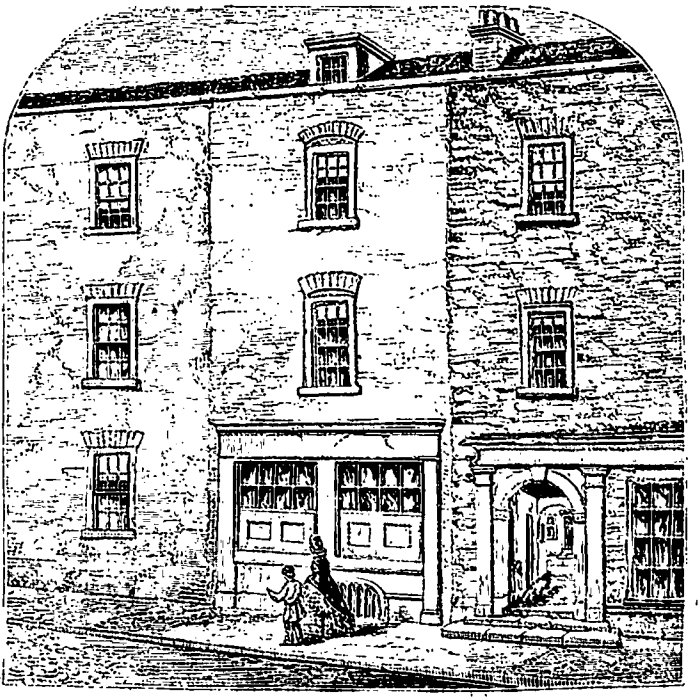
considered, the consecrated house was No. 26, and stood on the left-hand corner of Hand-court, near the south-west corner of Covent Garden. This court is a sort of gloomy horizontal shaft, or paved tunnel, with a low archway and prison-like iron gate of its own.

You must stand for some minutes in the quenched light of this archway before you can see the coffin-lid door to the left that led to the small barber's small shop, in the days of Dr. Johnson. The front window, once grotesquely gay with dummies such as Hogarth loved to stop and draw, is still extant.

Indeed, if I may trust wavering tradition, the barber of Maiden-lane lived most of his time in the cellar under his shop; but this is but living in an underground kitchen, as London servants generally do now, even in grand houses. Still I am inclined to disbelieve the story,* because I think I see in it a sort of dramatic effort to get contrast, to heighten the son in fact by lowering the father. It is, however, not improbable that the Turners cooked underground, in what might be called by many people a cellar, and spent much of their time there, keeping their upper rooms for special holidays and festivals.

Turner mentioned his birthday as April the 23rd, in the first codicil of his will. In the parochial books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, we find that his father was married (by licence) to Mary Marshall, also of the parish of Covent Garden, on the 29th of August, 1773. In this year he first appears as a householder in Covent Garden parish, paying thirty pounds rent

* Mr. Alaric Watts, on the authority of Mr. Duroveray.



TURNER'S BIRTHPLACE, MAIDEN LANE.

for one half of a double house, a Mrs. Hawkes renting the other at a like sum.

The assertion, therefore, of some writer (Mr. Cyrus Redding, in *Fraser?*), that Turner used to say that he came up from Devonshire to London when he was very young, must be a mistake, as we find that his father was married in August, 1773, and he himself baptised in London in May, 1775. Perhaps Turner meant that it was his father who early in life came up from Barnstaple to London; or perhaps he purposely mystified Mr. Redding, as he did so many other people.

The date of Turner's birth is now beyond dispute, though the executors put the wrong age upon the painter's coffin. The register of the Covent Garden church proves it, and still more the following fact. In an extant drawing of Westminster Abbey (an interior), there is the following inscription, written by the artist himself, on a flat pavement stone in the left-hand foreground of the Abbey.*

WILLIAM TURNER,
NATUS
1775.

But Turner loved to hide in a corner and mystify

* "*Natus* 1775," is ambitiously marked on a stone in the foreground pavement of this beautiful water-colour drawing of the interior of Westminster Abbey, bought by Mr. J. Dillon at the sale of Lord Harewood's pictures, in 1858. The colour of this drawing is a little blue, the figure introduced very graceful. The size of the Abbey is grandly exaggerated, yet one could scarcely wish it otherwise.

people. He sometimes talked of being born in the same year as Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, and I have no doubt he wished he had been, though "St. George's Day" was surely just as much a day of good omen for the birth of a great Englishman.

Turner's grandfather and grandmother lived all their life at South Molton, in Devonshire. His father went to London early in life, became a hair-dresser, and married a young woman whose surname was Mallord (or Marshall), from whom the painter derived one of his Christian names. An uncle of the painter settled in Barnstaple, and became a wool-merchant. A descendant of this uncle is now principal clerk in one of the Barnstaple banks, and kindly furnishes me with these facts. He tells me he once called at the painter's house, but was refused admittance, as he believes all the painter's relatives were, if they ventured on a visit to the Gallery. Turner's assertion to Mr. Cyrus Redding, therefore, that he came from Barnstaple, was a mere generality, carelessly uttered, and perhaps carelessly reported. There is no doubt, however, that the painter was proud of belonging to the same county as Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portrait he had once copied. I can claim no "blue blood" for Turner, nor do I want to. All old families have sprung originally from peasants; and every second peasant family will one day be noble. There is no rank in souls or bodies; and our heralds have now grown mere inventors of ancestors for uneasy men who have grown rich and wish to bear arms. Pedigree and genealogy—both are vanity, and I put them behind me as dead and gone.

A family like Turner's, that produced a small tradesman, a bank-clerk, and a solicitor, must have at least been of as good yeoman rank as Shakspeare's. It is the middle classes indeed that have produced England's greatest minds.

Our aristocracy, having almost the monopoly of governing, may have produced most statesmen (excépt Pitt, Burke, Canning, Peel, &c.), but our great thinkers have been nearly all middle class men.

As talent is said to come on the mother's side, I will begin with some account of Turner's mother, kindly furnished to me by the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, the eldest son of Turner's old friend and executor, the rector of Heston. Mr. Trimmer obtained his facts from an authority no less unquestionable than Hannah Danby, Turner's old housekeeper, who had them from the painter's father.

"She [the mother] was a native of Islington, but at Turner's decease they had not succeeded in finding an entry of her baptism. There is an unfinished portrait of her by her son, one of his first attempts. I could perceive no mark of promise in this work, and the same remark might be extended to his first landscape attempts. It is not wanting in force or decision of touch, but the drawing is defective. There is a strong likeness to Turner about the nose and eyes. Her eyes are blue, lighter than his, her nose aquiline, and she has a slight fall in the nether lip. Her hair is well frizzed—for which she might have been indebted to her husband's professional skill—and is surmounted by a cap with large flappers. She stands erect, and looks masculine, not to say fierce; report

proclaims her to have been a person of ungovernable temper, and to have led her husband a sad life. In stature, like her son, she was below the average height. In the latter part of her life she was insane and in confinement. Turner might have inherited from her his melancholy turn of mind. I never saw her, never heard him mention her, nor ever heard of any one who had seen her.

"There is a portrait of Turner, senior, by his son, much later than that of his mother. This," Mr. Trimmer says, "he showed my father years ago as one of his attempts at portrait. It is full face, the eyes and general expression are most correct, though I do not recognise the nose. A few years before his death, Mr. Turner, the engraver, made a drawing of him which is a fair likeness. Turner, the son, hearing of the circumstance, said it must be destroyed; and the engraver, to pacify him, made a copy of it, which he gave up, and Turner destroyed it. At this time old Turner was decrepit.

"As I knew him well," Mr. Trimmer says, "I will try and describe him. He was about the height of his son, a head below the average standard, spare and muscular, with small blue eyes, parrot nose, projecting chin, fresh complexion, an index of health, which he apparently enjoyed to the full. He was a chatty old fellow, and talked fast; but from speaking through his nose, his words had a peculiar transatlantic twang. He was more cheerful than his son, and had always a smile on his face. When at Sandicomb Lodge, he was to be seen daily at work in his garden, like another Laertes, except on the Tuesday, which was

Brentford market day, when he was often to be seen trudging home with his weekly provisions in a blue handkerchief, where I have often met him, and asking him after Turner, had answer, 'Painting a picture of the battle of Trafalgar,'" &c. &c.

Of Turner's early days, Mr. Trimmer says, "There is a portrait of him given by his father to Mrs. Danby, by her, I think, to Mr. Griffith, and by him to Mr. Ruskin, painted by himself. It looks the portrait of a youth of sixteen. It is strikingly like about the eyes and nose, but I can trace no further resemblance. There is a profusion of dark tresses, and the old man used to speak of his son's fine head of hair, a point where none will question his judgment. There is a fracture on the left side, through which Turner knocked his fist, as dissatisfied with his work. But for these traditions of Mrs. Danby," says Mr. Trimmer, "I should not consider the painting by Turner; the drawing is too good, but he might have been assisted by a master. Turner received the elements of instruction at the Brentford Free-school, as day-boarder. It was here his talent first showed itself. In his way to and from that seat of learning, he amused himself by drawing with a piece of chalk on the walls the figures of cocks and hens. I have authority for this anecdote; it was told by Turner himself to my father. There is indeed a wide interval between this child and the painter of the 'Téméraire.'"

That narrow, smoky defile, Maiden-lane, now so sacred a place in the eyes of many Englishmen, does not perhaps seem to the "outer barbarians," or art

Gentiles, a lane specially consecrated by great Mother Nature as a fit reception-chamber for one of her greatest minds, for one of those large-brained thinkers and doers that set their broad shoulders to the world's wheel, that keep it out of ruts, and urge it on at a nobler and more vigorous speed.

It is just like many other London lanes—once, I suppose, country by-paths—a mere dim passage between houses, whose red bricks are coated a dirty black with a century or so of clotted smoke; a narrow road, so often in winter time choked up with blind blue fog that a stranger from any fiery country, such as our old friend Hajji Baba's, might think he had got into a "no thoroughfare" of Hades, so rolling and murky is the stifled smoke that beats down on one's unlucky head from the red tubes of chimney-pots, those visible lung-tubes of London houses.

Yet this lane, though now humble and dirty, has had, like other London streets, its better days. It opened, remember, from Southampton-street (so called in memory of the martyr Lord William Russell's noble wife), and in Southampton-street lived Congreve, Mrs. Bracegirdle, the celebrated actress, and Garrick too, before he went to live in the then new Adelphi, some years before Turner was born.

In older times still, in gay days of plume and sword, Maiden-lane had for grand neighbours Durham-place, where Raleigh lived, and the Cecils' mansion. Indeed, the whole Strand was then a solid phalanx of palaces.

But here we go too far a-field. Suffice it to say of the antecedents of Maiden-lane that in 1633,

Archbishop Sancroft, then only Dean of York, lived there; and in 1677 honest Andrew Marvell, living in a poor second floor, content to pick at his mutton bone and spurn the bribes of a corrupt court, wrote from lodgings in Maiden-lane to his constituents in Hull.

Here too Voltaire lodged for three years, at the sign of the "White Perruke," when he came to London, rebuked Congreve, and was epigrammatized by Young of the "Night Thoughts." In the same lane, too, where the barber's son first saw daylight, Bonnell Thornton, the apothecary's son, and Hogarth's acquaintance, was born—so that the dirty lane has contributed its quota to the mythology of our dear old London.

It was not a "bright look-out," as sailors say, for a child in the first scene of his life-drama. No beauty or loveliness surrounded him; the age, too, was poor, the religion faithless and half dead. The ebony dome —the dull red roofs—the squalid life—the low ideal, were far unlike, says a certain great poet, were far unlike such visions of beauty as Venice showed to the boy Titian and the stripling Giorgione. For them there was a city of marble—nay! "a golden city," paved with fluid emerald; "eternal sapphire above—fresh free winds around and apocalyptic sunsets ever in the distance;" ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore, and blue islands of Paduan hills poised ever in the golden west.

But let us not think Heaven unkind in placing her genius in a Covent Garden kennel. Brave souls have broken from meaner homes than that; kind

Nature, too, has so many compensations: "In my Father's house, there are *many* mansions," and on joy's gamut there are many notes between alto and bass. Turner was not born either, we must remember, to be the joyous genius of a joyous age; but to be the sad genius of a sad age.

Turner, the barber, came from Devonshire (not from Kent, as Turner the son used to hint). What year the Devonshire barber settled in the city paved with gold I cannot discover. He had married, at a date not very far back before our curtain draws up, a Miss Marshall.* Whether the match was a stolen one, I do not know; but sure it is that Turner, in youth, visited Shelford Manor House, near Nottingham (now the property of Lord Chesterfield), where his mother's family lived, and I presume suffered some indignities there; for he fiercely resented any allusion to his mother's family in after life. The marriage of Miss Marshall with the barber was perhaps thought a disgrace to the family at Shelford Manor House. How the Devonshire barber found opportunities to court a Nottinghamshire young lady, I do not know; perhaps he had been called in to dress her hair while she was visiting down in Devonshire; but it is no use guessing, for it is but letting down at night buckets from an ascended balloon, and drawing up nothing but darkness.

Certain it is that pride has a long memory, and seldom forgets an injury. The proud family let the

* A Dr. Shaw, author of "Gallops in the Antipodes," writes to me, and says, "Miss Marshall was first cousin to my grandmother."

barber pass away, and be absorbed among the millions of London, apparently without compunction or regret, for the creed of caste is still as strong among us as with the old Egyptians or the modern Hindoos, and these social lapses are seldom forgiven.

For the believers in two sorts of blood—blue and red, aristocratic and plebeian—the discovery of the fact that Turner's mother was of gentle birth will be of extreme importance. To those who see in all the world only two sorts of people—men and women—it will be, however, perhaps of less interest.

In this humble house then, amid a perpetual smell of fizzing hair, offered up like incense to the deity of Vanity Fair, and amid white clouds of scented hair-powder puffing out in sudden gusts of snow, passed the early years of Turner, the son of the barber of Maiden-lane.

Without Hogarth's keen enjoyment, the boy must have pored over the expressionless dummies in his father's shop, some unlucky remembrance of which, I grieve to say, yet haunted the artist in later years, when he came to delineate his classic nymphs and goddesses. The barber's dummy entered, I am disposed to think, quite as largely into Turner's ideal of the human face as the barley-sugar temple of Claude Lorraine's early pastry-cook life entered into the great Claude's architectural backgrounds. The reclining beaux, who, in the interval of pig-tail tying and toupee curling, perhaps found time to trot the barber's son on their knees, seem to have left no more impression on his mind than so many shadows.

No physiologist has yet attempted to explain what

constitutes that special capability and power of mind that go to constitute what we term "genius." We are still uncertain whether it arises from a general or a special superiority of brain. There are thousands who, like Reynolds, still think genius is but another name for industry and cultivated faculty. Such men deny innate faculties, and innate organic tendencies, leading men irresistibly on to certain pursuits; with them, as with Locke, culture is everything. The doctrine of innate tendencies they deride as predestinarian, fatalistic, and fit only for empirics or the adherents of a science as incomplete in its limits and terms as phrenology.

With the Reynolds theory I totally disagree. I believe that every man is born with predominance of certain faculties—which religion, education, thought, study, strength of will, and above all circumstance—the Nemesis of the Greeks—will modify, elevate, or depress, but which, sooner or later, will get the upper hand, and influence and guide his life for good or evil.

Acting on this belief of my whole intellectual life, I believe that our barber's son was born with preponderating faculties for form and colour, that under any circumstances would have made him draw and colour, and so become a painter. Gainsborough was a Suffolk clothier's son. Flaxman the son of a vendor of plaster casts in the Strand. Hogarth the son of a poor schoolmaster and corrector of the press in Little Britain. Yet through all obstacles and difficulties they all became artists, because the impulse of a preponderating and tyrannous faculty drove them to either mould clay or spread colour.

Whether the barber had any artist ancestors, I do not know, nor have I been able to ascertain that he himself had any taste for art. Perhaps the lady mother drew, or had looked in youth with care and thought on portraits by Reynolds, and saintly figures brought from Italy. Perhaps drawings stuck about the barber's room, to amuse the loitering beaux of "the Garden," awoke the instinct of the boy, and set him watching the outlines and the colour of things in those dim rooms on the north side of Maiden-lane, by glimpses from under the shadow of the striped pole, and from out of the darkness of the dim vaulted passage.

Fortunately an anecdote is extant which gives us the very starting point of the boy's art life. It is like that dark spot in an egg which afterwards becomes the heart of the bird.

It used to be related by Mr. Tomkinson, the well known pianoforte manufacturer, and it was in his house the story happened. It was probably about 1780, that the barber went to Mr. Tomkinson's to dress that gentleman's hair.

Let us call it an April morning—that through a rainbow arch of sweet hope and promise, the little barber, and his son, dressed like Tommy and Harry in "Sandford and Merton," in skeleton suit and with a frill round his neck, sally out to the rich customer's house; son holds father by the hand, father has his apron rolled up under his arm; in it are powder-puff, curling-tongs, scissors, and razors. The father is in a hurry and is bustling—the boy snatches looks at tawny-chested Flemish brewers' horses and prints

in windows; and on that tearful cloud too that now laughs out into sunshine.

Little Bill is so happy at mother's sending him out to see father curl rich Mr. Tomkinson's hair.

The boy running and looking up in his father's absorbed face is a pretty spectacle to think of; I watch them till they reach the great house, and the father, looking more important than ever, pulls familiarly but modestly at the bell.

"That's old Turner the barber," says a flamingo-legged footman as he leaves some glass he is wiping, and stopping the song,

"On Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More fair than——"

runs and opens the door—chats about the war in America with the old barber and shakes hands patronizingly with the son, who stares with awe at the blazing legs.

The barber and his son are shown in. More chat about the Yankees and Lord North, Mr. Burke and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and to work goes the barber. The boy all the time (spoken to occasionally by the grand gentleman) sits in a corner near a table, staring with all his bright blue eyes at a silver salver (emblazoned with the Tomkinson arms) which leans against the wainscot. (Here authorities differ—Mr. Peter Cunningham will have it, it was a coat of arms emblazoned on a table—such I have never seen adorned but with inlaid woods). The old heralds, though great liars, and of imagination "all compact," were great colorists too, and the future painter revels

in the reds and blues. A certain rampant lion especially astonishes him, and burns itself into the sensitive tablets of his young eye.

The decorative work proceeds; the wig is frizzed and snowily powdered, till it resembleth the cauliflower of our garden; the white hair is mown from the blue smooth flesh; the dressing-gown is whisked off with a vivacious dash; the silver fee is paid, and barber and boy—the latter, not perhaps without cake and wine—turn again back towards the dusky lane. The boy is silent and thoughtful all that day; he sits upstairs all apart, brooding over a sheet of paper.

Mother wonders what ails Bill—father, at tea-time, is consulted—Bill is called. Rushing in, he brings his paper and exhibits a not unintelligible lion, twin brother to the wilder and more royal one on the salver—or table—at Mr. Tomkinson's.

The gods be praised—the boy is a genius; a father's smile; the father's hand rests on the wavy head; what great results have come from such timely patronage; how much of misery and fruitless longing too.

From that time the boy's fate is fixed; and whenever hereafter old friends, looking up from under the glittering razor, mumble through obstructive lather,

"Well, Turner, have you settled yet what William is to be?"——

The barber will smile proudly, and hushing the frothy torrent of his professional talk, will rest the burning, black curling-tongs between a twist of thin brown paper, and reply—

"It's all settled, sir; *William is going to be a painter.*"

But who was this Mr. Tomkinson, whose house the barber and his little quaintly-dressed Bill visited?

He is the great pianoforte-maker, the Broadwood of his day, and lives in Dean-street, Soho, where I believe his manufactories were also; and where a good deal of what resembles powdered ginger, but is really sandal-wood and mahogany sawdust, blows about from dawn to dark. He is a little pompous man, with a smattering taste for art, and an inclination to buy good drawings cheap and sell them dear; an inclination not unusual in our trading country. He pries about small by-shops for young men's drawings, as the boy Turner will afterwards discover, and directly he has restlessly bought a good room-full of Sandbys and Rookers, he sets to restlessly selling them again; so that his collection is a Penelope's web, ever weaving and never completed. He is a prosperous tradesman, not ill-natured, who is in the habit of emitting "flatulent platitudes" about great events —for instance, when Gainsborough died of a sudden cancer, he was delivered of this profound remark,

"Good God, sir, such men should never die."

Eventually run off the road by more progressive men, and perhaps by new improvements, leading on to Broadwood, he retires to a house at the corner of Carburton-street, Portland-road. There he is in the habit, like Dogberry, of boasting that he is one who has "had losses, go to." He had lost, in his line, some 30,000*l*., he had lost more money in business than any one else had ever lost.

Mr. Tomkinson was one of those self-contented fussy men who are shrewd enough to make money out

of a hobby. Years after he was still buying pictures of Turner, and I have no doubt he fully believed that he was one of the first men to dig up and discover a new genius, and over his wine would hint with a chuckle at his own sagacity. He bowed to beggars when he refused them a penny; for his manners were "the portly" manners of the old school. When he went into the country, he would get out and creep behind his gig, to get shots at crows. It was, perhaps, through Tomkinson that Turner was afterwards introduced to Reynolds, and allowed to go and copy portraits in that great man's studio in Leicester-square.

Turner's first ambition was, not to copy, but to go into the fields and make sketches. A son of Stothard, now living, perfectly remembers his father relating to him, that in early life he went one day to Turner's shop in Maiden-lane, to get his hair cut, when the barber remarked to him in conversation, "My son is going to be a painter." About this time he fell in with Girtin the painter.

A year or two later and we get a glimpse of the artist boy in a story of a copy or imitation of Paul Sandby, the fashionable drawing-master, Richard Wilson's friend, which a gentleman purchased from the barber's window, in Maiden-lane, and gave to Mr. Duroveray, who long years ago originated an edition of *Illustrated British Classics*, which tended to elevate the character of book illustrations generally. The same anonymous authority used to say that at this time the Turner family lived chiefly in the underground kitchen or cellar, and that the water-colour drawings copied from Sandby and others, by the

barber's son, hung round the entrance, ticketed at prices varying from one shilling to three. Between this cellar and the royal tomb in Saint Paul's there were indeed many steps.

Mr. Trimmer and Turner were one day looking over some prints. "This," said Turner, with emotion, taking up a particular one, "made me a painter." It was a green mezzotinto, a Vandervelde—an upright; a single large vessel running before the wind, and bearing up bravely against the waves. This made Turner a marine painter, subsequent boyish visits made him love English rivers; other later trips to Margate made him love Kent and the sea.

We have already seen his nascent genius break out at the sight of an engraved salver or a painted table, but after all, a strong Vandervelde is the spark that lights the train. He first begins to copy Paul Sandby, then to go in the fields and on the Thames, drawing rickety sheds and old towers and steeples: at school we shall presently see him drawing animals with chalk on the wall. Even his relations had no doubt by this time that William was to be a painter.

There is an early drawing of Turner's, "Margate Church," executed by the artist when he was about nine years old. The building is far from perpendicular. It is one of the boy's earliest works that I have yet heard of. I myself have not seen drawings of an earlier date than his eleventh or twelfth year.

Of the boyhood of the barber's son we have a few glimpses which come as lightning at night to the traveller, cleaving for a moment the darkness and showing him the right road.

Long afterwards, the little barber, then shrunk up by long years of parsimony,—at first necessary, but afterwards degenerating into meanness,—used to boast that it was his special pride to think that he had given "William a good edycation."

He did not mean to deceive, but had, as old men do, told a story so often that he at last began to believe it. For I find* that in 1785, when he was ten years old (eleven or twelve, Mr. Bell says, but this is obviously wrong), Turner was snatched from the delight of playing among the vegetable baskets in Covent Garden, from marbles with stray apprentices and recusant errand-boys, from London's Cimmerian gloom and crimsoning fogs, to be sent to school at Brentford, near the river's side.

In consequence of a fit of illness (want of air—chief disease in London!) Turner was sent to an aunt at Brentford; and there received, as London boys do at country schools, both health and learning—being at once oxygenized and indoctrinized.

A gentleman who was at school with Turner at Brentford, in 1785, says that Turner was sent to a day-school at New Brentford, and boarded with an uncle on his lady-mother's side—a Mr. Marshall, a butcher in that town. Boarding, perhaps, at this uncle's and aunt's, and attending a day-school; his father paying for both board and schooling. A supposition which, if correct, renders true the hair-dresser's boast in early life.

* From a MS. book entitled "Early Recollections of Mr. E. Bell, Engraver," kindly communicated to me by C. H. Adhurst, Esq., of Edmonton.

The school was kept by a Mr. John White, and was opposite the Three Pigeons, at Brentford Butts. It was a school, or rather an "academy," such as old Boswell sneered at when he heard that his ne'er-do-weel son had forgathered with Johnson, an auld dominie, who had kept a schule, and ca'ad it an acawdemy! It contained, when the sickly, pale boy came down to it from London, fifty boys and ten girls—all, I presume, of tender ages.

Turner has left drawing lions from Mr. Tomkinson's salver now. He is removed by his good angel from the large-pillared church of St. Paul, that Hogarth introduced into his pictures; from the railed-in burial-ground where his dear friend and fellow-worker Girtin was afterwards to sleep; from the heaps of Hesperides fruit; from the flowers that still retain traditions of Eden; from red roofs and driving blasts of brown smoke; from crimson fog-suns and misty slants of sunshine—to a very Promised Land for a boy-artist. The green fields of Paradise to him were the fields round vulgar Putney and lonely, peaceful Twickenham. The birds must have been to him as little flying angels newly transformed, and the air seemed of sapphire brightness and transparency. It was, I know, near twenty years before I, myself a London-born boy, could forget the exquisite delight of my first days in the country and on the Thames side, where tree, bird, sky, river, seemed but as so many voices uniting in one calm, yet unceasing chorus of gratitude and joy to God their Creator.

We must imagine the hairdresser's son thrown, dazed, confused, and tearful with memories of father

and mother and home, among the sixty boys and girls in the academy opposite the "Three Pigeons." He probably, as we all have done (genius or no genius), cried bitterly the first night under the sheets, then stifled his sobs, in a day or two grew tamer and happier, and wrote home with good tidings. In a week or two he began to get into gear and work better in the new harness. Then comes the day when, with flaming eyes, bristling hair, cheek white with rage, not fear, and clenched teeth, we fight the school bully (probably a tyrannous West Indian, who bribes crowds of small parasites with jars of tamarinds and guava jelly) who has dared to sneer at our old father the "barber" in Maiden-lane, and ask his son if they baste the legs of mutton in Hand-court with bears' grease. Then come school 'scapes, bitter canings, dreadful difficult passages of "Delectus" and verses of Virgil, or *Propria quæ maribus*, that no earthly memory can retain.

Gradually, the old instinct works through the shallow crust of Latin grammar and English history. There is much surreptitious drawing of elm-trees and blackbirds in fly-leaves of "Cæsars" and "Telemachuses." Long afterwards old school-fellows of Turner's used to say, that his first attempts at art had been drawings of birds and flowers and trees from the school-room windows — rude attempts at the rose, the elm, and the blackbird no doubt, yet still showing the way the twig was bent. The delights of the country were undoubtedly acting like yeast on the impressionable seething brain of the young genius. Penned in London fog, he might have become a Piranesi in architecture; free and happy in the

country, he became a landscape-painter—most true, yet most poetic of landscape-painters—bringing back for us a lost Eden by the force of his enchantments.

Still using the valuable notes from Mr. Bell's MS. book, I find that many of these early sketches were taken by stealth—"Stolen waters are sweet," says Solomon—his school-fellows, sympathizing with his taste, often did "his sums" for him while he pursued the bent of his compelling genius.

To these early days in the country Turner owed much. The chestnut-avenue at Bushy Park—the terraces of Hampton Palace—the green calm meadows—the reflective cattle—the pouting, scornful swans—the fast-flowing river—the summer elms, so dense and dark and close, yet peopled with chorister birds,—must all, as after-work showed, have reached his young heart, stirred him to poetry, and roused his veneration, his sense of sublimity, and his love for the beautiful. I think that no place breeds so strong a reactionary love for poetry and art as London—the vast, the negative, the miserable, the loathsome, the great, the magnificent.

It was probably indelible recollections of these early days that afterwards led Turner to come and live at Twickenham, near his old school. It led him to delight—and this years after—in drawing swans in all attitudes; and it was long before even the flat-roofed stone-pines of Italy could efface the memory of the Bushy elms and the Brentford meadows gilt with flowers and azure with forget-me-nots.

But before I lead Turner (the boy William) from school, let me sketch the lads there, as I know from

almost contemporary accounts of schools, how they must have looked.

They walk out two and two, and on Sundays dazzle the eye with extraordinary and not to be forgotten colours—pea-green, scarlet, sky-blue, snuff-brown, and bright claret. The richer boys wear little, smart, triangular gold-laced hats, above flowing locks of sable or flaxen, that curl down over the shoulders of the little stiff-skirted Tommy and Harry coats of formal cut.

The master is probably a spare, shrivelled man in a large bushy wig, rather brown from want of powder, with ink-stained ruffles and coarse blue worsted stockings, a snuffy camlet coat, and when he walks out, he swings a rather brassy-looking gilt-headed cane. N.B. He is a great authority at the "Three Pigeons" opposite.

It was on the forms of Brentford that the cane of Mr. John White probably "bit into" Turner, to use an engravers' term, the stories of the Gardens of the Hesperides, Polyphemus, the escape of Ulysses, and those other classic fables which his genius afterwards selected to reframe, restore, and illuminate; or if he did not read them in notes to Virgil, he might at least have conned Pope's "Odyssey," which is generally a current book among schoolboys.

Now comes the barber from Maiden-lane,* and takes home little William, with his head crammed with undigested scraps of "Delectus," dictations, classic stories,

* I remember the house well—I have been up and down and all over it. The old barber's shop was on the ground floor, entered by a little dark door on the left side of Hand-court. The window was a long, low one; the stairs were narrow, steep, and winding; the rooms low, dark, and small, but square and cosy, however dirty and confined they may have been. Turner's bedroom,

and English history. He has to leave his butcher uncle and his aunt on his mother's side, and retire again to shelter under the great shadow of St. Paul's.

Father still warms to art, encouraged, I suppose, by artist customers, who talk of Hogarth, Paul Sandby, and Gainsborough while their heads are being shaved. The boy prattles of Brentford and the river, and exhibits his stolen hieroglyphics of birds and trees. He is at once sent, let us suppose, at eleven or twelve (for tradition is vague about the date), to the Soho academy, where now, I presume, serene and happy, he draws flowers, &c., after the tambour-frame manner, for Heaven knows what indefinite commercial purpose, under a Mr. Palice, a floral drawing-master. Of the toilsome and perhaps not unprofitable hours in the ill-omened square, haunted by the headless ghost of the brainless Duke of Monmouth, the scene of so many fashionable masquerades, and dinners too, but a few short years before, I have no record.

We may suppose the boy slowly advancing (for he was one of the slow ripeners), trying colours, drawing houses and churches, assaying and testing everything in a patient, careful way. "Evidently an artist is William," says the father to himself, as he runs about with the hot tongs and frizzles them clean in thin curling-paper.

He is now thirteen, growing up short and thick-

where he generally painted, looked into the lane, and was commanded by the opposite windows. The house where I suppose he afterwards went to for more quiet and room, is at the end of Hand-court, and is on a larger scale, with two windows in front; but it must have been rather dark, though less noisy than his father's house.

set, and with large but handsome features; clear grey-blue eyes and arched eyebrows; careless in dress, and generally a sturdy, determined, prudent boy, with an irresistible bias towards art. For I know not what reason, father determines now to send William to his third school, a Mr. Coleman's, at Margate, probably in the hoy immortalized by Charles Lamb. A dreary, blundering, miserable journey of a flock of huddled-together sea-sick citizens' wives and children, yet most eventful to the lad. There was, firstly, that great happiness to one of the smoked London million, pure, fluent, sapphire air; next, sunlit waves washing off and breaking in green sparkles over the gunwale; then sails luminous with transverse sunbeams and other delights to the artist-eye.

Margate then must have seemed a wild, little sea-side village, at a vast distance from London, and schooling, no doubt, was cheap there. Turner formed an acquaintance there with the pleasant family of a favourite schoolfellow. No wonder he retained to the end of his life an ardent love for the breezy piers and white-walled cliffs of that Kentish bathing-place; for it was there he first saw the sea, there he first learnt the physiognomy of the waves, and there, too, he first fell in love, that great revolution in the mind of youth, that temporary restoration to the lost Eden.

It was with a sister of a schoolfellow that the boy-painter fell headlong into love. She was about his own age. Close friendship now began the basis of a future love. But more of this anon.

CHAPTER II.

THE LONDON OF TURNER'S BOYHOOD.

TINTORETTO was the son of a dyer, Andrea del Sarto and the Caracci were sons of tailors, Caravaggio was the son of a mason, Correggio of a labourer, Guido of a musician, Domenichino of a ropemaker, Albano of a silk-mercer, so Turner had good precedent for being born the son of a barber—it was his only chance of being original; had he been a great man's son in that artificial age, he might have grown up a third-rate imitator of Berghem or Hobbima, and have frittered away his life lounging in the galleries of Rome or Florence. But the hard necessity of earning bread, put steel into his blood, made him a Titan for work, a lion for exertion, and filled him with an all-absorbing love of nature. Thus there was no luxury or social frivolity to weaken or impair him; all his boyhood passed in the little Maiden-lane shop, and there by contrast he learnt ardently to thirst for the fresh air and green fields.

Let us see what the shop contained. An old writer describing the barbers' shops in Exeter-change, catalogues the contents of them as consisting of long

spiral machines for frizzing the hair, powder-puffs, toupées, silk bags, wired cushions, braiding pins fourteen inches long, crisping irons and leather rolls for forming curls. A City gentleman about 1775 would have had three wigs: two wigs for common, one of which the barber would bring nicely powdered every morning for the day's use, when he came to shave the master of the family; the third was a Sunday wig, which was taken away on the Friday and brought back on the Saturday. At spare times the barber would sit at his shop-door, surrounded by his friends while he weaved flaxen curls. There was the eternal grinning of dummies—the ever-scorching of wigs, the clack of tongs, and now and then an artist from the studio opposite, to bring in a drawing or to talk about art with the barber-father.

"The Wycherly and Beau Fielding wigs, the horror of sculptors and the antipathy of painters," says Nollekens Smith, "cost as much as fifty guineas each." Even in Hogarth's time, old-fashioned men, such as Sir James Thornhill and Jonathan Richardson, wore the cascade wigs, and so in early life did Hogarth, before he took to such a curt Busby as Dr. Johnson wore. Nollekens Smith, writing in 1828, says, "There are persons now living who recollected seeing the father of the late Mr. Trim of Witton wearing a flowing wig."

On such wigs gazed admiringly the barber's son, or rather perhaps passed them heedlessly, as he ran off to take coach for his Brentford school. Might not those early boat trips to Brentford have led the young painter to observe the exquisite clearness of river-

sunsets, the broad gleam of sunshine on water, the rosying in twilight of the reaches of the Thames ?

Time comes that the genius must turn a penny. There can be no doubt that Turner's thrifty father, about this date, was almost inclined to make Turner an architect; while at another period he half resolved that he should be a portrait-painter. The boy had several times sat with a looking-glass before him in the dim bedroom in Maiden-lane, painting his own portrait ; he had attempted, too, his friend Girtin's— Poor Tom's! Why might he not hope one day to rival the great Sir Joshua in Leicester-square, or Gainsborough in Pall-mall ? Then the lane would be blocked up by gilded, coroneted, emblazoned carriages; then flamingo-legged footmen would wave their gilt sticks, overflowing into Southampton-street; then ladies of fashion, with little Primrose Hills of powdered hair, would be painted by the son; while the father trimmed up, combed, or rearranged the Busbies or the curled wigs of their lords. As for the guineas, they would pour in like flour from the hopper-spout of a windmill on a breezy day. All that boating about Lambeth and Battersea must then be stopped. Somehow or other, through artist-customers, or else perhaps through Garrick, who knew Reynolds, the boy will presently be allowed by the great painter to come and copy portraits in his ante-room at Leicester-square.

But before I go further, let me describe the chief features of 1775, the year of Turner's birth. I have elsewhere shown, that in some respects Turner was

born at an age unhappy for his genius—an age artificial and conventionalized—when even Royal Academicians were half of them sign-painters, carriage-painters, decorators, and miniature-painters—when insolent patronage lay only with a few of the nobility, exhausted, unoriginal, ignorant; who knew nothing of art but its pedantry, and who were half ashamed of native produce—it was an irreligious, frivolous age, barbarically ignorant of any art but that of portraiture; to which vanity Reynolds and Gainsborough had so grandly ministered—an age when our king let Wilson and Barry starve while he pampered the cold and shallow dulness of a West.

But in other respects Turner had before him a stage miserably free from competitors. England had as yet had no landscape-painter of eminence but Wilson, and his struggles had cleared the way for Turner. The rage for illustrated topographical works gave artists ample employment. The engraving speculations of Boydell had opened and enlarged the print-buying public. A great artist could now despise his former scornful patrons, and appeal to the great world, whose verdict is generally so kind and generous. Then came the rage for local histories to give him employment. But of all these events, as well as of the growing taste for art fostered by Hogarth and increased by the engravings from West, and of the origin of annual art exhibitions, the young artist was at this time, I have no doubt, recklessly indifferent, as he leant over Sandby's and Hearne's castles, trees, and abbeys, drew barges and boats, and worked

hard and unconsciously to learn the A, B, C of great dame Nature.

Of the poetry of London itself we think that, then as in old age, Turner seems to have had no special discernment. Many of his boyish days were spent on the Thames with his friend Girtin, and of the sights there he kept good record—of the yellow and madder sails —of the dragon-fly boats, all green and vermilion—of the shaky green-stained piles—of the crumbling old sheds and boat-houses of Lambeth, of the dull brick towers, and the massy bridge that flung itself across the dull river,—he took careful note. Of all ripples, quivering reflections, gleams, and sparkling currents he remembered, whether under Temple Gardens, Savoy steps, Inigo Jones's gateway, or Old Swan landings; Strand side or Borough side, he knew them by heart. But he seems to have had no sense of the dumb grandeur of the myriads of houses over which the black globing dome dominates; the old gable-ends he never sketched; the memory-haunted places he did not care for; he could find nothing there in what seemed to him black windows and smoky streets, vaulted half the year with a sky of gloomy lead, to rouse his poetry or stimulate his imagination.

I do not wish to imitate that learned and industrious monk who, writing the life of St. Jerome, commenced with the siege of Troy.

Yet I do wish, before I follow Turner farther, to briefly convey some impression of the condition of England the year of Turner's birth, that my readers may thoroughly understand upon what stage Providence had placed him, and what was the condition of

the society in which he would have to work. We shall after this be the better able to judge if the times were really propitious or unpropitious to his genius and his art, and be able more clearly to see how far he led and how far he followed his age. In fact, we in this way obtain a standard by which to gauge his genius.

I confess it is rather soon to bait my untired horse at the wayside inn of an episode, and yet I purpose making this chapter episodical, because I do not wish to interrupt my biographical story by matter not strictly relevant; this chapter stands as a turnpike gate between Chapters I. and III. My readers can either walk through it or leap over it, according to their relative degrees of forbearance and patience.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-five was a very eventful year to England—perhaps the most eventful year to our dear country since that in which the great victories of Marlborough had taken place. It was the first year of the unhappy American war. It was the year that General Washington was appointed by Congress Commander-in-Chief of the American army. It was the year of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker's Hill. It was the year that a great colony was lost to England for ever, though much blood remained to be spilled, and many as yet un-opened graves to be dug before the issue was known, and America could boast that she was at last free.

It was a year that marked a great epoch in civilization; much, perhaps, as its events were lamented

over by the little barber of Maiden-lane and his tavern *quidnuncs*. In other countries besides America, unjust exactions and reckless misrule were breeding future evils even more terrible in their consequences, and less productive of unmitigated good. It was the year of the coronation at Rheims of the young king of France. But before the white clouds of incense had well died away from the vaulting of the great cathedral, and before the rejoicing anthems of the choristers ("Lift up your head, O ye gates, that the King of Glory may come in") had well ceased to echo, the whole kingdom, from the Pyrenees to the gates of Paris, resounded with the clamours of starving mobs shouting for bread. The great net of Justice, that blind fisher in troubled waters, was cast out for her ill-timed draught, and from cellar to "skull-cap" the loathsome Bastille was filled with all classes of victims—from serf to noble—from ploughman to priest; and amid the babble about Turgot's schemes of finance, amidst theories of reform by the "finality men" of those days, who were at last determined to end this clamour for progress and equality for good and all, these food rioters and their fate were forgotten; the coronation bells drowned their groans. Of these food riots some meagre outline probably reached Maiden-lane, and they were discussed by barber and wife as they dandle little William between them, gently wrangling as to who shall have the greatest share of that pleasing toil.

Then Pope Ganganelli is dead; some say poisoned by those dreadful Jesuits who infest Italy; a vain old man, one Pius VI., reigns in his stead; and there

is much bowing of red-robed cardinals in the Vatican and on the Quirinal; and this year the Inquisition is abolished in Milan : so that the Ganganelli poison seems rather to have been wasted than otherwise.

Nearer home, the great Earl of Chatham—after much gout, much proud sulking down in the country, a final grand tableau in the House of Lords, and a noble protest against the American War, has laid down his coronet, that proved after all so hot and so heavy—has quietly died at Hayes, and been soldered up in his coronetted lead coffin, furnishing our barber with at least two days' chat.

In the mean time, amid all the fret and angry debates of Burke and Lord North, &c., about America, —"those misguided rebels"—King George III. (now twenty-five years on his uneasy throne) passes a quiet, dull, but really well-spent summer at Kew. He rises (good, honest, obstinate man) at six, breakfasts early, and sees the five eldest children set at their tasks, while the two little ones take a walk; while the Queen works the King reads to her; and then comes the children's dinner, which the worthy old pair always go and see ; once a week the supposed model father accompanies them on a public promenade in Kew or Richmond-gardens, much to the admiration of the open-mouthed country people.

With stupid admiration, a Court chronicler of the day relates that the Prince and the future Bishop of Osnaburgh (scapegraces both) devoted eight hours a day with unremitting industry to languages and the liberal sciences. "They bid fair," the un-

prophetic writer says, "to excel the generality of mankind in learning."

It is Horace Walpole who, describing the precious Prince at the same period, shows him to us a big boy with a childish frill round his neck, unnaturally restrained from all honest and healthy recreation, and in fair training for ruin whenever he can break out; such evil comes from laying too heavy burdens on poor weak average human nature.

Probably the worthy barber, lost in admiration of the quiet, unostentatious life King George (the royal patriarch) is leading down among the elm trees of Kew, is not aware of the fact that King George's poor broken-hearted sister, Queen Matilda of Denmark, has just died, unpitied and alone.

He, more probably, is all agog about the arrival of Captain Cook at Portsmouth from the South Seas; about the White-Boy ravages in Ireland; and about a clergyman of Bristol, who has just slipped by accident into that dreadful chasm—Pen Park Hole.

Or he is in great chatter over the new entertainment called "a Regatta," that some travelled dandies, or "maccaronis," as they are now called, have introduced in England from Venice, a city his new-born son will one day connect his great name with; he discusses whether that turbulent mocking fellow, John Wilkes, will be Lord Mayor again this November; or he reads in the papers great denunciations of that "savage diversion of cock-fighting."

But it is still more likely, as being more in the way of barber's gossip, that Mr. Turner of Maiden-lane, the year of his son's birth, was often discussing even

smaller social features of the day—such as the prodigious company at Ranelagh, or the crowds who flock to hear Mr. Saville Cary lecture on mimicry at Marylebone Gardens, or to hear the singing and see the fireworks at the same popular suburban place of entertainment.

Or, as our barber lives close to Covent Garden Theatre, and in a lane that runs over nightly with the sedan-chairs of "the quality" who come to see Garrick play Abel Drugger in the *Alchemist*, he discusses the merit of Bannister, the witty comedian; or, remembering his long pilgrimage up from Devonshire, he lifts up his eyes at reading in the *Morning Chronicle* the horrible audacity of seven highwaymen, who one night this year actually stopped the Norwich stage-coach in Epping Forest, and though the guard (eventually killed) shot three of them dead, persevered till they stopped the horses and robbed all the passengers.

And these passengers, you must imagine, reader! the ladies in high-heeled shoes, looped-up gowns, long gloves, lace stomachers, small ruffles, scanty hoops, short aprons, low gowns, and with hair piled up in front into powdered toupées, as you see in Reynolds' portraits, and with two or three large curls on each side.

The gentlemen, if dandies, or "maccaronis," wore very small hats on enormous snowy mountains of toupées, short pig-tails, and striped silk knee-breeches.

But before I leave this social panorama of 1775, the year of Turner's birth, I would first mention the deaths of two old men, one rich, and one poor, in this

year, that may show how closely allied 1775 was with 1675, and how far back the memory of an old man living eighty-six years ago could take us.

In 1775 died at a village, in the North of England, a poor man, named Peter Gordon. He was one hundred and thirty-two years old, and was born in Charles I.'s time.

Reckoning Oliver Cromwell, he had lived under ten kings; and remembered, as a boy, being sent to the forest to cut wood for spears during the Civil Wars.

The same year, following suit to this Lazarus, died also Dives, one of the old Queen Anne worthies, the Earl Bathurst—a man who had been the friend of Pope, and Sterne, and Swift, of Congreve, Vanbrugh, Prior, Rowe, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Gay; a happy, rich man, who had in his time opposed Sir Robert Walpole, attacked the South Sea bubble, and denounced lotteries.

So that we see that it was possible that old Turner might have talked to men who had seen Ben Jonson, and cheered Oliver Cromwell on his way to scour out the factious Parliament; while if the earl had ever deigned to come to Maiden-lane to be shaved (not the most probable thing), the barber could have heard first-hand of the wit of Swift, the humour of Addison, and the metrical bile of little crooked Pope.

But although the barber was as yet probably sublimely indifferent to Fame, and to the great future already dawning for his son, it is necessary for us to consider the position of English art at the period of the Turner *avatar*.

West and Reynolds, Wilson and Gainsborough, were the chief planets of the art-heavens at this time. Reynolds, just elected into the Florence Academy, holds great levees of the poor wise, the rich foolish, the poor foolish, and the rich wise, at his house in Leicester-square. Gainsborough has left Bath (1774), and come to what was formerly the Duke of Schomberg's house in Pall Mall, where he is becoming a dangerous rival to Reynolds. As for poor Wilson, he is starving in I know not what garret, neglected by every one but kind Paul Sandby, and a few old friends who forgive his sour manner and his homely honest bluntness. Lawrence, the hotel-keeper's son at Bristol, though still a child, is already earning a local fame by drawing portraits and reciting verses.

As for Hogarth, he has disappeared from Leicester-square these eleven years; Hayman, his old friend, is dying, and far away on the Continent. Turner's future models and competitors are also dead. Canaletti seven summers, and Claude Lorraine, his special predecessor and enemy, a full century all but a few years.

Nor must I forget that high up in the London firmament shines West, the son of a Philadelphia Quaker, who has got introduced into Court, and is painting a series of classical subjects for King George; supplying him too, at the same time, with hints and advice about the foolish and unlucky American War, that now begins to all but engross the not very capacious royal brain; already the Court favourite—the insipid, quietly vain Court painter—is Director of the Society of Artists.

Then as to the water-colour artists: Turner's friendly rival, Girtin, is just born; Cozens is already growing up; Paul Sandby (born 1732) is a well-known painter, and a fashionable drawing-master. Hearne too, his successor (born 1744), is in the West Indies, acting officially as draughtsman to Sir Ralph Payne.

Turner's other rivals, predecessors, and contemporaries, I shall mention later in my book.

Let us now, in conclusion, review the condition of literary London in 1775—the year of Turner's birth.

There is Dr. Johnson (Boswell is away in Scotland) storming about the Ossian controversy; and like a true old Tory, declaring that the Americans are "a race of convicts." Richardson, Shenstone, Young, Churchill, Sterne, Akenside, Gray, and Smollett are all dead; and Goldsmith passed away a year ago.

But Burke is alive, and so are Bishop Percy and Gibbon, while Sheridan has been just bringing out, rather unsuccessfully too, his *Rivals*. The future poetry of the Lake school was as yet dormant, though Thomson had already shown that simple English scenes could be treated classically, and without any loss of dignity. Far away too, in an obscure part of Scotland, Burns is fast growing up to sing of love, and homely pleasures and cares, with a true inspiration that proved that there were other models for amatory and pastoral poets than Theocritus and Ovid.

Such was the stage so carefully prepared for the genius who had arisen.

And what was the London of Turner's boyhood like?

Imagine retired citizens living in countrified Isling-

ton, and hackney sedan-chairs moored in rows round Covent-garden.

Imagine fields everywhere; beyond Portland Chapel and the New Road, turnstiles, meadows, and tea-gardens, and taverns; a gallows on Kennington Common; hayricks in Osnaburg-street; Cavendish-square with a dwarf brick wall round it, and in Harley-street, fields, where Whitefield preached. Behind Russell-street, on the north-west, was a farm, surrounded by fields and straggling houses, where (1773 and later) lived two old maids, named Capper, one of whom, mounted, and in a riding habit and man's hat, delighted to canter about, and with a pair of huge sheers cut the strings of truant and trespassing boys' kites; while the other sister would seize the clothes of boys who were bathing on the premises.

Tottenham Court-road was the scene of an annual "gooseberry fair," where the Drury-lane actors planted their booths. At this time (1775 and after) many of the "quality" lived on the western side of High-street, Marylebone.

At this time, London was a dark, dirty, tortuous, noisy place; but then, once out of the shadow of St. Paul's, you were soon in the fields; so that while the city of this day was more snug and social than at present, you were sooner out in the fresher suburbs, and those smoky green fields that we now have to seek at Barnsbury, Kensington, or beyond Notting-hill, if our search is on the west side of London.

From the windows of the houses at the northern end of Newman-street, you could see over fields and hillocks to the garden wall of Middlesex Hospital.

Beyond Union-street was a rope-walk running north, shaded by two rows of magnificent elms under which red-nosed Wilson and Dr. Johnson's Italian friend loved to perambulate, prior to dining with Wilton, the sculptor. On the right-hand side of this rope-walk there was a bank, with a walk which commanded views of the distant hills and rounded eminences of Highgate, Hampstead, and Harrow.

Hoys plied up and down the Thames, and the great coaching inn-yards in the city were crowded with stage coaches rolling in daily (come rain or snow, sunshine or cloud), from York and Lincoln, Oxford, Salisbury, or Brighton.

Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens were then the great places of amusement; the Pantheon was built two years before Turner's birth, and has been visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell, who in one breath pronounced it inferior to Ranelagh. It is to exist till 1792; when Turner will visit its charred ruins and make an exquisite drawing of them.

Queen Anne-street and Harley-street, where Turner afterwards resided, were at his birth only partially built. Green fields of sooty grass, echoing to the shouts of boys in stiff-skirted coats and buckled shoes, stretch over where Portland Chapel, Wimpole-street, and Devonshire-place now rear their square boxes of grim black brick; and at this time even Marylebone Gardens could be entered either from the High-street or at the back through fields, between which and the main road were the little binns of partitioned-off tea-gardens.

But still, with all this propinquity of green fields,

the London of Turner's childhood was in its great features the London we still wander in. The dark glistening river is unaltered. St. Paul's still soars above it, with its black balloon globing over the red roofs; and the struggling eddies of smoke. The Monument still rears its brazen flames to the rare sun. The Strand still tracks the river. We thread daily the same Temple Bar he as a child, and Dr. Johnson as an old man, threaded. We can still feel that our London and the London of Turner's childhood are in all essentials one and the same.

But in 1775 there had been a change in London specially interesting to us. The old Somerset House, built in 1547—the Protector Somerset's—was pulled down this year, to make room for Chambers's building. In the old entrance-hall in the new building at the foot of the stairs, afterwards stood the Hercules and Two Centaurs, and in another part of the hall the Apollo Belvidere. The Royal Academy in Pall Mall was adjacent to old Carlton House; and between it and Dalton's print-warehouse there were trees visible from the road; while from Leicester-square you could still get glimpses of Temple Bar, though with no rebels' heads rising above it.

The old Savoy of Turner's childhood is gone.

But old Lambeth Palace, from which he made his first drawing for the Academy, exists, with its smirched brick towers and the dim grey lantern chapel, just as when Turner first rowed past it to make his moonlight drawing at Millbank.

Nor must I here forget another spot of old London that is connected with Turner's memory.

In 1758, Wilton, the sulptor, and his friend Cipriani, had been chosen directors of a Statue Gallery in Priory Gardens, opened by the Duke of Richmond for the use of art-students. It consisted of about thirty casts from antique statues, and the liberality of the Duke was celebrated by Hayley the poet, Romney, his friend, being a constant student there at the time Smollett was the Duke's chaplain. In 1770, after being shut for some time, the gallery was re-opened, and placed under the direction of the Society of Artists of Great Britain, whose Academy was in Maiden-lane, William Woollett being secretary of the society.

Years after Turner will write with admiration of Woollett.

There is no doubt that the propinquity of this Academy influenced Turner's mind. Can we doubt that Romney and Woollett must have often come in to chat with the barber who lived opposite, and perhaps have lent drawings to the clever boy?

CHAPTER III.

THE SKY PAINTER.

It is to this period of Turner's life that we may safely refer some of the many visits paid to Bristol, to a Mr. Harraway, an old friend of his father's, and a fishmonger and glue-boiler in Broadway.*

I like to associate that dirty and venerable old legendary city with Turner. I can see him looking at the Exchange, where the great West Indian merchants are pacing, discussing the prices of sugar and rum; in Queen-square, where the great magnates lived; at Redcliffe church, looking up at the dark sad room over the north porch where poor Chatterton wove those lies so fatal to his peace; in the Pithay, looking at the knightly escutcheons over the doors of frowsy old-clothes-shops; on the river in a boat, hearing the nightingales in Leigh woods; on the cliffs, among the May-flowers, looking down upon the chasm.

Many of his large drawings executed at this time, and given to Mr. Harraway, are extant. They were executed at different periods, and show the various

* Whose niece, Miss Dart, of St. James's-square, Bristol, still has the first picture Turner ever exhibited at Somerset House. Mr. Ruskin possesses his first sketch-book.

stages of maturity that his mind successively attained. The same family once possessed another rude and early drawing of Turner's, "Cote House, Durdham Down," the seat of Sir Henry Lippincotte, with Sir Henry, Turner himself, and old Mr. Harraway all in the foreground. Perhaps the boy had been seen drawing down at the Hotwells, and was asked up, all red and smiling, to Cote House.

There is a view of "Oxford," also of the same date.

To the same date, or a year earlier or later (1790 or 1791, not when he was eighteen, it is wrongly inscribed), must be attributed a crude boyish portrait executed for Mr. Harraway during one of these holiday and sketching visits. The face, weakly drawn, is simple and boyish, the long luxuriant curling hair falls down on his shoulders and frilled jacket; the nostrils and mouth are delicately drawn, with a carefulness indeed that amounts to timidity. The face shows no promise of genius, and cannot be intended for a boy of more than fifteen, or at the most sixteen years old.

The likeness was considered good at the time; the circumstances that led to its being drawn were these: Turner (who is known to have taken his friend Girtin's portrait) had drawn likenesses of two of his friend Harraway's children, the family pressed him to make a drawing of himself.

"How am I to do it?" said the boy.

"In your bedroom, with a looking-glass," said somebody: so he did, and the little coloured portrait in the black oval wood frame now in Mr. Ruskin's possession was the result.

Turner afterwards attempted his own portrait several times; there is one portrait (at the age of seventeen) in the Vernon Gallery, bold and vigorous, but not of a very good colour.

It has been erroneously stated in many confused versions of Turner's early life that he was entirely self-educated; that his father taught him to read, and that he could use a pencil before a pen: one blunderer goes so far as to say that he never could write with ease up to the very day of his death, while he certainly never spelt correctly. Nothing can be more untrue than most of these statements, which arose, like most scandal, partly from ignorance and partly from malice. Turner was reasonably well educated; we have shown he went to school at Brentford and Margate, and to an academy in Soho. He also is known to have attended a drawing-school in St. Martin's-lane, where the fashionable Paul Sandby, then an Academician, taught drawing. His final effort at Tom Malton's lodgings in Long Acre we have yet to describe.

That his father taught him reading is not unlikely—what master will take the pains that a father does? —but the poisonous breath of detraction will blow upon the grave of all great men.

The clever boy, fired by Sandby's drawings, and having gathered something from the days gone to wreck at Brentford, is now busy at home down in the cellar and up in the bedroom, colouring prints for Mr. John Raphael Smith, printseller, in the same street, for whom a clever boy of the same age, and named Girtin, also works; gets probably a shilling or two for

flat washes of pink, and brown, and green, such as you see on coloured Gillrays still extant. The process is not one peculiarly grateful to the imaginative mind, but it requires care and neatness, with some evenness and purity of colour, and it helps to educate. His employer, Raphael Smith, a miniature-painter, just then known as an excellent mezzotinto engraver, was acquainted with Cozens, one of the most poetical of our early water-colour painters, one of Turner's early models, and with Dr. Munro, another of Turner's early patrons.

Between whiles copies of Paul Sandby, and neat pale greenish imitations of Dayes, the topographic artist, Girtin's master, serve to hang in the barber's window, ticketed at three shillings, which Mr. Crowle, and Mr. Duroveray's friend Mr. Tomkinson, the little pompous pianoforte maker, buy greedily and chuckle over. The propinquity of Hand-court to Mr. Raphael Smith's shop is advantageous too, for it leads to the entrapment of passing amateurs.

But Turner at this period (supposing him to be about thirteen, just after he has left the school at Margate, the period so eventful and fatal to him) had other occupations besides copying Sandby, and Nicholson (whom he used to mention as his model), Dayes, Girtin's master, and Hearne, the successful water-colour men of that day. When not visiting his butcher uncle at Brentford, or his glue-boiling relation, the fishmonger in Broadway, Bristol, he is employed in touching up amateurs' drawings, and adding skies and backgrounds to architects' designs; rolls of white clouds and blue wastes of summer sky which

gave value to the Palladian windows and Corinthian pillars of the Vitruviuses of 1789, and thereabouts.

From the great resemblance between these early works and those of Tom Malton,* we must suppose that Turner learnt much from his early master, in spite of a rebuff at Long Acre; and indeed he used to say in after life, when he talked of being at a school where Sandby taught,

"But my real master was Tom Malton, of Long Acre."

The book on perspective by Tom's father he always praised. Turner learnt perspective from Malton, Girtin from Dayes; but their knowledge must have been interchanged when they afterwards worked at Dr. Munro's in the Adelphi, Girtin taking more to Malton's manner, Turner to that of Dayes.

One of his chief employers at this time was Mr. Porden, an almost unknown architect, who built part of the absurd Brighton Pavilion for the Prince Regent. Turner swept in gravel walks winding up to Porden's Grecian porches, floated blue skies over his composite pediments, and pencilled in grass-tufts and patches of docks for the foregrounds to his Corinthian mansions.

Porden was delighted with the lad's facility and quickness. The designs gained much by the setting. Perhaps dilettanti praised the style, and thought it prudent Porden's (for such suppressions have been). Porden, in full dress, comes one day to Hand-court,

* The Malton family still retain many of their ancestor's designs. They are painted in the Turner manner; perhaps Turner worked on some of them.

and blandly proposes to take young Turner as an apprentice without a premium.

Oily Mr. Porden! without a premium, indeed! Why, in seven years young Turner would have painted you drawings worth three times your premium... Go to! you are, I fear, an oily Pecksniff, trying to cheat a man, and all the time professing a deceitful kindness with a lying smile!

The race of Porden is not yet by any means extinct.

The crafty barber, already awakening to a sense of the numerous shillings rolling in from his son's drawings and print-colourings, refuses the gracious offer.

"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

But the boy still went on washing in blue skies for Grecian temples and country-houses, still warming the foregrounds of Corinthian mansions with semicircular oranged gravel walks.

These tinters of backgrounds still survive; I copy the advertisement of one from a building paper of this year:—

TO ARCHITECTS.—COMPETITION AND OTHER DRAWINGS.

MR. COBALT BLUE, Member of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, &c., and so long favourably known to architects of the first eminence, again offers his services in tinting Backgrounds, Landscapes, and Perspectives. From the many years' experience he has had on such subjects, he is fully aware of the points essentially necessary to be attended to.

Address—Mr. C. B., Albany-street, De Beauvoir Town.

I scarcely know at what period, whether now or between his Brentford and Margate schools, whether when fifteen or seventeen years old, to place one of the strangest episodes of Turner's art-life.

It must have been, I think, before Turner went to Margate—it could scarcely have been after, for he was, as I am assured, at school at Margate at thirteen, and he was certainly admitted a student of the Royal Academy at fourteen (1789)—that Turner was sent by his cautious and anxious father to Mr. Thomas Malton (by his fellows called Tom Malton, for it was a friendly and familiar age), a perspective draftsman, who kept a school in a lodging he had in Long Acre, the great coach-building street, where Stothard was afterwards born, and where poor half-starved Wilson's noble landscapes had been exposed in a shoemaker's window for sale.

Tom Malton was the son of the author of a good practical book on "Geometry and Perspective," a second edition of which I have seen, dated 1793 (the first edition must have been about 1780), which commences with a bold and honest preface, denouncing the usual degrading flattery and servility of dedications. If the son was anything like the schoolmaster father, who wrote the sound, sensible book on Geometry, worthy successor to the volume written by Kirby, Hogarth's friend, he must have been, I should think, an irascible, honest, blunt, clever poor man; and in after years Turner was accustomed to speak of him with hearty commendation.

It is probable that by this time the boy William had begun to get money by putting in skies and backgrounds to architectural drawings, and had already begun to hang his saleable works in the window of his father's shop. The late Mr. Duroveray, whose illustrated edition of the popular British classics helped to

advance public taste years ago, had, as I have already said, a copy or imitation of Paul Sandby of this date, signed,

"W. TURNER;"

and bought from the window in Maiden-lane; there were also, tradition reports still, as we have shown, years ago, drawings hung round the cellar, or underground kitchen, which the family—father, mother, son, and sister—much frequented: pale, careful drawings, ticketed at prices varying from one to three shillings.

It was at this period, probably, that some of these ticketed pale drawings and water-colour imitations of poor Wilson's friend—good-natured, fashionable Paul Sandby—were purchased by the late Mr. Crowle, and now adorn that splendid illustrated copy of Pennant's "London," which was bequeathed to the British Museum, and now lies entombed among the unvisited and immured treasures of that Museum Print Room, as good as lost to the world.

But to return to the upstairs room in Long Acre and severe Tom Malton. The thrifty barber begins to profit by the son he had himself taught to read (to save the dame's school, I suppose), and who could draw before he could write. The boy must be an architect, says Mr. John Raphael Smith, the crayon portrait-painter (of Charles Fox, &c.), and engraver especially, and also the great Mr. Tomkinson, one of William's best patrons. He must learn the why and the wherefore—the science of perspective—just as Girtin at the same time was learning with Dayes, the landscape-draftsman and geographical artist. He must painfully learn the dry science of

Mantegna, that he afterwards was to become so complete a master of.

His fellow-pupils were young architects and engineers. The stripling finds the world of circles and triangles a mere wiry cobweb of a world, after the green lawns of Brentford, and the swans and osiers of Twickenham Ait. Never well based in education, and algebra sums all slighted long ago for drawing out of window birds and flowers, as we have seen, the boy soon gets dazed and torpid.

He is no genius, they all whisper; he can do nothing. Days and days are spent trying to teach him a proposition of Euclid. The Pons Asinorum requires a toll he cannot pay, and back he goes, to cross the river some other way. Mr. Malton cannot teach even the elementary lines of drawing to the boy William. The mind, wax to tree-shapes and flower-colours, turns to granite or steel when you press on its notice rhomboids and parallelopipeds: Malton can make nothing of the boy.

He blots all the paper, he rubs the books greasy; he draws trees when he should draw dodecagons; he plays the devil and the fool together with the bracing sciences of geometry and mathematics. There seems no door to his mind for entrance of this sort of truth, no window by which to reflect it inwards on the brain. He yawns, he sighs—he leaves early and comes late. He is hopeless, is William Turner, the barber's son of Maiden-lane.

Old architects now alive still remember the sad day when Malton, worn out and hopeless, shut up the books, and rolling up the blotted diagrams, took

the crestfallen boy back to Maiden-lane. Black enough the arch of Hand-court must have looked then to the poor boy.

"Mr. Turner," he said, "it is no use; the boy will never do anything; he is impenetrably dull, sir; it is throwing your money away; better make him a tinker, sir, or a cobbler, than a perspective artist!"

A dismal night that for the barber's house—boy returned on hand as bad goods; no royal trade-mark on his brain traceable anywhere, even with a friendly microscope. Nights of sitting up in tears—restless days of drawing—till father relents, and entreats Mr. Malton to give poor William one more trial.

Again he tries—with sweat of brain and serious hands on knees; but he has got in the wrong track, and is too anxious for it to be possible that his brain can work calmly or with all its power. Again he gets entangled in the cobweb of concentric circles: buzzes, and breaks down.

He is again sent back. Oh! poor puny strugglers in life's race—especially young artists—think of this: the young Newton whipped for a false addition sum; boy Watt caned for letting a kettle boil over; Turner twice plucked at elementary geometry, yet afterwards Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy, and the greatest landscape-artist the world has ever known. Truly, time "brings its revenges."

To Malton and the geometric cobwebs Turner never returned; the rest of his perspective he must have got from Dayes, through his friend Girtin; but it is to a certain picture, accidentally seen in a window in Long Acre, that Turner is said to owe his awakening

and that "election" which in some temperaments is a work of slow years, and in others bursts—in a moment—as if suddenly the great golden doors of Heaven were flung open, and the secret spoken from out of the darkness of excessive light.

Now that Dr. Munro, George the Third's doctor, has just been attracted by the clever drawings in the barber's window in Maiden-lane; now that Mr. Porden, the architect, employs him for skies and backgrounds; and Mr. John Raphael Smith, the engraver—first in Maiden-lane, then in King-street, Covent Garden—to colour prints; together with Tom Girtin, a clever young artist apprenticed to Mr. Dayes, the topographical artist, who is patronized by the Duke of York* —the boy advances.

Turner told Mr. Trimmer that his first instructions in painting were from a person who taught him to place a small piece of carmine in the centre of the cheek, and to lose it by degrees. This might have been the itinerant painter who painted his father's blocks, and who is said to have instructed him.

"I have been told," says Mr. Trimmer, "that old Turner was left by a relation 200*l.*, with which sum he placed out Turner to a landscape-painter, who, seeing some of his productions subsequently, said, "He is not indebted to me for this."

It was when Turner was probably about fourteen that his father resolved on a great step.

* There were a Mrs. Malton (says Mr. Trimmer) and her daughter: they resided at Heston in my childhood; it was with her husband that Turner was placed as an architect, a branch of design he well understood; many of his pictures smack of the architect.

The different architects who employed his son to wash in blue seas of sky, began to impress his narrow, scraping mind with a sense of the importance of the Vitruvian profession. Sir William Chambers, of Somerset House; Gibbs, of St. Martin's-lane Church; Inigo Jones, of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, stirred his imagination.

Golden and silvery gleams run across the barber's brain, and he begins to think of turning the boy's perspective, geometry, and architectural draughtsmanship to some account. He should not try plausible Porden, but Mr. Hardwick, the architect, who already, probably, has employed the boy.

Two wigged heads come together, and nod over certain blue skies and orange gravel-walks. The thing is agreed on; whether with or without premium, I cannot ascertain.

The boy goes into the office, and is there for some time; much of his work being still extant in the house of the present Mr. Hardwick, the designer of the St. Katherine Docks. I was looking at the sketches only the other day. They show wonderful skill for a boy of fourteen, being robust and firm in execution, though prosaic and dry in style, and are careful and full of thought.

The most interesting of them is one of Wanstead New Church, built by Mr. Hardwick—a rectangular, plain structure, rather in the meeting-house manner. The sky in this is finely treated, and the dull length of the receding side wall is cleverly varied by a gleam of reflected light. The present Mr. Hardwick has also several very early water-colour drawings of

Turner's; perhaps of as early a period as any authentic ones that exist. One of them is a very harsh, rude sketch of the old Wanstead Church—done, I suppose, to preserve some record of it before its destruction. The hideous Pagan-looking stuccoed work, with the bricks showing here and there through the rents and doors, shows a very childish execution. In the front is a sexton digging a grave. It looks like almost a first effort of sketching in colours from nature.

The same collection, probably dating from nearly the same time, shows Turner at Isleworth sketching the river and boats with the conventional Indian ink and umbery sails; and also at Lambeth, in a street behind the Palace, drawing a suburban inn, and some curious old houses, with a tall, lean, ill-shaped man leaning in a doorway. These two sketches are, however, great advances on the Wanstead Old Church.

Years after, Mr. Hardwick showed Turner these early drawings: he remembered them, and pointing to the Lambeth public-house, said—

"Ha! yes; up against that inn there was a board stuck up, on which was written,

'BE SOBER, BE VIGILANT;'

and close by were the parish-stocks, I remember."

On looking close into the drawing, which is neat, low-toned, and careful, I find a board on the wall; and this, probably, is the one on which the warning to topers was written, perhaps by some ecclesiastic connected with the Palace.

I find it difficult to fix the date of Turner's going to Mr. Hardwick's, but his drawing of Wanstead

Church proves it to have been about 1789 or 1790, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old. The church was rebuilt that year, and Turner must have visited it a year before, for he drew that church before the scaffold or anything was erected. The ugly brick tower, half-peeled of plaster, is as crudely sketched as the trees are on the foreground where the sexton digs the grave. It seems almost the boy's first effort from nature in water-colours, and it is not in monochrome. Mr. Hardwick has also an architectural drawing of a new church, with its Portland stone porches, its Doric portico, its cupola at the west end, and its Doric pillars. It shows an advance, simple as the colour is, for the dull line of the side wall is again cleverly and truthfully illumined by a white reflection from the ground. The sky, too, is solid. There is quite a year's difference in the work of the two drawings.

At this same time, then, or soon after, Turner, by Mr. Hardwick's advice, must have become a student of the Royal Academy. Here he drew the "Genius of the Vatican," studied hard, and pursued his work till Reynolds's death deprived him of a master; and employment on topographical works sent him wandering in Kent, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, and Oxfordshire.

On the banks of the Thames—our dear, dirty, old river—Turner began his art: on the banks of the Thames he lay down to die.

How long Turner remained in the architect's office I cannot discover, probably not many months: he was but making a trial of the profession, and never set his thumb on the seal of an indenture. His ambition for copying was getting fainter, his

passion for sketching from nature in the open air was increasing—his imagination was beginning to bud. Palladio, Vignola, Vitruvius, had no equal temptation for him. The brush was better than the compass, the pencil than the T-square. Ground-plans, at the best, are dull things to pore over unless the paper is kept down with golden weights.

Mr. Hardwick, more generous than Mr. Porden, did not wish to enslave the boy for seven years—to his own misery, but to his master's infinite profit. He went to Hand-court, and told the barber—who I can see listening to him, tongs and wig in hand—that the boy is too clever and imaginative to be tied down to severe science. He should make him an artist. He ought to send him to the Royal Academy as a student.

And so he does. Turner goes, of course, through the usual ceremonies and forms. Draws a Greek statue a foot long, which he shades carefully, and sends in, after some two months' stippling, as a proof of his fitness.

There is a council; and among a pile of drawings, the Academicians at last come to one signed

"William Turner."

It is, as good, perhaps better than the rest. He is admitted probationary student of the Royal Academy.

Now he has to prove his title to increased fitness, ere he receive gratuitous instruction. He must draw another Greek statue as good as the first—anatomy, and light and shade and outline, all correct; also, as ghastly companion, a correct drawing of a human

skeleton. These accepted, he will receive the "bone," or exhibition-ticket, good for so many years; and then he will be a full-plumed Royal Academy student, entitled to compete for admission into the "Life School."

I dare say Turner, like most other students, flung bread about and cut jokes on the keeper; by fits idled and by fits worked; at all events, we know this, that when he was about the age of fourteen, he was working in the Academy school, a recognised student. He is at the same time colouring prints, and one of his early drawings from the cast I have seen.* It is a timidly but reasonably correct drawn statue. It is shaded rudely in pencil, and is by no means a vigorous performance. Nor are the shadows either flat or well marked. Indeed, rubbed as it is (itself now an antique), it shows no great promise in the boy who did it. As, however, it is only used as the mount to a water-colour drawing, it may be an early work done before Turner became an Academy student.

That Turner could draw the figure powerfully and nobly in after life is evident, not only from the admirable picture of "Venus and Adonis" (an imitation of Titian), in Mr. Munro's collection, in Hamilton-place, but also from a life-study done at I do not know what period, in the same magnificent collection, which is worthy of Etty for power, or of Mulready for correctness.

It is in black chalk, and represents a male model,

* In the possession of Mr. Hardwick, of Cavendish-square.

with one hand fastened up, the body semi-recumbent, and with the abdomen and thigh in most difficult foreshortening.

We must piercethe darkness of his academic studies, as well as we can, with the eye of our imagination, to discover him seated, like other students, on a small, square, sharp-edged box, the slave and worshipper of some Apollo or Antinous. Before this, in adoration, he scrapes his chalk, his hard black and soft white, and kneads his bread, as he now sweeps in lines or dots and stipples the shadows with anxious care. Hope and fear cast on the bending boy alternate sunshine and cloud through the Strand windows of the Somerset House Academy, in the year of grace 1789.

Mr. Ruskin in the following remarks is very justly severe on the Academy: "It taught Turner nothing, not even the one thing it might have done—the mechanical process of safe oil-painting, sure vehicles, and permanent colours.

"Turner, from the beginning, was led into constrained and unnatural error. Diligently debarred from every ordinary help to success, the one thing which the Academy ought to have taught him (barring the simple and safe use of oil colour) it never taught him; but it carefully repressed his perceptions of truth, his capacities of invention, and his tendencies of choice. For him it was impossible to do right but in a spirit of defiance; and the first condition of his progress in learning was the power to forget.

"One most important distinction in the feelings of Scott and Turner throughout life was necessitated by

this difference in early training. Scott gathered what little knowledge of architecture he possessed in wandering among the rocky walls of Crichton, Lochleven, and Linlithgow, and among the delicate pillars of Holyrood, Roslin, and Melrose. Turner acquired his knowledge of architecture at the desk, from academical elevation of the Parthenon and St. Paul's; and spent a large portion of his early years in taking views of gentlemen's seats, temples of the Muses, and other productions of modern taste and imagination; being at the same time directed exclusively to classical sources for all information as to the proper subjects of art. Hence, while Scott was at once directed to the history of his native land, and to the Gothic fields of imagination, and his mind was fed in a consistent, natural, and felicitous way from his youth up, a certain good arose even out of this warped education—namely, his power of more completely expressing all the tendencies of his epoch, and sympathizing with many feelings and many scenes which must otherwise have been entirely profitless to him. Scott's mind was just as large and full of sympathy as Turner's; but having been permitted always to take his own choice among sources of enjoyment, Scott was entirely incapable of entering into the spirit of any classical scene. He was strictly a Goth and a Scot, and his sphere of sensation may be almost exactly limited to the growth of heather. But Turner had been forced to pay early attention to whatever of good and right there was in things naturally distasteful to him. The charm of early association had been cast around much that to other men would have been tame; while making

drawings of flower-gardens and Palladian mansions, he had been taught sympathy with whatever grace or refinement the garden or mansion could display, and to the close of life could enjoy the delicacy of trellis and parterre, as well as the wildness of the wood and the moorland; and watch the staying of the silver fountain at its appointed height in the sky, with an interest as earnest, if not as intense, as that with which he followed the crash of the Alpine cataract into its clouds of wayward rage.

"The distinct losses to be weighed against this gain, are, first, the waste of time during youth in painting subjects of no interest whatever; parks, villas, and ugly architecture in general; secondly, the devotion of his utmost strength in later years to meaningless classical compositions, such as the fall and rise of Carthage, Bay of Baiæ, Daphne, and Leucippus, and such others, which, with infinite accumulation of material, are yet utterly heartless and emotionless, dead to the very root of thought, and incapable of producing wholesome or useful effect on any human mind, except only as exhibitions of technical skill and graceful arrangement; and, lastly, his incapacity, to the close of life, of entering heartily into the spirit of any elevated architecture; for those Palladian and classical buildings which he had been taught to admire, being wholly devoid of interest, and in their own formality and barrenness quite unmanageable, he was obliged to make them manageable in his pictures by disguising them, and to use all kinds of playing shadows and glittering lights to obscure their ugly details; and as in their best state such buildings are

white and colourless, he associated the idea of whiteness with perfect architecture generally, and was confused and puzzled when he found it grey. Hence he never got thoroughly into the feeling of Gothic; its darkness and complexity embarrassed him. He was very apt to whiten by way of idealizing it, and to cast aside its details in order to get breadth of delicate light. In Venice, and the towns of Italy generally, he fastened on the balcony buildings, and used those which he chose merely as a kind of white clouds to set off his brilliant group of boats, or burning spaces of lagoon." In various other minor ways we shall trace hereafter the evils of this false early training.

Turner is now fifteen or so: he has copied two of Reynolds's wonderful portraits, and there is no knowing what effect on his future life this contact with a great painter's mature mind might have caused, when Sir Joshua one day, painting on Lady Beauchamp's portrait, finds his eyes beginning to fail, and lays by his brush with a sigh all but for ever. He looks at the sitter's throne, and sees Death sitting there in affected state. That sad July day, when the sunshine seems to him suddenly to change to blackness, Reynolds says—Turner perhaps is there, and with tears in his boyish eyes hears it—

"I know that all things on earth must come to an end, and now I am come to mine."

Blind and dejected, he is next seen groping about Leicester-square in search of a pet canary that had strayed; soon cold and stately he lies in state, in Somerset house, in the black coffin. Turner perhaps in the crowd, and Burke and Barry, Boswell and

Langton, John Kemble and John Hunter, Townley and Angerstein, looking on in the room hung with black cloth.

With the death of Reynolds, Turner ceased to think much of portraits. Yet his own picture in the Vernon Gallery (aged seventeen), shows that he had attained no mean skill. He has not the grave, wise firmness of Reynolds, though, nor the mellow reds, pearly greys, and sunny browns; yet he must have learnt many secrets of execution from this copying.

It was at the end of the great portrait-painter's career that Turner came to Reynolds's house to copy those peachy and exquisite women, those dignified and senatorial men. He comes to Leicester-square and visits the octagonal snuff-strewn painting-room with the high northern window. He paints in the inner room, where the casts and the rejected portraits are; where the Velasquez and the Claudes are. Sir Joshua, with the shrewd face and scarred lip, the white wig, the beaming spectacles, and the ear-trumpet, perhaps looks on him approvingly, and pats his head as he enters the inner room bearing his square boxwood palette and long mahogany brushes. He must have attended to Sir Joshua's oracular dicta about Michael Angelo and the great laws of colour and form.

He may even have been working hard in Leicester-square that very sad July day (1789) when Sir Joshua rose from before Lady Beauchamp's portrait, and felt his sight going; not in the sanctum, the octagonal room, with the one small high northern light where the red cloth platform on castors is, where the diary of visitors' names is kept, and the palette

and the long cloth-yard brushes—no; but in the inner room, where the dusty casts are, the rejected portraits, and a few old masters that have been experimentalized on. This is the room where sour handsome Northcote sits, where Zoffany chats, where Humphrey copies, and where Jones, and Gill the Bath pastrycook's son, finish drapery for Sir Joshua in the broad generalizing historical way.

Perhaps stern Dr. Johnson is on the easel,—perhaps leering Laurence Sterne—perhaps nervous Dr. Beattie, Goldsmith, or that tremendous Marquis of Granby, the Mars Ultor of inn-signs.

The studio hours that the boy with the flowing locks and collarless coat of puce or brown had to attend to, were those of Sir Joshua's studio—ten till four. When Turner comes, the negro servant will receive him with smiles. Perhaps great Dr. Johnson may in the course of the day come in, and peer at him as he works; or some lady of rank, moving in clouds of perfume, will sweep through the ante-room to see some unfinished picture of sire or husband, or lion of the day.

Turner, the long-haired youth, was present as a stanch student that eventful day when Sir Joshua was lecturing* in the great room at Somerset House, and the floor suddenly gave way. There was a dreadful panic among the lords and wits and artists; but Sir Joshua sat calm as Jove, and when he was asked afterwards what his thoughts had been at that critical moment, he replied, "I was thinking that if we all had

* Sir Joshua's lectures were falsely attributed by some to Johnson, by others to Burke.

perished, the art in England would be thrown back five hundred years." But I suppose, after the first alarm, Sir Joshua did also retreat with the calmest of those who still remained unmoved, for my story says, "In escaping, Turner and Sir Joshua were close companions."

I can imagine Sir Joshua there, with his bushy white wig and beaming spectacles, his scarred upper lip and veined forehead. I see, again, his frilled shirt, his inevitable ear-trumpet, his lapelled waistcoat, and his Michael Angelo watch-seal. Little does he think that the long-haired student, the lad who comes to his studio to copy, and now moving calmly by his side, is a great genius, who is to carry painting further than it was ever before carried.

The catalogue of pictures exhibited by Turner at the Royal Academy, published by Messrs. Boone, 1857, commences 1787 (Turner aged twelve), with "Dover Castle."

"Wanstead House, the seat of Sir James Tilney Long," signed "W. Turner, at Mr. G. Turner's, Walthamstow;" but this is not our J. M. W. Turner, but some one of the same name, yet it is curious that one of his earliest sketches was at Wanstead, and one of his earliest copies a view of Dover.

To most of the early Bristol drawings the family ascribe the same date, 1790, which would make Turner fifteen at the time, that being the year after he entered the Academy, when he exhibited for the first time at Somerset House.

Lambeth Palace.

In the same family also still remains a later and

more mature drawing of Redcliffe Church, simple and careful, painted when Turner was eighteen. The Palace drawing is inscribed, "Done by J. M. W. Turner, when a lad about sixteen or seventeen years old," but this is evidently a mistake, as the fact of its exhibition in 1790 is well known and undisputed.

Among his earlier works is a rude drawing of "the Clifton Hotwell House," long since pulled down. It is entirely deficient in atmosphere, so that the objects all crowd on the eye after the manner of a Chinese landscape. There is a vessel in full sail coming up the river, and a boat on shore, on the stem of which is lettered, "William Turner." No atmosphere is yet thought of, because drawing from nature and thinking for oneself are very different things from copying the thoughts of Paul Sandby, his third drawing-master.

All this time Turner is colouring prints and washing in skies for architects. When artist friends in after life used to express their wonder to Turner at his having ever worked, as a boy, at half-a-crown a night putting in Indian-ink skies to amateurs' sketches, he used to say, defensively, "Well, and what could be better practice?" and he was right, for he acquired facility from those sketches, and he learnt the value of gradation from the habit of using only one colour. It prepared him to work for the engraver, who has but one colour, and has to make the most of it. A great man can do nothing, see nothing, from which he does not gain instruction. I have already observed, that the existing Indian-ink drawings of Malton have much of his pupil Turner's simplicity

and breadth, with a certain stolidity and dulness superadded. Malton's school in Long Acre taught Turner how to put backgrounds to architects' drawings—one of the sources of income to the struggling artist of Turner's age. Profits were small then, employment scanty. The pictures of English artists, unless portrait-painters, were little cared for. "I knew him," says an old architect still living, "when a boy, and have often paid him a guinea for putting backgrounds to my architectural drawings, calling upon him for this purpose at his father's shop in Maiden-lane, Covent-garden; he never would suffer me to see him draw, but concealed, as I understood, all that he did in his bed-room."

Turner was a short, sturdy, sailor-like youth, of a vigorous constitution, and brought up to bear hard beds and simple fare. There could not be better qualifications for the pedestrian's sketching tours that he had now commenced. He walked twenty to twenty-five miles a day, with his baggage tied up in a handkerchief, and swinging on the end of his stick. He sketched quickly all the good pieces of composition he met. He made quick pencil-notes in his pocket-book, and photographed into his mind legions of transitory effects by aid of a stupendous, retentive, and minute memory.

One of his earliest tours was that made to Oxford to execute drawing commissions for his kind patron, Mr. Henderson. The tour was made on foot, in company with a poor artist named Cook, who afterwards turned stone-mason. Cook's feet got sore, and I believe he was soon left behind by the indefatigable

Turner; as for sleeping, he rested in any small village public-house, and never prematurely affected the fine gentleman.

Mr. Ruskin devotes a very noble chapter to a contrast between the Venice of Giorgione's boyhood and the London of Turner's. The golden city paved with emerald (dreadful bilge-water smell always in Venice), where the deep-hearted, majestic men of Venice moved in sway of power and war (terrible Tartars, with pozzi and thumbscrews), he contrasts with dirty, foggy, low-spirited, peddling, cramped-up, dear old London.

But I really think (in all humility) that Turner had not so much, after all, to lament. If he had not "pillars of alabaster" women, he had a pure and true religion; if he had not men with sea rust on their armour, he had at least freedom, and none of those horrid burning prisons under the leads. If he had not the ships of Lepanto, he had Nelson's men-of-war. If he had not Venetian discoverers, he had Cook and Anson. I really think he was not so badly off with poor little Old England and her great glory as his birthright, after all.

Mr. Ruskin, speaking of Maiden-lane, says Turner all his life loved to draw and paint anything resembling Maiden-lane or the Thames shore. For these reasons he liked "dead brick walls," blank square windows, old clothes, market-women, anything fishy and muddy (like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market), black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog, dinginess, smoke and soot, dirty sides of boats, weeds, dunghills, straw-yards,

and "all the soilings and stains of every common labour." He liked litter, too, "like Covent-garden wreck after market." "The last words," says Mr. Ruskin, "he (Turner) ever spoke to me were in gentle exultation about his 'St. Gothard.' 'That *litter* of stones which I endeavoured to represent.'"

Turner now began to teach water-colour drawing at schools, obtaining first five shillings a lesson, then ten shillings, and subsequently a guinea; and his talent becoming known, he was soon employed at more advanced prices to make drawings for Mr. Harrison, a publisher, of Paternoster-row. He was also engaged to make views for the Oxford Almanac, and acquired a reputation which caused his drawings to be sought after, and procured him an introduction to several noblemen and gentlemen. We are now arrived at the period of Turner's life when he had become fairly established in his profession.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE AND AMBITION.

It is perhaps to about this period of the painter's life that we must assign an event that affected his mind for ever. When he was at Margate, as we have before said, Turner had formed an acquaintance with the family of one of his schoolfellows. To his school comrade's sister he soon became attached: she has long been dead now, but beautiful or not, Turner was one of those who could have seen "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." He loved her, there can be no doubt, with an unchanging love: the misery of his whole scathed life, and the constant dwelling on those sad words, "THE FALLACIES OF HOPE," are fully sufficient to prove that: and love must have transformed the dull houses of Margate, where he afterwards loved so much to visit, to golden palaces. The wind, as it rippled the sail of the boat he sat sketching in, must have lisped her name; the waves frothing against the cliffs must have roared incessantly to the lover's ears that one word.

Turner was not then the red-faced, blue-eyed, slovenly dressed old painter he afterwards became; he was the bright-eyed young genius, always old looking, as tradition says, but still winning, with some of the

divinity of youth radiant on his features. He did not grunt out his dry monosyllables then; the love of money had not yet corroded into him; he was not silent, suspicious, and mistrustful, though already reserved about his art and anxious about his profits.

He caught the old ailment we all have suffered from: sighed, wrote verses, blushed, doubted certainties, and was certain about love-tokens that to any sane person were more than doubtful. He wished himself dead; he trembled; his heart was now a lump of lead, and now it seemed to sing for joy. He grew hot, he grew cold, he turned pale, he turned red, he talked nonsense at twilight; he walked, swam, rode and drove, thinking but of her; seeing her name written on the sands, in the clouds, hearing the trees whisper it all through the Kentish land, and far above the hop-fields hearing the birds warble it.

One eventful hour in the summer dusk he dares to ask the question: he hears the whispered, bashful "yes," his soul soars up again to the seventh heaven, and there joy crowns it. Now he cares not if pictures fail or not; if work comes not, or comes; if rivals triumph, or if patrons grind. He is eternally happy.

"O golden time of youthful love."—(SCHILLER.)

But now a blunder creeps into the tradition: it goes on to say that "the courtship proceeded until, at the age of nineteen, or thereabout, Turner went abroad in order to study his art, and that, before leaving, vows of fidelity were exchanged between the two lovers."

Now Turner did not make his first tour till he was twenty-seven, yet the story comes to me from one who heard it from relations of Miss ——, to whom she told it.

Perhaps the date of the lovers' separation was not Turner's first continental tour, but his departure for his home tours in Wales or Yorkshire; in fact, the increase of his business and employment—that greatest foe to love.

In default of better dates, let us call it some tearful day in 1796 that the lovers part; not heeding the omens of evil that bode in the rainy clouds or rise from the moaning sea, they tear apart with one long kiss of unutterable love.

The young painter promises he will write frequently, and their marriage is soon to take place. He leaves her—as a pledge—his portrait, painted by his own hand. I wish I could think that it was the one preserved now in the Vernon Gallery—the dark pale face.

Month after month, and no letters reached Miss ——. Hope, at first chilled and sad, still guards the sacred chamber in the heart where love weeps over its idol. The forsaken girl begins to find home miserable. A step-mother rules there, and treats her as step-mothers do their adopted children.

Still no line from her lover—no token that she was remembered. If she heard of him, it was only at a distance, through some newspaper recording his excellent contributions to some exhibition. These only bring the tears to her eyes, and strike a fresh pang through her heart of disappointment and grief.

Unhappy at home, and filled with a growing belief that Turner must have forgotten her, or transferred his love to some one else, the poor girl, with no one to confide in, anxious to escape from her step-mother, and feeling forsaken by one she really loved, began to listen to another lover, who in the mean time had been pressing his suit.

When two years had elapsed, unable to any longer resist the chance of escaping her step-mother's persecution, Miss ——, believing herself now free, yielded to her suitor's importunities, and gave him her hand. The day for the marriage was fixed—the dresses were prepared.

A week from the appointed day, Turner suddenly arrived from a distant tour. He immediately came to visit his accepted bride. He was frantic at hearing what had occurred. He had written constantly. (It was afterwards found that the cruel step-mother had intercepted his letters.) Notwithstanding he had received no replies, his faith in Miss —— had remained unshaken. He still loved her with all fervour and all truth. He urged her in the most passionate manner to break off the alliance she was about to form. But the lady, believing her honour in question, said mournfully it was too late; and that she felt she had no resource now but to take the step that was then imminent. Entreaties and adjurations were of no use; all a lover's arguments were in vain; and Turner left her in bitter grief, declaring that he would never marry; and that his life was henceforth hopeless and blighted.

The marriage took place soon after, and turned out

most unfortunately. There was Turner's curse upon it, a superstitious person might have said. Thus one bad woman spoiled two lives. Thus the happiness of two lovers was wrecked, and perished.

For both henceforth was left but a vague, regretful looking back. Behind them—as behind our first parents when they were driven from Eden—life lay like a blooming garden; before them was the howling wilderness. Henceforth, golden hope, the atmosphere that once lapped them round, became blackness of darkness for ever. Then first came that bitter pang that never ceased at times to wring both; till their hearts became transformed by age into mere dead bone, that could neither throb nor ache.

Incalculable harm this early and sore disappointment wrought upon Turner. He gradually now began to change—not into the misanthrope, for that he never was—but into the self-concentrated, reserved money-maker. It helped to sour that great, generous nature, and burn out of him hope and youth, with the terrible corrosive of disappointment. Yet art it only made him love the more, not merely for its own sake, but also for the money's sake. He had always been brought up to be saving and thrifty by the careful, scraping old barber, his father.

"How can you wonder?" Turner used to say sometimes to his old friends; "dad never praised me for anything but saving a halfpenny!"

Saving was in the Turner blood. The thriftiness once a virtue, had corrupted by degrees into something almost like a vice.

Mr. Bell, an engraver, when connected in business with Groyer, was introduced to Turner, the celebrated water-colour painter, then living with his father, the barber, in Maiden-lane.

I find from his MS. notes* that this introduction took place in 1795, and that Mr. Bell stood by in the little room of Maiden-lane when Turner made his first attempt in oil, from a sketch in crayon, of a sunset on the Thames, near the Red House, Battersea. This sketch had been made the previous day, when both Bell and Turner, in a boat, had been nearly set fast in the mud by the tide leaving them stuck some distance from the shore. It was with great difficulty they eventually got afloat, so heedless had the enthusiasts been of either tide or time. The same valuable record mentions also that Turner's first oil picture of any size or consequence was a view of flustered and scurrying fishing-boats in a gale of wind off the Needles, which General Stewart bought for £10.

Mr. Bell also accompanied Turner on his first tour, which was one of six weeks, "to Margate, Canterbury, and elsewhere." "On our return to London," says the writer, "we often went on the river Thames sketching."

Now this brief note we are able to verify from another source. For we find that, in 1793, a Mr. Walker planned a topographical work, which was to eclipse all its predecessors, and, like the last rocket, go higher and shine brighter than all the rest. Girtin, growing rich and famous, and always careless and

* Communicated to me by Mr. Adhurst.

independent, at first refused his aid, but finally joined the company. Turner, always saving and cautious, at once gave in his adherence.

In the summer of 1793, at the age of eighteen, full of hope and life, Turner started on the very six weeks' tour mentioned by Mr. Bell, his companion. Past hop-fields and green meadows speckled with gilt blossoms, past old castles and dockyards, the young artist must have tramped on to white chalk cliffs buffeted by the trampling waves.

It was in this tour Turner visited Rochester, and made a drawing, which was engraved. He had frequently visited the town before, and indeed was so fond of the river Medway that in after years he loved to give dark hints that made curious people believe he was a Kentish man.

He had been to school at Margate, and had there first studied the green water of the incoming wave that turns the chalk rock it covers, for a moment, to an emerald wall. The fishermen's houses at Dover, and the pig-tailed sailors, when quite a boy he had copied and coloured from his patron Mr. Henderson's sketches. He had already visited Kent, and received several topographical commissions.

The zest of Walker's money, and the pleasures of those long country rambles, sank deep into Turner's memory. With this tour is connected the tradition of another oil picture by Turner that claims also to be as early as that of the Battersea sunset.

A gentleman at Rochester, adopting the notion of the Sandbys, that water-colour painting was but a secondary branch of the profession, easily lit up

the lad's mind with the same ambition, and actually bought him the colours with which to make his first effort.

It was in the parsonage at Foot's-Cray, the house of the father of Dr. Nixon, the present Bishop of Tasmania, that Turner's first oil picture (according to this tradition) was finished. It was a view of Rochester Castle, with fishermen drawing their boats ashore in a gale of wind. It is well drawn, says one who has seen it, and bears a strong resemblance to De Loutherbourg. It is carefully and thinly painted, with thin scumbles of semi-opaque colour, used in so fluid a state as still to show where it has run down the picture from his brush. It shows us the experienced water-colour painter using a new and denser material timidly and with a hesitating hand, that was soon to grow more daring.

In one early tour Turner is said to have lived four or five days on a guinea.

He once told a friend that in some of his early tours, the price of the drawing, thirty pounds, did not pay his expenses; upon which he took to a broader, quicker style. In his tours for Mr. Cadell he would never saddle the publisher with the expense of a post-chaise, but took the ordinary mail coach.

CHAPTER V.

TURNER'S CONTEMPORARIES IN WATER AND OIL.

HERE I feel compelled to give some short account of the more eminent water-colour painters who had already risen to eminence when he appeared upon the stage, particularly Paul Sandby, whom he learned to pencil from; Hearne, whose quiet purity and simplicity he imitated; and Cozens, one of the earliest painters who attempted to convey a sense of vastness and multitude in sunsets and Alpine effects: a great model for Turner at the outset of his career. And now let me pass quickly to Turner's contemporaries (among the water-colour painters), and begin with Paul Sandby, the kind, generous friend of Wilson and Barry.

This fashionable drawing-master and celebrity of Turner's youth, was born at Nottingham, in 1732; he was therefore Turner's senior by forty-five years. As a boy of fourteen, Sandby came to London, and was admitted a student in the drawing-room at the Tower, where he made great progress, and evinced much talent.

In 1748, that is, three years after the great rebellion in Scotland, Sandby was appointed draftsman

to General Watson, and travelled with him through the Highlands. On his return to Edinburgh he made etchings of the sketches he had taken, and on his return to London published them in a folio; thus first attracting the world to wild and beautiful scenery hitherto unknown. In 1752, Sandby went to visit at Windsor, and Sir Joseph Banks purchased seventy drawings of his scenes in the neighbourhood, that were then considered wonderful for accuracy, taste, and spirit.

Sandby next accompanied Sir Joseph to Wales, and there, under the patronage of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, filled his portfolio with sketches of North Wales, which were soon after published in aqua-tinta, in imitation of bistre or India-ink drawings; a process said to have been taught him by a Mr. Charles Greville, an eminent *dilettante*.

In 1753, Paul Sandby exerted himself vigorously to extend the usefulness of the St. Martin's-lane Academy, which Hogarth vigorously opposed, declaring that gratuitous education would fill the studios with lazy fellows whose parents wished to save the cost of schooling.

This led to much bitterness of controversy and feeling, and Sandby, himself a humorist, was daring enough, when Hogarth published his "Analysis of Beauty," to produce six or eight prints in ridicule of the theory of the undulating line, which Hogarth never openly resented. Sandby, a good-hearted man, had afterwards the still greater bravery to express his sorrow at having issued these prints.

In 1768, when the Royal Academy was founded,

Sandby became one of its members, and the same year was appointed chief drawing-master of the Military Academy at Woolwich. He held this appointment till his death, November 7th, 1808.

At a time when Gainsborough's house in Pall Mall was crowded with unsold Suffolk landscapes, and when poor Wilson was hawking his Italian scenes in the smoky window of a bootmaker in Long Acre, Sandby was helping to make the landscape of our own country fashionable, truthful, transparent, but still low-toned, timid, and conventional. Sandby may fairly be considered as one of the chief heralds of Turner.

Hearne published his "Antiquities of Great Britain," illustrated by views of monasteries, castles, and churches, 2 vols., in 1807, and Turner's name appears among the list of subscribers. They were engraved by Mr. Byrne, F.S.A., in a sound but rather monotonous manner. The sketches for many of these engravings seem to have been taken as early as 1778, three years after Turner's birth. Wherever there is stone it is indicated by parallel wavy lines; the ground is nearly always filled up with dotted diamonds; the skies are thin, flat, hard-edged, but effective. The Gothic work is seldom given with any detail; and in nearly all the sketches of abbeys and ecclesiastical ruins, pigs, horses, or donkeys are introduced, to convey, I suppose, a sense of desolation. The gentleman travellers, or sight-seers, wear cocked-hats and pigtails; the ladies little cockle-shell hats, poised on small mountains of hair. The letter-press is of the baldest and most unfeeling kind, dwelling on dates,

tenures, and the heraldry of founders. Distance and luminousness are not much aimed at, and the trees are conventionalized, but still Hearne often gives us a sense of repose and calm.

Sometimes, as in his view of Hereford Cathedral, Hearne has preserved records of certain memorable events: for instance, he shows us the state of the cathedral after the fall of the west tower, in 1786.

Thomas Hearne, the designer of these engravings, is the next on our list. This patriarch of English water-colour art was born at Brinkworth, in Wiltshire, in 1744; he was, therefore, Turner's senior by thirty-one years. He came to London very young, and was intended for trade; but showing a taste for art, was articled to Woollett, the famous engraver of Wilson's "Niobe," with whom he continued six years.

Hearne soon, however, relinquished engraving, and engaged as draughtsman to the first Lord Lavington (then Sir Ralph Payne), being appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands, and accompanied him to the West Indies, where he remained burning and yellowing nearly five years.

On his return to England, 1776 (a year after Turner's birth), Hearne's fondness for antiquity led him to study landscape and Gothic architecture, and to the taste he originated we owe much of Turner's loitering among ruins. In 1778, Hearne associated himself with Mr. Byrne, and executed the whole of the afore-mentioned drawings for the "Antiquities of Great Britain," the first dawn of the modern Gothic and Romantic revival.

Hearne's manner was small and careful; the colour

pale and neutral, with a general character of buff stone, cold green trees, and pale, sketchy sky.

As a man, Hearne was distinguished by a good judgment, and a correct and retentive memory. His manners (his biographer says) "were agreeable, gentlemanly, and modest." He died in Macclesfield-street, Soho, April 13, 1817.

Our third patriarch is Michael Rooker, the son of an engraver of architectural subjects, born 1743; thus he was Turner's senior by thirty-three years. He became a pupil of Paul Sandby, and in 1772 he exhibited a view of Temple Bar, which was considered meritorious. Loutherbourg was the scene-painter to Garrick at Drury-lane, and Rooker became scene-painter for the then little theatre in the Haymarket. In the summer Rooker broke loose from the din and smoke of London into the clear sunny country, and there made sketches for future finished drawings.

He made accurate drawings (anticipating Turner) for the headpieces of the Oxford almanacs; which he also engraved, receiving for each the very liberal sum, in those days, of fifty pounds. He relinquished this engagement some years before his death, taking a dislike to the toil of engraving.

Rooker died March 3rd, 1801, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. His drawings (during a sale of four days) produced the sum of 1240*l*. Rooker was one of the first elected Associates of the Royal Academy.

My next water-colour pre-Adamite is Alexander Cozens, a Russian (foolish tradition says, an illegi-

timate son of Peter the Great) who settled in London as a drawing-master. He was a dashing, reckless painter, who never troubled nature much.

One of his fancies was to carry out a hint of Leonardo da Vinci, who used to get suggestions for landscapes from the stains on an old plastered wall. In an age when Hogarth painted from wax figures, and Gainsborough from pieces of moss and stones, Cozens would cover his paper or a china plate with blots and flourishes of paint, from which he afterwards, with an industrious folly, culled his landscape outlines, in disdain of Nature, who in vain spread her countless changing pictures around him.

Sometimes by chance, naïvely says Pilkington, "he elicited *grand objects;* but they were in general indefinite in their execution and unpleasing in colour."

Fool! why, it was as if an artist should go to sleep looking at the Bay of Naples, and then go home and paint the scene of his poor dream in wilful contempt for God's own handiwork.

This idealist published a tract upon this process, and another on the "Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head," with plates by Bartolozzi, the great coadjutor of Cipriani. He also wrote an eccentric work on "the various species of composition in nature." Cozens, like Paul Sandby, was for some time a fashionable drawing-master. He taught at Eton, and gave some lessons to George IV. when Prince of Wales. He died in 1786.

His father's position must have given his son, John

Cozens, a fair start in life. He abandoned his father's dreams and theories, and went at once to the only true instructress—Nature. His colour was pale; his trees, generally, of a tender willowy green; his distances of an evanescent pallid blue; but he was, nevertheless, a true artist, and carried his art many degrees further than his predecessors. He was careful and minute, and attempted atmospheric effects undreamt of by Hearne and Sandby.

He soon became a fashionable drawing-master, and the Cozens manner was a rage with the ladies of Queen Charlotte's dull court.

His greatest triumphs in art were obtained when making a tour with the young millionaire of Wiltshire, Beckford; a man of the most refined taste and of the most doubtful morals; a man who had been brought up with Pitt, who had gathered political wisdom from the Earl of Chatham, who learnt music from Mozart, and architecture from Sir William Chambers; a man who, at his majority (for the father, the democratic Lord Mayor, had died when the son was a child), came into a million of ready money and one hundred thousand a year.

Guided by and guiding the taste of the millionaire's genius, Cozens rambled, sketching, over Switzerland and Italy. His style became more ambitious, but at the same time more chaste, tender, thoughtful, and reflective. The view of a Glacier Valley,* executed at this time, is worthy of all praise for its multitude, breadth, and grand harmonious simplicity, as well

* Now in the admirable collection of that refined *virtuoso*, Mr. Bale, of Cambridge-terrace.

as for the dazzling purity of its colour. In other works of his* I find the most admirable taste, particularly in some curious Sicilian scenes: in a pale rosy sunset outside Rome, with St. Peter's a mere opaque mound of shadow, and quiet deer feeding dozily under the stone-pines of the Medici Gardens. Especially in a finished and minute drawing of an English country seat, with a beautiful distance of bosky receding hills.

Dr. Munro had many Cozens's, which Turner must have studied and thought over much; and some of which I know Girtin copied by the Doctor's wish. Amongst these were ten sketches of "Swiss and Italian Views," "View on the Coast near Naples," the "Bay of Salerno and Lake Nemi," the "Tomb of Virgil and Villa Sanazzaro," and "Scenes on the Neapolitan Coast."

In these were probably all the Cozens merits and defects.† Amongst the defects: lumpy and shapeless trees, feebly defined; water pale; timid, and rather green skies; generally a rather feminine and small touch. Amongst the merits: miles of receding air, and a sublime sense of infinity, distance, and multitude, to which landscape art was hitherto, in any country, quite a stranger.

From Cozens, Turner learnt much, and indeed the poetry of his art descended from Cozens in lineal descent. Dayes had made him minute and careful.

* In Mr. Munro's and Mr. Girtin's collections. The former unsurpassed in Great Britain.

† Fuseli says, "Cozens saw with an enchanted eye, and drew with an enchanted hand."

From Nicholson (as he himself owned*), Sandby, Hearne, and Girtin he learnt much, as he did also from Wilson, Gainsborough, and Loutherbourg; but from Cozens he drew his first taste for the poetry of landscape, and for his special qualities of infinity, distance, and aërial perspective.

Poor Cozens died mad in 1799; whether from melancholy madness, or ambitious madness, I do not know. Mr. Henderson, of Montague-street, possesses his last work, an Italian scene, executed for his (Mr. Henderson's) father. It is feeble, and shows painful symptoms of a relaxing hand and an enfeebled brain. The water is rippled in a hesitating way that implies the extreme doubt with which it was executed. But, still, over even this last effort, there is the tender air of poetry which characterizes all that Cozens executed.

Poor Cozens died in the madhouse under the care of the very Dr. Munro who patronized Turner and his young friend Girtin. Art has not sent many of its votaries to that dreadful valley of the shadow of death, but Cozens, Newton, and Dadd were, alas, among those few.

Cozens washed in his effects on the spot. His cloud and distant mountain tints he compounded of Indian red, a small portion of lake, indigo, and yellow ochre; in the middle distance he used diluted black, and his foregrounds were chiefly of black and burnt umber. His distant trees he toned down with the warm washes used in his skies, and those nearer still with yellow ochre, indigo, and sometimes burnt sienna;

* To his friend Mr. Munro, of Hamilton-place.

the same tint, darker and stronger, he used for the foreground.

The pale greenish tints of Cozens's distance are visible in Turner's early works; and Girtin, too, copied him in many points of manner, though incapable of the tender delicacy and poetry of Cozens. And here it may be a fitting place to briefly particularize a few of the English landscape-painters who preceded Turner.

And now for the oil-painters. Barrett, Wilson's successful rival, passed away when Turner was still young; for he died and was buried at Paddington, in 1787 (Turner was then twelve years old). He was a Dublin man, and came to England about 1763. His scenes were mostly from the English Lakes, and he was famous for aërial perspective and flat distances. His dark pictures were thought the best; his warmer ones, too, were too powerful in colour for the age. His blacklead studies of trees (particularly the ash and willow) were lauded as most light, firm, and spirited. His works were unequal because he was loaded with commissions and employed hosts of subordinates. While Wilson was all but starving, Barrett was making two thousand a year, and carrying off art-prizes for landscapes. He eventually failed, and caused great misery to his family by his extravagance.

Then there was Loutherbourg's pupil, Sir Francis Bourgeois, who was knighted for painting a portrait of a son of the King of Poland. He never studied from nature, so that he soon became a mere mannerist —his light and shade spotty, his colouring chalky, his figures and animals outrageously ill drawn.

Brooking was a marine painter of great promise, who died young, having been all his life an obscure slave of the dealers. He understood ships. His colouring is bright and clear, and his water transparent. "He had," says Dayes, his contemporary, "a firm, broad, spirited touch."

Robert Carver was an Irish scene-painter who came over and painted for Drury-lane. His colouring was warm, his style grand and simple. He died in his house in Bow-street, 1792.

Thomas Daniel, born at Kingston-on-Thames, was an unsuccessful painter who went to the East Indies and came home to publish a fine series of aquatints. Dayes criticizes his "colouring as sweet, though not always solid, and his touch firm, particularly in his buildings." The sketches by Daniel I have seen, seemed to me too dark and cold to represent accurately Indian atmosphere.

Joseph Farrington, R.A., like Sir George Beaumont, was a pupil of Wilson. Critics called his colour transparent and brilliant, but his composition poor, and his pencilling often hard.

William Hodges was also a pupil of Wilson, known for his East-Indian aquatinta views and his illustrations to Cook's last voyage. His colour was considered by good judges monotonous, and often abrupt and heavy. His best ideal work was the forest landscape from "As you Like it," well engraved by Middiman. Having realized a fortune, Hodges took to banking, failed, and died in 1797, leaving a wife and children in great distress.

Julian Ibbetson was originally a ship-painter at

Scarborough, but turned artist, and accompanied Lord Cathcart on his mission. Becoming poor, Ibbetson took to copying Berghem, in a clear, firm, rather hard manner, with clayey tones. His cattle-pieces were the most preferred.

James Marlow was a landscape-painter of this date, famous for buildings. His distances were low and his trees ill-formed, but he was admired for a rich ambery tone he knew how to give. His master was Scott, one of the earliest modern men to attempt to make the strength of water-colour drawings equal those of paintings. The Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo (moonlight), by Marlow, is much praised by Dayes.

Abraham Pether, Dayes calls an ingenious little man, being not merely a painter, but also an excellent musician and mechanic. He was famous for "sweet distances," for clear and brilliant colours, and great power of handling. He knew, however, little of clair-obscure, and repeated himself in consequence of going seldom to nature.

His cousin William was a portrait and miniature painter. He also engraved in mezzotinto from Rembrandt and Wright of Derby, and executed some tolerable landscapes in oil.

And last, but not least, comes Wilson, whose genius, though great, owed so much to the even greater mind of his engraver Woollett. Poor Wilson, classical as he was, with his Tivolis, Niobes, and solemn Italian compositions, was never appreciated in his own day, The very pawnbrokers were impatient of his fine works. The King disregarded him, to pamper the mediocrity of West. After a miserable

life of poverty and pining, Wilson died at last, worn out and all but broken-hearted, in Wales, whither he had retired to die in peace.

Gainsborough's graceful but somewhat flimsy landscapes had also their effect, as Morland's, too, had, on the mind of Turner; for no man was ever more ready to admire and learn from the talent of another.

CHAPTER VI.

TURNER AND GIRTIN AT DR. MUNRO'S.

It is supposed that Turner's early patron, Dr. Munro, of the Adelphi-terrace, was first attracted to his works by seeing some of his country sketches in the barber's window in Maiden-lane.

It is not improbable, however, that Dr. Munro may also have heard of the clever lad through his friend Raphael Smith, the engraver, Morland's friend, who was at this time employing a clever lad named Girtin, with Turner, to colour prints; and who was intimate also with Cozens, the celebrated landscape-painter who had accompanied Beckford, the young millionaire of Wiltshire, to Italy.

If indeed the acquaintance arose after 1790, when Turner began to exhibit, the lad's own productions at Somerset House would have been quite enough to attract an exhibition-haunting amateur.

His other great patron in the Adelphi-terrace, Mr. Henderson, probably heard of Turner through Dr. Munro. Dr. Munro, one of George III.'s mad doctors (not the most famous), lived at next door, No. 4 or 6, I am not sure which; and Mr. Henderson

at No. 3 or 4. Garrick, who died in 1779, had inhabited No. 5, the centre house. Topham Beauclerk —Dr. Johnson's great friend, so often mentioned by Boswell—had lived in the same row, built by the Scotch brothers whom the Earl of Bute patronized, on the site of one of the old Strand palaces.

On winter evenings (for in summer the lads were out on the Thames or in the country sketching) Turner and Girtin repaired to the Doctor's costly furnished house, and spent an hour or two in sketching and in colouring. The "good Doctor," as Turner always called him in after-life, was in the habit of giving them half-a-crown each for their night's drawing, and a supper afterwards.

By the aid of a catalogue of Dr. Munro's pictures, now lying before me, I learn in what direction the kind Doctor's tastes lay, and what pictures hung round the walls of the house in Adelphi-terrace when Turner first crossed its threshold.

The cheery fire, on those pleasant winter evenings, shone especially on a wild landscape by Salvator Rosa, the "Search for Orlando;" on "A View of the Ponte Sesto," by Van Lint; on an Italian landscape, by Zuccarelli; "A Boy picking Fruit," by Snuyders; the "Condemnation of Haman," by Rembrandt—Esther, in sheeny white satin, miraculously mellow and dimpled with light, not to be forgotten, and a fascinating Gainsborough landscape, brown and transparent—an Italian villa, with a man leading horses, full of the Suffolk man's witchery and ease.

Then the portfolios—swollen with wealth—for

studying and copying; drawing the coloured sketches, and colouring the pencil studies.

Both lads, with the plastic minds of their age, must have derived deep impressions from these sketching and copying evenings. Here Girtin saw the Canaletti drawings of London and Venice that he so much loved to imitate. Here Turner saw the Loutherbourgs, the Hearnes, the Sandbys, and the Cozens's that he learnt so much from: and which presently we shall find him first copying, then rivalling, and lastly excelling. Here, too, he saw many neat, careful, dry architectural studies by Dayes, Girtin's master. Here too he saw Wilson's and Gainsborough's studies, and learnt from the first grace, and from the others dignity, harmony, and breadth.

Luckily, as I am enabled * to tell my readers what kind of pictures adorned the walls of kind Dr. Munro's handsome house in the Adelphi-terrace, I can also tell them in some degree what were the sketches the two lads executed under his eye.

I can imagine the two young artists—Turner and Girtin—looking round the walls and over the portfolios. They both would admire the playful grace of Gainsborough's sketchy landscapes: his airy pencillings, his "figures at a cottage-door," his "cart on a road," his "figures dancing," his "cows crossing a brook." Turner would chuckle too over the Suffolk man's humorous "landscapes on blotting paper," and his blue paper would suggest to Turner the atmosphere that might be obtained by using such

* By means of a catalogue of Dr. Munro's pictures, kindly supplied to me by G. Christie, Esq.

material. Dr. Munro, contemplating some day living at Harrow, would point out Gainsborough's view of its pleasant hill on blue paper. Here Turner can see other Gainsboroughs — a "gentleman's seat;" "horses and cattle at a shed;" "landscape, with pigs;" "road scenes, with sheep;" "trees and pool of water;" "landscape, with tower;" "river scene, with sloop and figures;" "road scene, with mounted figures;" and "rocky landscape, with waterfall." All misty, sketchy, graceful fragments of an unsuccessful landscape-painter's poetry.

Then, if the Doctor is in a very good humour, he doubtless shows his boys the camera-obscura, with ten subjects of landscapes, sea-pieces, and moonlights, beautifully painted by Gainsborough; or takes down the spirited and clever sketch in oil, by the same artist, for them to look at—"A landscape with an Italian villa and trees, near a wood, in which is a man leading a horse."

The Doctor is proud of this painter, for he has many copies from him, and sketch-books too, from which valuable hints are to be got.

Then the kind Doctor is rich in Cozens's, which Girtin copies, and which Turner studies closely. There are landscapes and pen sketches, Swiss views and Italian views, particularly on the Neapolitan coast: the Bay of Salerno and the Tomb of Virgil are there, for the lads to learn aërial perspective and its poetry from.

Of Dayes too, Girtin's master, with his neat small figures and his slight dry manner, there are many specimens, comprising coloured sketches of antiqui-

ties, and views in Wales and on the Lakes; Kentish scenes, castles and cathedrals, in blue and Indian ink, and the Thames from Greenwich Park: just as Turner was afterwards to sketch them.

And the portfolio held Hearnes too, and of the very scenes that Turner himself had already visited, or would soon visit and gather laurels at: views at Bristol, and on the Border, lonely castles and Scotch ruins, Wiltshire Druidical temples: and Edinburgh and Kenilworth so soon to be irradiated by Scott's genius.

Then there was the dull tribe: Barrett, with his commonplace parks and waterfalls; Wilson, who despised both him and his contemporary, Smith of Chichester, with his broad but slight "Italian buildings in black chalk;" his "Italian views and hills on blue paper." Of great Wilson, too, there is "Lambeth and Westminster from the river, on coloured paper heightened with white;" "Cottage from the river on blue paper heightened by white;" and "View on the Thames at Twickenham, on drab paper heightened with white."

Paul Sandby, Wilson's kind friend, was represented at Dr. Munro's by a box of architectural designs; by views of *Conway*, *Dartmouth*, *Windsor*, Salisbury Cathedral, Glasgow, and Richmond Castle. These sketches must have tended to direct Turner's mind as to what he should like best to paint in England.

Then of Loutherbourg, whose neighbour Turner afterwards became, and whose art he much admired! there were a "few washed views in Switzerland;" pen-and-ink sketches on card, made in Wales;

Indian-ink notes of English scenery, and studies of shipping and costume, and one special view in the neighbourhood of Schaffhausen.

For Girtin there were Canaletti drawings to copy; and for both, pen-washed, bistre, and Indian-ink drawings by Rembrandt, Ostade, Paul Potter, Vandervelde; above all, a robust landscape in pen and ink by Titian, and Italian buildings by Claude, showing the very skeleton and framework of their art; besides flighty sketches by Kobel, Momperts, Boucher, and hosts of smaller men—all showing what to seek or what to avoid.

As Dr. Munro, in after years, bought whole bound volumes of Turner's sketches of Italy and Switzerland, as well as books of sketches in Wales, round Dover, or on the Lakes, it is difficult to exactly distinguish from the catalogue which were the early sketches made in the Adelphi-terrace for half-a-crown a night and a supper, which system of sketching was afterwards continued when the kind Doctor removed to Harrow. One may feel, however, pretty sure that the earliest sketches were those of London and home subjects, and those that went at low prices, from being in a timid and imitative early manner.

Among those drawn for Dr. Munro, I may select "Views and ruins in colours on cards: View in North Wales;" "a view of London from the Temple Gardens, in blue and Indian ink;" "Hadley Church, Wilsden and Waltham;" Norbury Park; shipping in Dover Harbour; "imitations of Loutherbourg;" "views on the Thames;" Boxhill, Mickleham, and Dorking

Churches; the "Ruins of the Savoy Palace;" and "a street in Dartford"—the same, probably, that Girtin copied from Mr. Henderson's sketch. Now, if these were the drawings sold for half-a-crown each, Dr. Munro's kindness obtained a better reward than such truly disinterested kindness generally does; for we find, at the Doctor's sale in 1833, the "View of London from the Temple Gardens" selling at 4*l.* 4*s.*, and the "Ruins of the Savoy Palace" at 3*l.* 3*s.*; and by this time they are probably worth twice as much, and, for all I know to the contrary, may go on advancing in price.

Whether Girtin's works already grew scarce or not, I do not know, but of Girtin's drawings the Doctor does not seem to have possessed many. What he has, show us pretty well what sort of work Girtin did in those pleasant river-side rooms—views after Cozens, Hearne, and Barrett; pencil sketches of York; views in Surrey (Boxhill and Norbury Park amongst them, probably sketched in company with Turner). "Monmouth Bridge," is the furthest afield he seems to have gone; though "Foreign Views" may be either copies, or some of the results of his last tour in France.

It was at the house of Mr. Henderson, a great amateur of art, in the Adelphi-terrace, that Girtin and Turner met to draw and copy, as they did also at Dr. Munro's, in 1793. At Mr. Henderson's, Girtin copied Canaletti's works especially, and studied Piranesi's prints. Mr. Henderson possessed many of Malton's engraved London views, with Girtin's copies

of them.* In every case the copy is the best of the two, for the copy is rather a paraphrase than a copy, and is always more thoughtful and judicious. For instance, Malton has a view of the Mansion House, with the Mansion House, the special object of the engraving, thrown into shadow. Girtin has copied it, and irradiated it with light, and thus it becomes the proper centre of the picture. Malton's work struck me as very dull and unfeeling; but it has a breadth which perhaps Girtin admired, and it is never small and dry, or "cut up."

The copies of Canaletti (particularly one done with the reed-pen, of the Rialto) are specially admirable; the little dotted touches are very free and decisive. In some of the copies of the Venetian pictures, the figures seem put in at once by the brush without pencil outline.

The same collection contains pencil sketches of scenes at and near Dover, with pig-tailed boatmen and old shaky sea-side houses, which were drawn by Mr. Henderson's father, who was himself an admirable amateur artist. There is, for instance, a view of the chief street at Dartford (1794), copied by Girtin after an existing sketch by Mr. Henderson; executed, I suppose, as a sort of drawing lesson.

There are also various scenes after Hearne, one of Tintern, very admirable. There are also scenes on the river, varied from sketches by Mr. Henderson

* Among these the present site of the Bank, and also St. George's, Hanover-square, with a sedan-chair passing.

of the shot-tower and buildings opposite his Adelphi balcony.

But in Mr. Henderson's collection there are two water-colour drawings that specially interest me, and these are two rival views of Dover Castle, made by Turner and Girtin after a sketch by Mr. Henderson. Both are weak and timid, for neither yet had probably seen chalk cliffs or sea. In Turner's the cliff is out of all proportion; in Girtin's there is a black roll of coast, daring, but altogether superfluous and untrue. In both, however, the boats (which they had already seen on the Thames) are well executed.

The same collection contains a copy by Girtin of Morland's vulgar picture, "Dogs hesitating about the Pluck," "Dogs preparing to fight over their Food;" but it was Dr. Munro's and Mr. Henderson's Canalettis that really formed Girtin's manner, and gave him that crisp, staccato touch which gave such breadth to all his architecture.

Still, Girtin was at first little more than a monochromist; his local colour being far more sombre than that of nature. Latterly, he threw a golden tone over his work, that was Turner's special delight. In old age, when a friend wished to please Turner, he had but to get from his portfolio some of "poor Tom's yellow drawings," and Turner was happy.

It was the grandfather of the present Dr. Munro who employed Turner. He died in 1833, when all his drawings were sold; Turner, I believe, bought in many of his own.

It is said that long after Dr. Munro gave Turner

a commission for one hundred drawings, but I suppose at the miserable old price, and as Turner was now rising, he wisely abstained from doing them.

And now I must devote a short chapter more especially to that ill-fated young genius, Girtin, a painter far too little appreciated, and who deserves to rank highest among English artists.

CHAPTER VII.

TURNER'S FRIENDLY RIVAL, GIRTIN.

GIRTIN was born in February, 1775; so that he was only two months older than his companion Turner. It was to Chambers Hall that Turner once said of one of Girtin's yellow drawings, now in the British Museum, "I never in my whole life could make a drawing like that; I would at any time have given one of my little fingers to have made such a one." Girtin's father was, I believe, a rope-maker, and was killed out hunting. His widow, with her two boys, the future painter and the future engraver, took rooms over a shop in St. Martin's-le-Grand. She subsequently married a Mr. Vaughan, an eminent pattern-drawer; but this was not till near Girtin's last illness, or after his death. Mr. Chambers Hall purchased his fine collection of thirty-six Girtin drawings (which he afterwards left to the British Museum, where they now lie buried) from Mr. Jackson, the father-in-law of Girtin's half-brother, an eminent builder who contributed to the extension of Pimlico. Jackson bought these drawings of Girtin's brother, who had laid claim to all he could find, in return for money lent. Girtin had died at his brother's house, being too ill to be removed.

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Girtin married the only daughter of Mr. Borritt, a rich liveryman of the Goldsmiths' Company, who was fond of art, and had all but adopted the young artist. He regarded his son-in-law with great affection, and for years after could scarcely speak of him with dry eyes. Lord Essex, Lord Harewood, Lord Mulgrave, and Sir George Beaumont, were all patrons of Girtin. Edwards, in his malicious notice of Girtin, says, glancing at him, "Intemperance and irregularity have no claim to longevity." Girtin's son, still living, a surgeon at Islington, says, "My father was almost ascetically temperate, and his taste always leant to the refined and elegant."

Girtin was in early life apprenticed to Dayes, an architectural draughtsman, who had no sympathy for his genius, and treated him as a mere means of making money. Dayes was a conceited, jealous man, who eventually got embarrassed and committed suicide, it was supposed, from envy at the progress of his contemporaries—Turner and his old pupil. His works ("Tour in Yorkshire" and "Art-Biographies") were published after his death for the benefit of his widow.

Girtin, naturally bold and reckless, began soon to find that he was more than paying back by work the premium paid for his apprenticeship. He refused to wash in any more skies for Dayes, and demanded in justice the cancelling of his indentures. Dayes refusing, and finding Girtin obdurate, had him up before the City Chamberlain and committed to Bridewell as a contumacious apprentice.

Here Girtin amused himself by covering the walls of his cell with chalk-landscapes. The turnkey was

at once delighted and astonished with these works of the imprisoned genius. He told all his friends about them, and brought many of them to see the frescoed cell. Amongst others, some lord or other; and the Earl of Essex happened to hear of the prison landscapes. He came and was delighted. He went at once to Dayes, bought up the indentures, and burning them before Girtin's eyes, obtained his release, and took him down to the almost regal luxury of Cashiobury, where Girtin, free and happy, produced some of his greatest works; as Fra Lippo Lippi escaped from slavery by means of the portrait he took of the Moor his master, so Girtin, the contumacious apprentice, escaped from Bridewell by decorating the white walls of his cell with chalk landscapes.

At Raphael Smith's—the pupil of Pether—Turner and Girtin met to colour etchings; and afterwards worked together, putting in skies and flat tints for the architects, and touching up sketches and topographical views for amateurs.

That Dayes never forgave his contumacious apprentice is, I think, quite clear from the fact, that when, years after Girtin's death, he himself committed suicide under the pressure of debts, the following detracting account of Girtin was found among his papers, and published by his executors, among other fairer biographies of those contemporaries who had outstripped him in the race, and jealousy at whose success is said to have been one of the accelerating causes of his dreadful death. He says:

"This artist died November the 9th, 1802, after a

long illness, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. Biography is useful to stimulate to acts of industry and virtue; or by exhibiting the contrary, to show the fatal consequences of vice. While our heart bleeds at the premature death of the subject of this paper, it becomes equally an act of justice to warn young persons against the fatal effects of suffering their passions to overpower their reason, and to hurry them into acts of excess that may in the end render life a burden, destroy existence, or bring on a premature old age. Though his drawings are generally too slight, yet they must ever be admired as the offspring of a strong imagination. Had he not trifled away a vigorous constitution, he might have arrived at a very high degree of excellence as a landscape-painter."

Of Turner, in 1804, Dayes says:

"Highly to the credit of this artist, he is indebted principally to his own exertions for the abilities which he possesses as a painter, and for the respectable situation he holds in society. He may be considered a striking instance of how much may be gained by industry (if accompanied by temperance), even without the assistance of a master. The way he acquired his professional powers was by borrowing, where he could, a drawing or picture to copy from, or by making a sketch of any one in the Exhibition early in the morning, and finishing it at home. By such practices, and by a patient perseverance, he has overcome all the difficulties of the art; so that the fine taste and colour which his drawings possess, are scarcely to be found in any other, and are accom-

panied with a broad, firm chiaroscuro and a light and elegant touch. This man must be loved for his works, for his person is not striking, nor his conversation brilliant. He was born in Maiden-lane, where his father conducted a decent trade. Though his pictures possess great breadth of light and shade, accompanied with a fine tone of colour, his handling is sometimes infirm and the objects are too indefinite; he appears, indeed, to have but a superficial notion of form."

Girtin, who had studied under a pupil of Pether, the mezzotinto engraver, and who obtained Malton's traditions — whatever they might be worth —from Turner, Malton's pupil, gained facility from print-colouring for Raphael Smith. By this redrawing and touching up amateur sketches, and washing in skies for architects, he obtained his breadth of tone and facility of composition.

At Mr. Henderson's and Dr. Munro's he copied Piranesi and Canaletti, as well as Hearne, and many of the other topographical artists of the day. Like Turner, he also studied Cozens for gradations of tone and aërial effect (you always feel you can breathe in one of Cozens's landscapes). From time to time he launched out strongly into the beautiful world of colour, his earliest works being mere monochromes in sepia. Here a red slab of tile, there a blue tinge of slate; here a patch of yellow moss, there a grey paling; by degrees, and timidly, colour began to rise over his works, and tinge them with lustre and beauty.

From Piranesi, Girtin got vigour; from Canaletti,

his firm staccato touch; but his sense of art began to lessen his desire for truth, while with Turner, the same sense only increased it. His boldness is often recklessness; his vigour, carelessness and disregard of form; his breadth, always admirable, is sometimes conventional, and obtained by the sacrifice of truth. Girtin was a great artist, but he was not a poet, as Turner was.

Girtin and Turner's first sketching trips were short flights up the Thames, to the rickety boat-sheds and fishermen's houses at Westminster and Lambeth—old crippled buildings with overhanging gables, rusty planks crutched up with posts and logs and broken pillars—places where once cavaliers took wine, or where merchants dwelt—they delighted in these, finding in them the poetry of the ruins they had heard of elsewhere, but not yet seen. Besides, Sandby had already drawn attention to them. It was in fact a drawing of the Savoy that Girtin attributed his rise in the world to, as Turner did to his success with "Norham Castle."

The Savoy that Girtin sketched was a water-side fragment of the old palace of John of Gaunt, partly rebuilt after Wat Tyler's rebellion, by various transmutations a rogue's sanctuary, a deserter's prison, a printing-office, a beggars' haunt, and a parish church.

About the time that Turner was beginning his country tours, Girtin was also on the move. Mr. James Moore, an amateur artist and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, following the example of Hearne's and Sandby's patrons, took the clever dark-

eyed lad to Scotland with him to make drawings and help him in sketching, altering, and putting in effects. Several of these were afterwards somewhat unfairly published, Mr. Moore's name alone being appended to them. During this time Turner was busy at Oxford and Lincoln, in rivalry of numerous illustrated topographical works. Mr. Walker, an engraver, having projected a work that was to surpass them all. It was begun in 1793, and Turner was engaged on it; but Girtin, then beginning to be known, and more impulsive and independent than his friend, refused at first to join it.

For Miller's "Picturesque Views," however, Girtin made drawings of Windsor, Totnes, Kingsweare, Pembroke, Marlow, Newcastle, Bamborough, Warkworth, the Marine Barracks at Devonport, Appleby, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Christchurch, Abernethy and Tarnaway Castles, and lastly Woolwich.

Girtin and Turner were better apart; the one in Kent and the other in Scotland, became more original. The one grew broader and more harmonious in colour, the other more delicate, accurate, and atmospheric; but neither forgot the lessons he had learnt from the vast fragments of mutilated masonry at the Savoy, or from the brick towers of Lambeth Palace; they remembered the white billowing clouds they had wondered at as they floated through the arches of the London bridges; they did not forget the red brazen ruins seen through crimson fogs, or the molten gold of London sunsets.

Back in London, Girtin was too frank and careless not to have many amateur followers. His imitators were jealous of him. If he saw a man had no talent,

he told him so, for he was no oily courtier, no expediency-monger. One of his great cronies was "Jack Harris," a picture-frame maker in Gerrard-street, Soho. This Harris was also a dealer in drawings; and through his agency both Girtin and that wild reprobate Morland, both of whom disliked collectors, disposed of their works.

Girtin was a humorist, and that made him indifferent to high life, where fashionable indifferentism, reserve, and forced equality destroys all individuality. He disliked, too, the foolish chatter of dilettantes, and he was too rough and honest to praise sketches which were unworthy of praise; yet he had moments, after his visits to Cashiobury, when he would lament to his wife that, after being amongst great people, the manners of the women of his own rank in life became ungrateful to him. But once at Jack Harris's chatting about art, or at a tavern club, and he forgot Cashiobury and all its attractions.

Girtin established a sketching-class, which was open to patrons and amateurs as well as to artists. For three years this little society of enthusiasts met on winter evenings for mutual improvement. "No little coterie could be more respectable," says a frequent visitor. How often the talent of the barber's son must have been discussed at these pleasant evenings.

This society was the model, no doubt, for the celebrated one at whose meetings Chalons, Leslie, Landseer, long after, spent so many happy hours. They met alternately at each other's houses. The subject

was taken from an English poet, and each man treated it in his own way. The member at whose house they met supplied stained paper, colours, and pencils, and all the sketches of the evening became his property.

They met at six o'clock (hours were earlier then), and had tea or coffee; over their harmless cups they read the verses relating to the subject, and discussed its treatment and the effect it would naturally give rise to. After this, with heads down and bated breath, they worked hard till ten, when there was cold meat, bread and cheese, and such humble, solid fare, and at twelve, as the day expired, they separated with hearty greetings. Beautiful works of art were often produced in this impromptu way, and the first ideas of great pictures were often suggested in dreamy hints that had sometimes a charm greater almost than that of the completed truth. Turner would never join this club; he preferred working in solitude, and he could not at this time afford to sell a ten-pound sketch for a cup of tea and a slice of bread and cheese. Perhaps, too, he was at this time slow in execution, and found two hours insufficient to elaborate any thought worth painting.*

Girtin had by this time married the daughter of a rich goldsmith of the City, and began to assume a position in the art-world worthy of his excelling genius.

* The Society consisted of ten members: T. Girtin, the founder; Sir Robert Ker Porter; Sir Augustus Callcott; J. R. Underwood; G. Samuel; P. S. Murray; J. T. Colman; L. Francia (pupil of Girtin's); W. H. Worthington; and J. C. Denham.

Girtin has been very unfairly set down as a careless, dissolute artist, fond of low society. Nothing can be more untrue. The fact is, he was of humble origin, and by nature rather shy. Early associations, a love of character, and a free, kindly disposition, made him a favourite with all ranks, from Jack Harris, the picture-frame maker, up to Lord Elgin and the Earl of Essex. The very vicissitudes of his wandering profession led him among poor wayfarers, whom he wisely sought to please and to extract amusement from. He was eminently a sociable man; he liked to have friends round him as he worked, which Turner (I think wisely) did not. As a shy man, he felt perhaps more at ease with the poor than with the rich, amongst whom the relative monetary condition compelled him to move as a tolerated inferior (a position degrading to honest pride). He began life not knowing but that he might have to go through it as a poor man; he therefore studied the poor, whom he might have to make his companions.

Far be it from me to sneer at Girtin's loving humour and adventure, or going to Northumberland in a dirty collier, eating salt beef, smoking black pipes, and bandying North-country jokes. A young prig of a dandy would have maintained a dogged silence, except now and then to quote the Greek "Delectus" and express his nausea and disgust at the general filthiness of the vessel, and the boorishness of the "*plebs*," the "*hoi polloi*," the "crew." The one would have been dubbed "a cursed jackanapes," the other have been cheered at parting

as "a right good-hearted fellow as ever trod shoe-leather."

In the Inland counties Girtin resorted to the inn-kitchen, just as Hogarth would have done when he visited Salisbury or Rochester. He would there quaff his ale and sketch the waggoners and postboys, as Morland sketched smugglers and fishermen in the Isle of Wight cabins, or Salvator Rosa the robbers of the Abruzzi. Here he was independent, free, and happy: at Cashiobury every word and look had to be planned according to the rules of polite slavery.

Had Girtin stooped to flattery, there is no knowing what social eminence he might not have gained. The inn-kitchen was not his from any necessity, but from choice. Lord Elgin wished to take him to Greece with him, just as previous noblemen had taken Hearne and Sandby, and as Beckford took Cozens to swell his suite. There were gentlemen of high birth among the members of his sketching club, of which Miss Jane Porter, the novelist, was also, I must not forget to mention, a frequent visitor and chooser of subjects. Girtin also visited at Lord Hardwicke's (the Earl of Essex was his great patron). The Hon. Spencer Cowper had the finest collection of Girtin's drawings of any one of that day. Lord Mulgrave also admired his frank spirit and his genius, and after his death offered princely aid to the widow to educate her only son, but she refused it with her husband's own brave independence.

Girtin's father-in-law, Mr. Borritt, of Mincing-lane, was a goldsmith of some note in his day, and had his country house at Islington.

From the subjoined epitome of Girtin's career, we shall see that he never manifested the prudence and progressive ambition of his friend and rival Turner. He did not exhibit at all till 1794, when Turner had been four years an exhibitor. He did not attempt oil-painting (his only chance of becoming an R.A.) till 1801, when Turner had essayed oil-painting many years. The next year he went to France for his health, and in the autumn of the same year he died.

Turner went on his first foreign tour the year his friend died. In his compulsory visit to the Continent alone, Girtin anticipated his younger rival.

An epitomist of his career says:

"Girtin exhibited his first drawing in 1794, at which time he resided with his mother, at No. 2, St. Martin's-le-Grand: it was a view of Ely Cathedral. In the following year he exhibited three drawings: these were views of Warwick Castle, and Peterborough and Lichfield Cathedrals. In 1797 he had removed to No. 35, Drury-lane, and in that year he exhibited ten drawings: an Interior of St. Alban's Church, two views of Jedburgh, two of St. Cuthbert's, Holy Island, four views of York, and one of Ouse Bridge, in the same city. His next residence, in 1798, was at 25, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, in which year he exhibited nine drawings:—'Coast of Dorset,' 'Berry Pomeroy Castle,' two drawings of Rivaux Abbey, Interiors of Exeter and Chester Cathedrals, 'Cottage from Nature,' a view of a Mill in Derbyshire, and St. Nicholas's Church, Newcastle. In 1799 he had again removed, and we find him, while residing at No. 6, Long Acre, ex-

hibiting a 'Mill in Essex,' two views of Bethgellert, 'Warkworth Hermitage,' a 'Study from Nature,' and 'Tatershall Castle.' Girtin next resided with his wife's father, Mr. Phineas Borrit, at No. 11, Scott's-place, Islington, and in 1800 exhibited—Bristol Hot Well, York, and Jedburgh. This year Turner had been elected an A.R.A., and it is possible that Girtin may have aspired to the same honour, which, while he continued to exhibit water-colour drawings only, he could not obtain. We therefore find him, in 1801, sending to Somerset House for the first time a picture in oil. This was 'Bolton Bridge,' and the last time he appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy, for in the spring of the following year he went to France, and in the autumn of the same year he died.

"Amid his numerous works he completed a panorama of London, said to have been one of the finest views of a city ever painted. It was amongst the first of those topographical representations which have since his day become so popular, and represented a view of St. Paul's, with the buildings running east and west. It was taken from the lofty roof of the Albion Mills, which were then standing at the foot of the south side of Blackfriars-bridge, and was universally admired when exhibited in Castle-street, Leicester-square, and in the Great Room, Spring-gardens. For several years after his death it was rolled up and in the possession of an architect named Howitt, in St. Martin's-lane, who, about the year 1825, sold it to a Russian nobleman, and by him it is said to have been taken to St. Petersburg.

"In Paris he made a beautiful series of drawings, which were purchased by the Earl of Essex, but are now in the collection of the Duke of Bedford, which he etched and published in a style of engraving then recently introduced, but now almost obsolete, called 'aquatinta.' The first of these etchings he has dated June 16th, 1802, and the last, October 4th of the same year, or but little more than a month before he died. We may almost trace the decline of the master-hand in the appended dates, and by the longer intervals that intervened between the production of each plate: they also prove that he 'died in harness,' working to the last. The dates are as follow:—

June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
16	6	4	2	4!!!
18	12	9	29	
25	16	17		the last.
28	19			

"They were published by his brother, John Girtin, a writing engraver, who lived in Castle-street, Leicester-square, until his house and stock were destroyed by fire a few years after his brother's death: his wife, who was ill at the time, died in his arms as he was carrying her out through the surrounding flames. This fire destroyed many of Girtin's best works; and so scarce must we suppose these engravings of the views of Paris to have become, that the British Museum does not possess a copy."*

The drawings Girtin made in Paris during the

* This does not prove much.

lull of the Peace of Amiens were made under circumstances of great difficulty. He was forbidden to sketch, so he drew them from the window of a fiacre. They are very elaborate, and more full of colour than his previous works, yet broad and free, with something in the village-scenes of the dotty Edridge manner that Prout afterwards imitated so successfully. The figures, even in masses, are painted with great truth and beauty.

But gradually the bony hand came nearer and nearer, pushing him onward towards the clean square-cut grave. Fame might put by her crown—it was not to be for him.

Girtin had never been strong, and yet had dangerously indulged in late hours. Intemperate, he never was. Work all day of the brain, and fatigue of the body, overtaxed to bear the social fatigue of sitting up half the night, brought on pulmonary disease. The spring-time of 1802, spent in the milder and more equable climate of France, could not save him, especially when the invalid still spent half his day at work.

Poor Girtin died the very autumn Turner went to Macon to see the vintage there. He died at Frome, in Somersetshire, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent-garden. Turner, who always loved to speak of "Poor Tom," must have pondered much on this death, and have set to work with greater vigour than ever to develop his own talent, that might so soon be quenched in the cold earth. His generous heart could never have felt envy at Girtin's talent, whatever foolish friends and small malignant enemies may

have done to rouse his jealousy: he was incapable of such a base passion.

Girtin was first instructed by Mr. Fisher, a drawing-master in Aldersgate-street, but afterwards by Dayes, who ridiculed the low, dirty colour of his imitators, and who eventually, getting embarrassed and in debt, killed himself about two years after Girtin's death.

Girtin, the son of the small tradesman in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the son-in-law of the rich goldsmith of Mincing-lane, had risen to be one of the first artists of the day. He now received a handful of guineas for what Dr. Munro of the Adelphi-terrace used to hand him a single half-crown. Long ago he had cast off the small dry manner of his master, Dayes, the quondam miniature-painter. A friend of noblemen, a welcome guest at Cashiobury, Girtin returned to his simple dusky house in London, to betake himself again with a keen relish to his old sociable ways, to his cheerful tavern clubs, and to his old cronies the picture-makers and the picture-dealers. In the summer, there was his tour to sea-washed towns or pleasant inland cities; in the winter, his sketching club and his days of quiet study. There was Turner, too, to meet and crack jokes with. But, alas! there was both a good and an evil genius attending Girtin as he stood at the easel or as he sat over his wine. Before his eyes there was a bright-winged Fame stretching a golden crown; behind his back, a black skeleton stretching a bony claw. I do not think dissipation, but the late and irregular hours of a careless bibulous age, had under-

mined Girtin's health, perhaps never very robust. Imprudences in sketching, neglect to change wet clothes, fatigues of various kinds, had changed the young artist.

Sunken eyes, hectic flushes, night perspirations, hollow cough, all fatal symptoms indicating consumption; Girtin must go to France. The Peace of Amiens is concluded; no more "yellow drawings" for Turner, his friendly rival, to praise—no more sunny days on the Thames or the Ouse—no more watchings of London and the great dome, azure with its circumambient veil of air, from the roof of Blackfriars mills—no more watching the twilight lose its transparency and turn to solid darkness over Welsh mountains. There are but a few short months, and the black train will thread the gate of the Covent-garden churchyard, where poor Tom now lies a-cold.

Turner painted his friend Girtin's portrait in oil. It is, I believe, still extant, but I have never seen it. I know well the admirable stalwart likeness Cornish Opie took of him.* It shows me the frank, generous nature of the hearty, kindly fellow whom Turner and every one would love; the strong black brow, the crisp dark hair curling down over it, the keen, far-seeing eyes, the bold chin, the bold features. And as I look at it I think of Turner's words in after-life, "If Tom Girtin had lived I should have starved," as indicative of the great admiration the survivor felt for the dead man. There were, indeed, at the time of Girtin's death, many who looked upon him as a greater artist than

* Now at the house of Mr. Girtin, Canonbury-square.

Turner; there are many now who think, had Girtin lived, that he would have surpassed Turner.

I do not. Girtin's prodigious dash, vigour, and breadth had become, it is true, the rage, so that his foolish admirers even imitated his low tone by washes of dirty colour, and with hues never seen in heaven above or on the earth beneath. They smeared immense sheets of atlas with brown and indigo, and thought at one swoop that they had imitated their master, Girtin's gem-like depth and his grand simplicity. But Girtin, though sometimes rapid, was strikingly patient. He was as bold as Wilson; he was also as careful. His vigour and richness he had got, not merely by copying Canaletti, but by looking at nature with his own eyes. Girtin, who at first began with mere neutral greys and greens, soon advanced to laying the chiaro-scuro with the three primitive colours, producing warm and cool russets by their combination, and afterwards glazing. Subsequently, however, like Turner, Girtin laid in at once the local colour that he saw in an object.

I do not think that Girtin had an imaginative mind. He had a fine, dashing, broad manner, frank, pure, and honest as his own nature; but he could never have designed the "Dragon of the Hesperides," nor could he have thrown such an atmosphere of poetry round the old Téméraire as Turner did. His mind was not so far-reaching, so insatiably active, so comprehensive. He was a social man, and he did not live for his art alone; he was not the enthusiast, all compact, like Turner, and yet I have seen an evening view at Battersea by him so full of tranquil

poetry, that I have for the moment been inclined to rank him almost above Turner. Even Cuyp himself scarcely ever produced a harmony more perfect, more full of inner, yet half-dimmed light. It had something of De Wint's low-toned colour, but it was instinct with a higher genius.

"Just before Girtin's death," says one of his contemporaries, "Dayes happened to call on a collector of drawings—an old drivelling *dilettante*—who patronized every dashing style, when he saw a smart portfolio, inscribed in gilt letters with the name of one of Girtin's closest imitators. 'What have we here?' said Dayes. 'They are the works of a pupil of your old disciple,' replied the collector. 'Pray, Mr. Dayes, look at them, and favour me with your opinion.' Dayes untied the portfolio, and on beholding the first subject, a large drawing of a mountainous scene among the lakes in Cumberland, he exclaimed, in his emphatic manner, 'Oh, ye gods, the blue-bag! the blue-bag!' Dayes was a man of quick discernment, and very pointed in his remarks, and nothing could be more characteristic of the whole collection than his exclamation; and so he kept on, as he turned over every drawing, still making the burthen of his song, 'Oh, the blue-bag! the blue-bag!' 'So,' said he, 'because Master Tom [Girtin] chooses to wash in dirty water, *ergo* this puppy, this ass, this driveller, and the rest of the herd, forsooth must wash in dirty water too! Yes, by the Lord! and with the very puddle-water which he has made more dirty!' Then laughing aloud, he exclaimed: 'Dietreci begat Cassanova! Cassanova

begat De Loutherbourg! Loutherbourg begat Frankey Bourgeois (the founder of the Dulwich Gallery); and he, the dirty dog, quarrelled with Nature and bedaubed her works.'"

A contemporary writer says of Girtin:

"It was a great treat to see Girtin at his studies (unlike Turner), he was always accessible. When he had accomplished the laying in of his sky, he would proceed with great facility in the general arrangement of his tints on the buildings, trees, water, and other objects. Every colour appeared to be placed with a most judicious perception towards effecting a general union or harmony. His light stone tints were put in with thin washes of Roman ochre, or the same, mixed with light red, and certain spaces, free from the warm tints, were touched with grey, composed of light red and indigo, or, brighter still, with ultramarine and light red. The brick buildings with Roman ochre, light red, and lake, and a mixture of Roman ochre, lake, and indigo, or Roman ochre, madder-brown, and indigo; also with burnt sienna and Roman ochre, and these colours in all their combinations. For finishing the buildings which came the nearest to the foreground, where the local colour and form were intended to be represented with particular force and effect, Vandyke brown and Cologne earth were combined with these tints, which gave depth and richness of tone, that raised the scale of effect without the least diminution of harmony: on the contrary, the richness of effect was increased from their glowing warmth, by neutralizing the previous tones, and by throwing them into their

respective distances, in proper keeping. The trees, which he frequently introduced in his views, exhibiting all the varieties of autumnal hues, he coloured with corresponding harmony to the scale of richness exhibited on his buildings. The greens for these operations were composed of gamboge, indigo, and burnt sienna, occasionally heightened with yellow lake, brown pink, and gamboge; these mixed, sometimes, with Prussian blue. The shadows for the trees, indigo, burnt sienna, and a most beautiful shadow-tint, composed of grey and madder brown; which, perhaps, is nearer to the general tone of the shadow of trees than any other combinations that can be formed with water colours. He so mixed his greys that, by using them judiciously, they served to represent the basis for every species of subject and effect, as viewed in the middle grounds under the influence of Girtin's atmosphere, when he pictured the autumnal season in our humid climate; which constantly exhibits to the picturesque eye the charms of rich effects in a greater variety than any country in Europe."

The following is another somewhat different version of some of Girtin's favourite tints:

"For blue clear skies, washes of indigo and lake; for cloud shadows, Indian red and indigo, with an occasional addition of lake. For light stone, thin washes of Roman ochre, or the same mixed with light red; for cooler spaces, a grey composed of light red and indigo; for brighter surfaces, a mixture of ultramarine and light red. For brick buildings, Roman ochre, light red, and lake, or a mixture of Roman

ochre, lake, and indigo, or Roman ochre, madder brown and indigo, or burnt sienna and Roman ochre, or madder brown and Roman ochre, together with all possible combinations of these colours. For foreground buildings, Vandyck brown and Cologne earth were mixed with the above tint, and give a rich glow. For autumnal trees, he used greens composed of gamboge, indigo, and burnt sienna, occasionally heightened with yellow lake, brown pink, and gamboge, or sometimes mixed with Prussian blue. For tree shadows, indigo and burnt sienna, or a still more beautiful and harmonious one of grey and madder brown. Girtin's favourite greys were Venetian red and indigo, or Indian red and indigo. For a warm, and cold, and harmonious one, of Roman ochre, indigo, and lake.

Turner's and Girtin's early studies were among the picturesque shores of Westminster and Lambeth; for they were picturesque sixty years ago: amongst the old houses occupied by fishermen and their families, and other old buildings, tottering and grey with age, propped and supported by ill-cut posts, pillars, and wide abutments, where overhanging gables frowned defiance at the perpendicular, while here and there a patch of bright vegetation grew on the decaying timber. . . . . Chambers Hall, Esq., has a drawing said to be by Girtin, but which bears evidence of Turner's hand; in it the former—as if by an after-thought—has introduced a boat, with a figure pushing it along by means of a boat-hook; on the hill by a cathedral are some houses, and here also is the same handling and colour, as if, while work-

ing upon it, Turner had seen the drawing weak or defective in that particular part, and retouched it. Mr. Henderson has a copy of the same drawing, but by whom done, unless by his father, it is impossible to say; but it also has the boat and figure above-mentioned.

Girtin, like Turner, was beyond his age. His mind was an original one. Paul Sandby, Michael Angelo Booker's master, was truthful and picturesque; Hearne was chaste in manner; Cozens was better than either, for he was original and poetic, and had a great power of representing vastness of space, but still his colour was scarcely more than tinted chiaroscuro. Before that we had little but pasticcios of Pillemant and Chatelain, touched in black chalk and tinted, or drawings with penned outlines, shaded with Indian ink, and washed with thin colour. Girtin and Turner invented modern water-colours, and Girtin was one of the first to give the correct local colour of each object. He, however, neglected form and detail, and was careless in execution. He no longer used one shadow-colour for every object; he aimed at low chiaroscuro; splendid tone and magical effect of colour. His mountains were grand; his hazy vapours of receding darkness admirable; his valleys blue and fresh; his light was exquisitely carried through.

His masses were low, broad, and abrupt; his harmony low-toned, but perfect. His clouds were generally in large groups, but sometimes quiet, serene, and simple.

"He laid on his skies first," says a contemporary; "they were always remarkably luminous. Sometimes

he used warm tinted paper and left it for the light; his moonlight was brilliant, his variety of light and shade captivating; but his style was not light and elegant enough for pastoral and classical landscapes, like Turner's. Girtin was a poet in a masculine way, but not an idealist.

Dayes, his master, whose temper was neither amiable nor happy, used to deride Girtin's imitators, who exaggerated all his faults. They rudely opposed cold and warm colour; they introduced shapeless architecture and nondescript trees; they left blank spaces; their animals and figures were incoherent; their darks were dotted and splashed.

It is said that Girtin was one of the first to attempt an evening effect in water-colours. He had gone to an old town and made an outline sketch of it in the daytime. The same evening he passed it again, and the dark arches, the reflections, and a gleam of pale horizon determined him to attempt a twilight effect; he did so, and succeeded.

Gainsborough's cork models and careless blue paper drawings had been as mischievous to art as the elder Cozens's mode of studying compositions from the chance figures formed by paint splashed into a China plate. So had been Sandby and Hearne's efforts to throw back the distance by darkening the foreground and making it blacker towards the lower edge, or perpetually introducing banks and hollow trees for deep shadows, in their right- or left-hand corner.

But slowly improvement had come. J. Varley, who taught drawing, had introduced a classic air and poetical

effect; W. Havell, who had a great love for Cumberland scenery, was broad, bold, and highly finished in style, taking out his high lights for future glazing by bread, handkerchief, and clean brush.

Heaphy, whom Reynolds praised, delighted in night-cellar, fish-market, and low scenes.

Cristall, whose execution was broad, bold, and slight, drew classic figures, Virgilian peasants, and cottage groups in a large manner; but Girtin surpassed them all in depth, breadth, and harmony.

Canaletti for touch, and Rubens for colours, were Girtin's chief models. He first introduced the system of drawing upon lined rough double cartridge paper (purchased at a shop at Charing-cross); by this means he got force and freedom, and avoided "the spotty, glittering glare" of the ordinary white paper. His paper became so fashionable that collectors even liked to see across their Girtin drawings the mark of where the paper had been hung to dry across a string. He first drew in his work with a reed pen, but latterly, to avoid hardness and edginess, he only blotted in the general form with Indian ink. His enemies said he used the architect's rule too much, as in his copies of Canaletti, and that his effects were tricks; but this is absurd, for he owed his success to his free hand and sure eye. He used, too, a richer palette than his contemporaries, except Turner; and made water-colour painting more resemble oil.

"Whoever inspected his palette," says an art-critic, "would find it covered with a greater variety of tints than almost any of his contemporaries employed. Mr. Moore was his first patron, and with him he went a

tour into Scotland. The prospects he saw in that country gave that wildness of imagery to the scenery of his drawings by which they are so pre-eminently distinguished. He also went with Mr. Moore to Peterborough, Lichfield, and Lincoln; and indeed, to many other places remarkable for their rich scenery, either in nature or architecture. That gentleman had a drawing that Girtin made of Exeter Cathedral, which was principally coloured on the spot where it was drawn; for he was so uncommonly indefatigable, that when he had made a sketch of any place, he never wished to quit it until he had given it all the proper tints.

The best pictures of Girtin's now in the possession of his son at Islington are "Stoke Pogis Church," "A Mill in Essex" (splendid in tone and breadth, which occasionally degenerates to carelessness), "Kirkstall," "Rivaulx," "Ouse Bridge, York." Mr. Chambers Hall had gone to try and purchase some of Mr. Jackson, when in the next room he overheard him rating Lord Essex for insolently coming to him and treating him with aristocratic pride as a mere vendor of pictures. After this, of course Mr. Hall despaired of prevailing on him to part with any of the pictures, but, to his astonishment, Mr. Jackson presented him with them all.

The artist of Turner's admiration, after Girtin, was Reynolds. He drew his purse to buy Sir Joshua's palette to present to Shee. "His admiration for Girtin took a less tangible form," says a certain sneerer.* "In a fit of generosity he talked of erecting a monu-

* Mr. Peter Cunningham.

ment to mark the grave of his friend and rival in Covent-garden churchyard; but when the amount was named—a few shillings over ten pounds—he shrugged his shoulders, and rested satisfied with the bare intention. The grave, we are sorry to say, is still unmarked; a headstone to Girtin would be a graceful tribute from either the Old or the New Water-colour Society." Now all this is just an instance of the way men write—when they are determined to blame. A tombstone *was* put up to Girtin, but whether by Turner or not, I do not know. A friend of mine saw it, made a sketch of it, and warned the sexton of its precarious state. It has now been removed.

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNER, THE DRAWING-MASTER.

THERE are old people still living who remember Turner in 1795 or 1796—that is to say, when he was twenty or twenty-one, and taught drawing in London, at Hadley (Herts), and at other places. One of them writes to me, and says—"He was eccentric, but kind and amusing." He was too reserved, and too tongue-tied to be able to teach what he knew, even if he had cared to disclose his hard-earned secrets. He would hate the work, though it did bring some ten shillings a lesson. His ambition would feel impatient of amateurs. He would not flatter like the ordinary time-server who teaches. He would be silent and rough, and leave the puzzled pupils pretty well alone while he thought over some sketch of his own. Indeed, Turner always held that those who could not understand a hint would not understand a volume of advice. Blake, one of his pupils, complained of being left quite alone, and one day, indignant at his master's heedlessness of some commissions for drawings he had obtained for him, went and rubbed out the addresses he had already given, and so cancelled the orders. I have no doubt Turner's disregard of the commissions

meant something, and that he took the cancelling quietly and as a matter of course.

But now we are discussing Turner's life as a drawing-master, let us consider the nature of the art he taught, and the various improvements he introduced into that art.

On the interesting question of Turner's method of water-colour painting, our greatest authority, Mr. Ruskin, says:—"The large early drawings of Turner were sponged without friction, or were finished piece by piece on white paper; as he advanced he laid the chief masses first in broad tints, never effacing anything, but working the details over these broad tints. While still wet, he brought out the soft lights with the point of a brush; the brighter ones with the end of a stick, often, too, driving the wet colour in a darker line to the edge of the light, in order to represent the outlines of hills.

"His touches were all clear, firm, and unalterable, one over the other: friction he used only now and then, to represent the grit of stone or the fretted pile of moss; the finer lights he often left from the first, even the minutest light, working round and up to them, not taking them out as weaker men would have done. He would draw the dark outlines by putting more water to wet brushes, and driving the colour to the edge to dry there, firm and dark. He would draw the broken edges of clouds with a quiver of the brush, then round the vapour by laying on a little more colour into parts not wet, and lastly dash in warm touches of light when dry on the outside edges.

"In his advanced stage, and in finished drawings,

he no doubt damped and soaked and pumped on his paper, so as to be able to work with a wooden point. The superfluous colour he would remove, but he never stifled or muddled one tint with another; nor would he use friction so as to destroy the edge and purity of a colour. His finer vignettes (as for his Milton) are on smooth cardboard, his coarser ones on sheets of thin drawing-paper; and in some of his sketches he would colour on both sides, so that the paper could never have been soaked. There is no doubt, too, that besides his work on wet paper with wooden point, and his wonderful method of taking out high lights with bread, he had many secrets of manipulation, as, for instance, in imitating the dark broken edges of waves. In an Italian drawing that Mr. Allnutt now possesses there is an evident intentional graining given to a large block of stone in the right foreground by the pressure of a thumb in half-wet colour. You can still see the impression of the pores of the painter's skin.

"The painting exhibited by Turner in 1805, 'The Battle of Fort Rock in Val d'Aosta,' combines all the painter's peculiarities. There are lights bluntly wiped out of the local colour of the sky, and sharply and decisively on the foreground trees; others scraped out with a blunt instrument while the colour was wet, as in the moss on the wall, and part of the fir-trees on the right-hand bank; lights scratched out, as in one of the waterfalls; others cut sharp and clear with a knife from the wet paper, as in the housings of the mules on the mountain road; and then for texture and air there has been much general surface-washing.

"In the 'Hornby Castle' (South Kensington), painted in his best time, all his expedients to secure effect are employed. He has washed down broken tints to obtain variety and gradations in the distance by (I quote again Mr. Redgrave) abrasion of the paper, thinning the surface for sharp and sunny glitters of light, and removing lights by wiping out."

In one painting I find what appear to be touches of yellow chalk over a scratched surface; in fact, as Reynolds is said to have worked snuff and cinders into his pictures, so Turner seems to have rejected no accident.

Alluding to the gradual introduction of colour into Turner's work, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"The 'Crossing the Brook,' and such other elaborate and large compositions, are actually painted in nothing but grey, brown, and blue, with a point or two of severe local colour in the figures; but in the minor drawings, tender passages of complicated colour occur not unfrequently in easy places; and even before the year 1800 he begins to introduce it with evident joyfulness and longing in his rude and simple studies, just as a child, if it could be supposed to govern itself by a fully developed intellect, would cautiously, but with infinite pleasure, add now and then a tiny dish of fruit or other dangerous luxury to the simple order of its daily fare. Thus in the foregrounds of his most severe drawings, we not unfrequently find him indulging in the luxury of a peacock; and it is impossible to express the joyfulness with which he seems to de-

sign its graceful form, and deepen with soft pencilling the bloom of its blue after he has worked through the stern detail of his almost colourless drawing. A rainbow is another of his most frequently permitted indulgences; and we find him very early allowing the edges of his evening clouds to be touched with soft rose-colour or gold; while whenever the hues of nature in any wise fall into his system, and can be caught without a dangerous departure from it, he instantly throws his whole soul into the faithful rendering of them. Thus the usual brown tones of his foreground become warmed with sudden vigour, and are varied and enhanced with indescribable delight, when he finds himself by the shore of a Moorland stream where they truly express the stain of its golden rocks, and the darkness of its clear, Cairngorm-like pools, and the usual serenity of his aërial blue is enriched into the softness and depth of the sapphire, when it can deepen the distant slumber of some Highland lake, or temper the gloomy shadows of the evening upon its hills."

Bearing witness to Turner's versatility, the same eloquent writer says:—

"There is architecture, including a large number of formal 'gentlemen's seats,' I suppose drawings commissioned by the owners; then lowland pastoral scenery of every kind; including nearly all farming operations—ploughing, harrowing, hedging and ditching, felling trees, sheep-washing, and I know not what else; then all kinds of town life—courtyards of inns, starting of mail-coaches, interiors of

shops, house-buildings, fairs, and elections; then all kinds of inner domestic life—interiors of rooms, studies of costumes, of still life and heraldry, including multitudes of symbolical vignettes; then marine scenery of every kind, full of local incident; every kind of boat and method of fishing for particular fish being specifically drawn, round the whole coast of England; pilchard fishing at St. Ives, whiting fishing at Margate, herring at Loch Fyne; and all kinds of shipping, including studies of every separate part of the vessels, and many marine battle pieces—two, in particular, of Trafalgar, both of high importance—one of the Victory after the battle, now in Greenwich Hospital; another of the death of Nelson, in his own gallery: then all kinds of mountain scenery, some idealized into compositions, others of definite localities; together with classical compositions—Romes and Carthages, and such others by the myriad, with mythological, historical, or allegorical figures—nymphs, monsters, and spectres, heroes and divinities. What general feeling, it may be asked incredulously, can possibly pervade all this? This, the greatest of all feelings—an utter forgetfulness of self. Throughout the whole period with which we are at present concerned, Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite—a sympathy so all-embracing that I know nothing but that of Shakspeare comparable with it. A soldier's wife resting by the roadside is not beneath it; Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, watching the dead bodies of her sons, not above it. Nothing can possibly be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind and carry

away his whole heart; nothing so great or solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it; and it is impossible to prophesy of him at any moment whether the next he will be in laughter or in tears."

Speaking of Turner's rapidity, Mr. Ruskin tells the following interesting story:—

"There is a drawing in Mr. Fawkes's collection of a man-of-war taking in stores; it is of the usual size of those of the England series, about sixteen inches by eleven. It does not appear one of the most highly-finished, but is still farther removed from slightness. The hull of a first-rate occupies nearly one-half of the picture on the right, her bows towards the spectator, seen in sharp perspective from stem to stern, with all her portholes, guns, anchors, and lower rigging elaborately detailed. There are two ships of the line in the middle distance drawn with equal precision, a noble breezy sea dancing against their broad bows, full of delicate drawing in its waves; a store-ship beneath the hull of the larger vessel, and several other boats, and a complicated cloudy sky. It might appear no small exertion of mind to draw the detail of all this shipping, down to the smallest ropes, from memory, in the drawing-room of a mansion in the middle of Yorkshire, even if considerable time had been given for the effort. But Mr. Fawkes sat beside the painter from the first stroke to the last. Turner took a piece of blank paper one morning after breakfast, outlined his ships, finished the drawing in three hours, and went out to shoot."

The extraordinary knowledge of nature displayed by Turner in some of his water-colour drawings Mr. Ruskin bears full testimony to, in the following admirable analysis. He says of the "Nottingham:"—

"Now one instance will be sufficient to show the exquisite care of Turner in this respect. On the left-hand side of his Nottingham, the water (a smooth canal) is terminated by a bank fenced up with wood, on which, just at the edge of the water, stands a white sign-post. A quarter of a mile back, the hill on which Nottingham Castle stands rises steeply nearly to the top of the picture. The upper part of this hill is in bright golden light, and the lower in very deep grey shadow, against which the white board of the sign-post is seen entirely in light relief, though, being turned from the light, it is itself in delicate middle tint, illumined only on the edge. But the image of all this in the canal is very different. First, we have the reflection of the piles of the bank sharp and clear, but under this we have, not what we see above it, the dark *base* of the hill. (for this being a quarter of a mile back, we could not see it over the fence if we were looking from below), but the golden summit of the hill, the shadow of the under part having no record nor place in the reflection. Now this summit, being very distant, cannot be seen clearly by the eye while its focus is adapted to the surface of the water, and accordingly its reflection is entirely vague and confused; you cannot tell what it is meant for—it is mere playing golden light; but the sign-post, being on the bank close

to us, will be reflected clearly, and accordingly its distinct image is seen in the midst of this confusion, relieved, however, not now against the dark base, but against the illumined summit of the hill, and appearing therefore, instead of a white space thrown out from blue shade, a dark grey space thrown out from golden light. I do not know that any more magnificent example could be given of concentrated knowledge, or of the daring statement of most difficult truth. And if we have a farther instance in this passage of the close study which is required to enjoy the works of Turner, for another artist might have altered the reflection and confused it, but he would not have reasoned upon it so as to find out *what the exact alteration must be;* and if we had tried to account for the reflection, we should have found it false or inaccurate. But the master-mind of Turner, without effort, showers its knowledge into every touch, and we have only to trace out even his slightest passages, part by part, to find in them the universal working of the deepest thought, that consistency of every minor truth which admits of and invites the same ceaseless study as the work of Nature herself. There is, however, yet another peculiarity in Turner's painting of smooth water, which, though less deserving of admiration, as being merely a mechanical excellence, is not less wonderful than its other qualities, nor less unique—a peculiar texture, namely, given to the most delicate tints of the surface, when there is little reflection from anything except sky or atmosphere."

Describing the conventionalism of Turner's young

days, and the daring and originality that he must have possessed to have been able to escape from its paralyzing atmosphere, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"Turner's drawing is even better than a model of the ground, because it gives the aërial perspective, and is better than a photograph of the ground, because it exaggerates no shadow, while it unites the veracities both of model and photograph.

"Nor let it be thought that it was an easy or a creditable thing to treat mountain ground with this faithfulness in the days when Turner executed these drawings. In the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (1797), under article 'Drawing,' the following are the directions given for the production of a landscape:—

"'If he is to draw a landscape from Nature, let him take his station on a rising ground, when he will have a large horizon, and mark his tablet into three divisions downwards from the top to the bottom, and divide in his own mind the landscape he is to take, into three divisions also. Then let him turn his face directly opposite to the midst of the horizon, keeping his body fixed, and draw what is directly before his eyes upon the middle division of the tablet; then *turn his head, but not his body* (what a comfortable as well as intelligent operation sketching from Nature must have been in those days!), to the left hand, and delineate what he views there, joining it properly to what he had done before; and, lastly, do the same by what is to be seen upon his right hand, laying down everything exactly, both with respect to distance and proportion.

"'The best artists of late, in drawing their land-

scapes, make them shoot away, one part lower than another. Those who make their landscapes mount up higher and higher, as if they stood at the bottom of a hill to take the prospect, commit a great error; the best way is to get upon a rising ground, make the nearest objects in the piece the highest, and those that are further off to shoot away lower and lower, till they come almost level with the line of horizon, lessening everything proportionably with its distance, and observing also to make the objects fainter and less distinct the further they are removed from the eye. He must make all his lights and shades fall one way, and let everything have its proper motion; as trees shaken by the wind, the small boughs bending more, the larger ones less; water agitated by the wind, and dashing against ships or boats, or falling from a precipice upon rocks and stones, and spirting up again into the air and sprinkling all about; clouds also in the air, now gathered with the winds, now violently condensed into hail, rain, and the like, always remembering that whatever motions are caused by the wind must be made to move all the same way, because the wind can blow but one way at once.'

"Such was the state of the public mind and of public instruction at the time when Claude, Poussin, and Salvator were in the zenith of their reputation; such were the precepts which, even to the close of the century, it was necessary for a young painter to comply with during the best part of the years he gave to study. Take up one of Turner's views of our Yorkshire dells, seen from about a bank's height of expanse above the sweep of its river, and with it

in your hand, side by side read the old 'Encyclopædia' paragraph."

The following quizzical note, which appeared about 1789, conveys an idea of Turner's process of washing-in skies to water-colour drawings:—

"What a fine, clear morning! I will do my sky. Betty! tell your mistress, if any one calls, I can't be seen—I'm skying. Betty! Betty! bring me up a pan of water, and wash that sponge: it really is so hot, I cannot lay my colour smooth. Where's the flat brush? Oh dear! that Prussian blue is all curdled.' 'Please, pa, ma says, will you take any refreshment?' 'Get away, get away! how ever can your ma think about refreshment, when she knows I'm doing my sky? There, you've knocked down my swan's quill, and how am I to soften this colour? It will all be dry before you wash out the dirt. Give me that brush. Oh, it is full of indigo! there is the horizon spoilt! Quick, quick! some water! Oh, that's gall! And the sky is flying away! Why did your mother send you here? She might have known that I was skying.'"

At a late exhibition of early water-colour paintings at the Society of Arts, I made the following notes upon Turner and some of his early contemporaries. J. A. Gresse, remarkable for simple breadth. John Cozens ("Elba and Chigi Palace at Albano"), clear and pure in tone; in the latter, gleams of light and shade bar the height on which the palace stands, quite an early Turner effect. A. Davis, "Landscape," simple and pleasing. Loutherbourg, "Storm," excellent for spirit, effect, and sympathy.

Edridge, "Le Pont Neuf," vigorous. "Chinese Drawing," by Alexander, neat, delicate, well-drawn, and with some atmosphere. J. T. Serres, "Waterford, 1785," pleasing. J. A. Carne, "Wood-scene," elegance in composition of trees. M. A. Rooker, "St. Botolph's Priory," full of light. Glover's "Views of Tivoli," good distance. Dayes' "Hyde Park, with Ranger's Cottage," breadth of light and true distance. J. Webber, "Near Bala," full of light. Girtin, "Jedburgh Abbey," monochrome almost, but parts fine, and general effect broad and powerful. His "St. Asaph's Cathedral," elegant in arrangement of lines and treatment of subordinate parts. J. Varley's "Beddgelert Bridge," admirable, with light coming suddenly through mist. Nicholson's "View on the Hill near Ripon," poetical in tone, and tranquil. Howell's "Kilgaran Castle," forms fine and colour good.

Turner's "St. Alban's Abbey" was remarkable for good daylight effect, still more for poetry and power; the "Waterfall," for its ponderous motion, though the objects round it are entirely artificial in colour. His "Easby Abbey, Yorkshire," the colour nearly deep cold green, the warm light on the ruined wall to the right is rather sudden and limited, but of a delicious mellow sunset tone.

In a recent exhibition of Turner's at Manchester, that manly and honest writer on art, Mr. Tom Taylor, notices first his outline drawings in pen or pencil, slightly washed in Indian ink or Prussian blue; then the noble works of his early manhood—"The Falls of Clyde," and "The Loudon," wrought out

in a narrow scale of colours, but still masterly in composition, atmosphere, light and shade, and subordination of parts to the whole. For poetry, this critic praises "The Land's End," and the little vignette, "The Bridge of Sighs."

Turner did not abandon teaching, but teaching about this time abandoned Turner. He was too rough and odd for fashionable people. He was not going to let out guinea secrets for five shillings; so he let his pupils paint on as they liked.

CHAPTER IX.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

I MUST begin my chapter by briefly relating the origin of the art of water-colour painting in England.

Mr. Scharf, the accomplished writer on antiquarian art, tells me that in the earliest Saxon and Old English MSS. are to be found passages of transparent colour, either upon white grounds, or introduced to enrich tempera pictures — *i. e.*, pictures painted in opaque colours. Queen Mary's Psalter, for instance, in the British Museum, has its tender and delicate outlines on vellum enriched with transparent tints.*

The old Italian masters (as we see by the beautiful drawings in the Louvre and elsewhere) were in the habit of tingeing the glorious creatures they had built up and vivified, with green and brown tints, to give force to the shadows already expressed with the chalk point or reed pen.

Raphael's angelic drawings are pure water-colours, and are heightened with washes of sepia and bistre.†

* The MS. Life of King Edward the Confessor, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, exhibits the same technical peculiarities and glazings.

† Sir Charles Eastlake (who is learned in technicalities) quotes

The Flemings also painted tapestry, &c., on cloth or linen dipped in gum-water, and then strained on frames. The same principle is seen in the illuminated books and paintings of King René of Anjou, who died 1480; the same weak dilettante monarch, whom Scott, in "Anne of Geierstein" brings so clearly before us. His landscape and drapery painting was all the result of water-colour painting, probably derived from Flanders.

To return again to the Italians. Raphael's grand portrait of Timoteo della Vite, now in the British Museum, shows the effect of transparent washes of colour; but Jordaens was really one of the first artists to attempt varieties and intensities of colour. Ostade and Rembrandt continued the process with great success. Pen-washed drawings of Rembrandt are also frequently found. In these Dutch drawings the high lights are not marked with opaque white, but are left on the light paper.

In England water-colour drawings were found the quickest and best way of taking topographical views, as these originals then served as copies for the print-colourer.

Mr. Redgrave, an excellent authority, entertains the following opinions on the origin of English water-colour art, and very true and valuable opinions they are. He says that in water-colour miniatures the English were always celebrated from the earliest times, even on the Continent. Hillyard, the two Olivers,

a MS. of Alcherius, dated Feb. 1410, mentioning the practice of London artists being to paint in *transparent* water-colours tempered with gum arabic.

Hoskins, and Cooper, were the best masters of this art; they used opaque pigments, but leant chiefly to transparent colours, and so far they resembled the missal-painters. Water-colour art declined in Charles the Second's time.

Opaque pigments tempered with water were used by Lambert the scene-painter, and Taverner, whom Walpole foolishly compared to Poussin. Paul Sandby also painted sometimes in solid opaque colour; but from what was called stained drawing, modern water-colour art really emerged. By this method topographic drawings were carefully wrought up in Indian ink, and a few tints of pale local colour added timidly as a finish. The South Kensington collection shows specimens by Rooker, executed in 1795; Hearne, in 1796; Payne, about the same date. Of about the same period there are examples of Ibbetson, 1795; Pococke, 1790; Webber, circa 1790-1; Alexander, 1796. To this style of art Hearne and Rooker (like Prout and Nash afterwards) added pen outlines drawn in before the colour was applied.

This pen-drawing (perhaps in Mr. Edridge's manner), was much adopted by Girtin, but latterly he took to drawing with his brush only.

Cozens was one of the first men to break away from this coloured print practice to a feeble blue and grey monochrome, feeble, yet exquisitely delicate and poetically beautiful. Turner and Girtin were, however, the real founders of the art. Turner's largest works show the negative tints and pale colour of the stained drawing kind. The "Malmesbury Abbey," date 1791, and a view from Cook's Folly, on the

River Avon, have the local colours added. The latter work, though probably of the same date, evidences a rising genius for colour.

About 1795, the mode of working water-colours began to change. The monochrome was abandoned, the local colour was laid on at once on its proper spot, and shadowed and tinted with graduated tones varied by reflections. The old practice was reversed: the local tints were first laid in, and the shadows added after. Paintings by Girtin, before 1802, show the change, and also Turner's magnificent "Edinburgh," painted in 1804.

"The grey ground is no longer used in its entirety as a preparatory method, but is judiciously confined to the large and broad masses of shadow, as on the castle in the distance, the bridge and buildings in the middle ground, and the mass of the rock on the left of the picture; in the lights, local colours are laid on primarily, and advanced by their own neutralized tints or shadows.

"But even in this fine work it may be presumed that the flat masses of grey tint were judiciously retained to supply the broad cool masses of sun-setting shadow, since we find in a picture by F. Stevens, if the date (1806) is correct, how completely the art had thrown off the trammels of the old manner. The transition period was a short one; and a painting by John Smith, dated 1803, and the works by Prout, may be studied to illustrate it. Power, brilliancy, and truth were so evidently the result of the new manner, that it soon superseded the old one; and such works could no longer be classed, as heretofore, as

drawings, but began to take rank as water-colour paintings. Water-colour, as thus practised, has an innate brilliancy arising from the transparency of the colours and the pure white ground of the paper beneath them. This constitutes much of its peculiar excellence, subjoined to delicacy and refinement."

Art-writers differ a good deal about many things, and about none more than the true origin of water-colour drawing. The missal-painters employed water-colours, but it is to Holland and the Bloemarts, Everdingen, &c., that we really owe the improvement and extension of the process for modern uses. Van Huyssen, too, painted landscapes in water-colours, and the old masters had used it for sketching figures. Towards 1800 the new art broke away from mere topographic record, and culminated (but not suddenly) in Turner. Paul Sandby, Hearne, and Cozens were the pre-Adamite masters. The former often employed tempera; Cozens used transparent colour timidly yet beautifully, washing it over drawings already made out in neutral blue tints. Poetry, delicacy of colour, and repose are his great characteristics. Nicolson, whom Turner imitated at one time, before he established his own style, was famous for coasts with stormy seas; in his later works, as in the "Waterfall of Rhaider Mawr," he resorted to the new method of rubbing and cutting out. Cristall, about 1814, and Turner as early as 1808, wiped and picked out freely, with no hesitation. John Varley was famous for the firmness of his broad washes, the quietness of their unbroken surfaces, and the transparency

and tenderness of his skies. He was among the first to practise the art of obtaining deep tone by keeping the paper he worked on constantly moist. Of Turner's best works at South Kensington, "Eastby Abbey" shows him distancing his contemporaries. The tone is subdued. "Hornby Castle, Lincolnshire," shows him nearly at the top of the tree; and "Edinburgh," and the "Mist in the Valley d'Avon," are fine examples of a later period.

In 1805, when Turner was in his thirtieth year, the water-colour painters had grown strong enough to brave the Academy and open an Exhibition of their own. They complained justly enough that their transparent small pictures were crowded into corners at the Academy by the large pretentious oil pictures, which made their simple works appear poor, thin, and flimsy.

The water-colour artists, therefore, feeling this neglect, met at the rooms of a well-known miniature-painter named Shelley, a *protégé* of Sir Joshua, and at subsequent meetings obtaining the adhesion of the other members of their profession, arranged to open an Exhibition, to consist wholly of water-colour paintings and the works of the members of the new Society only.

The first Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-colours was opened to the public on the 22nd of April, 1805, at the rooms built by Vandergucht the engraver, afterwards a picture-seller, in Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square. After a time their Exhibitions were removed to Bond-street, again to Spring-gardens; and finally, on the changes

made in that neighbourhood, under the direction of Nash the architect, to the rooms in Pall Mall East, where the annual Exhibition continues to be held. The original members were: G. Barrett, J. Cristall, W. J. Gilpin, J. Glover, W. Havell, R. Hills, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, F. Nicholson, W. H. Pyne, S. Rigaud, S. Shelley, J. Varley, C. Varley, W. F. Wells.

Girtin had died three years before; in the very year, in fact, Turner became a Royal Academician.

Turner was all intent now on earning fame by oil painting, and he was obliged, too, to exhibit at the Academy, to which he remained always loyal.

Water-colour artists now, not having to depend entirely on topographic works, and obtaining patrons, pushed rapidly forward their new art. Many improvements in execution were made, and many ingenious artifices resorted to. The principal of these, Mr. Redgrave says, were due to the genius of Turner. Girtin had introduced coarse paper; Varley had attained deeper tones; Cozens had secured matchless simplicity and purity; but Turner, versatile, thoughtful, and inventive, discovered a hundred different means of obtaining new effects. He scratched, and scraped, and invented for himself, and improved the inventions of others. He was the first to take out lights from masses of colour by means of bread, which startled and delighted his rivals and friends when he first exhibited works so treated. He used repeated washings (as Robson and others did later) to obtain a granulated surface; he stippled (as the Cattle painter Hills afterwards did to excess).

I do not think Turner ever cared to sacrifice the purity and transparency of his beautiful material by loading with opaque colour in hopes of obtaining crispness and solidity. He never tried to rival oil, never used gum, body-colour but rarely, and never forgot that each material had its own beauties, excellences, and drawbacks.

With the extension of water-colour painting, and the increase of professors of the art, arose the necessity for a new Exhibition; and in the year 1832 a new Society was formed, called the New Society of Painters in Water-colours. They adopted the same principle as the older society, of exhibiting only the works of members, and their first exhibition took place at No. 16, Old Bond-street, in the spring of that year; but the exclusive principle being unfortunately adopted in both societies, all young candidates for their membership have still for a time to struggle with the difficulties of their predecessors, and to make their way to public estimation by exhibiting their works in contact with the stronger and more forcible efforts of the painters in oil.

This system has been injurious to both. It has made each society a small and jealous clique, opposed to all genius that dares to spring up out of its own special hot-bed.

CHAPTER X.

TURNER IN YORKSHIRE.

THERE was no county in England to which Turner was so much attached as Yorkshire. Here his first great successes were attained, and here he met his kindest patrons. It was here, too, on the wolds and beside the banks of the Wharfe that he first (after Wales) saw really wild scenery.

I do not think his first visit to Yorkshire can be placed earlier than 1797; and in 1798 he exhibited "Autumnal Morning, Winsdale, Yorkshire;" "Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey;" and "Dormitory, Fountains Abbey."

In 1798 he contributed drawings of Sheffield and Wakefield to Walker's "Itinerant;" and in 1800 he illustrated Whitaker's "Parish of Whalley" with several drawings, among which was one of Farnley. The early Yorkshire drawings that I have seen are very fine, and chiefly in the Girtin manner; the hot and cold colour strongly opposed, but both hot and cold melted into one fine and solemn harmony of tone.

The early oil pictures of Turner, founded on Yorkshire sketches, are, as Mr. Ruskin describes, solemn and simple in subject, gloomy in chiaroscuro,

and brown in tone. The drawing is manly but careful, the minutiæ are often exquisitely delicate. The best of these pictures are generally mere views, or unambitious, quiet, single thoughts, such as the "Calder Bridge," belonging to Mr. Bicknell. Turner had not yet founded his system of colour, and he was feeling his way by a series of experiments.

Turner never sketched much in oil; he always got the colour too brown, as he once told his travelling companion, Mr. Munro. When the executors were examining his boxes after his death, they suddenly came upon several oil sketches. "Now," said Sir Charles Eastlake, "we shall find many more of these, for I remember being with Turner once, in Devonshire, when he made sketches in oil." But no more were found. He generally preferred the pencil-point, writing in here and there the colours and effects.

Mr. Ruskin says, "Turner had in this respect some peculiar views induced by early associations. His first conceptions of mountain scenery seem to have been taken from Yorkshire; and its rounded hills, far-winding rivers, and broken limestone scars, to have formed a type in his mind to which he sought, as far as might be obtained, some correspondent imagery in all other landscapes. Hence he almost always preferred to have a precipice *low down* on the hill-side, rather than near the top; liked an extent of rounded slope above, and the vertical cliff to water or valley, better than the slope at the bottom and wall at the top; and had his attention early directed to those horizontal, or comparatively horizontal beds of rock which usually form the faces

of precipices in the Yorkshire dales; not, as in the Matterhorn, merely indicated by veined colouring on the surface of the smooth cliff, but projecting, or mouldering away, in definite succession of ledges, cornices, or steps.

"This decided love of the slope or bank above the wall, rather than below it, is one of Turner's most marked idiosyncrasies, and gives a character to his composition as distinguished from that of other men; perhaps more marked than any which are traceable in other features of it (except, perhaps, in his pear-shaped ideal of trees, of which more hereafter). For when mountains are striking to the general eye, they almost always have the high crest or wall of cliff on the *top* of their slopes, rising from the plains first in mounds of meadow-land, and bosses of rock, and studded softenings of forest; the brown cottages peeping through grove after grove, until just where the deep shade of the pines becomes blue or purple in the haze of height, a red wall of upper precipice rises from the pasture land, and greets the sky with glowing serration. . . . .

"Now, although in many of his drawings Turner acknowledges this structure, it seems always to be with some degree of reluctance; whereas he seizes with instant eagerness, and every appearance of contentment, on forms of mountain which are rounded into banks above, and cut into precipices below, as is the case in most elevated tablelands, in the chalk coteaux of the Seine, the basalt borders of the Rhine, and the lower gorges of the Alps;" so that Turner literally humbled the grander Swiss mountains to

make them resemble the Yorkshire scaurs. "The simpler a line is, so that it be cunningly buried within its simplicities, the grander it is; and Turner likes to enclose all his broken crags by such a line." This was one of the great man's mannerisms, as also were his elongated figures and oval elms, and his flat-topped pines.

"Nevertheless, I cannot but attribute his somewhat wilful and marked rejection of what sublimity there is in the other form, to the influence of early affections; and sincerely regret that the fascination exercised over him by memory should have led him to pass so much of his life in putting a sublimity not properly belonging to them, into the coteaux of Clairmont and Meauves, and the vine terraces of Bingen and Oberwesel, leaving almost unrecorded the natural sublimity, which he could never have exaggerated, of the pine-fringed mountains of the Isere, and the cloudy diadem of the Mont Vergi.

"In all cases of this kind it is difficult to say how far harm and how far good have resulted from what unquestionably has in it something of both. It is to be regretted that Turner's studies should have been warped by early affection from the Alps to the Rhine; but the fact of his *feeling* this early affection, and being thus strongly influenced by it through his life, is indicative of that sensibility which was at the root of all his greatness. Other artists are led away by foreign sublimities and distant interests, delighting always in that which is most markedly strange and quaintly contrary to the scenery of their homes. But Turner evidently felt that the claims upon his

regard possessed by those places which first had opened to him the joy and the labour of his life could never be superseded. No Alpine cloud could efface, no Italian sunbeam outshine, the memory of the pleasant dales and days of Rokeby and Bolton; and many a simple promontory dim with southern olive, many a lone cliff that stooped unnoticed over some alien wave, was recorded by him with a love and delicate care that were the shadows of old thoughts and long-lost delights, whose charm yet hung like morning mist above the chanting waves of Wharfe and Greta.

"The first instance, therefore, of Turner's mountain drawing was from those shores of Wharfe, which, I believe, he never could revisit without tears; nay, which, for all the latter part of his life, he never could even speak of but his voice faltered. We will now examine this instance with greater care.

"It is first to be remembered that, in every one of his English or French drawings, Turner's mind was, in two great instincts, at variance with itself. The affections of it clung, as we have just seen, to humble scenery and gentle mildness of pastoral life. But the admiration of it was, more than any other artist's whatsoever, fostered on largeness of scale. With all his heart, he was attached to the narrow meadows and rounded knolls of England; by all his imagination, he was urged to the reverence of endless vales and measureless hills; nor could any scene be too contracted for his love, or too vast for his ambition. Hence, when he returned to English scenery after his first studies in Savoy and Dauphiné, he was continually

endeavouring to reconcile old fondnesses with new sublimities."

The attachment of Turner to place, the debt of gratitude he felt for special localities, was a very marked feature of his character. Kent he loved, because at Dover and Margate he had made his earliest drawings, and at Rochester his earliest, or one of his earliest efforts in oil; he loved Devonshire, because his race came from there, and because he had there collected the materials for his grand picture of "Crossing the Brook;" but he loved Yorkshire, because he had gathered in its ruined abbeys the chief treasures of his "Liber," and because there he found the past and present times in the most striking juxtaposition. Long years afterwards he delighted to reproduce Scarborough and Whitby, and our only regret is that he died without illustrating Wordsworth's beautiful poem of the "White Doe of Rylstone" with a complete panorama of the lovely Wharfe scenery. Mr. Ruskin says, and we cannot quote a higher authority:

"The scenery whose influence I can trace most definitely throughout his works, varied as they are, is that of Yorkshire; of all his drawings, I think those of the Yorkshire series have the most heart in them, the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious finishing of truth. There is in them little seeking after effect, but a strong love of place; little exhibition of the artist's own powers or peculiarities, but intense appreciation of the smallest local minutiæ. These drawings have unfortunately changed hands frequently, and have been abused and ill-treated by picture-dealers and cleaners: the greater number of

them are now mere wrecks. I name them not as instances, but as proofs of the artist's study in this district; for the affection to which they owe their excellence must have been grounded long years before. It is, I believe, to those broad wooded steeps and swells of the Yorkshire downs that we in part owe the singular massiveness that prevails in Turner's mountain drawing, and gives it one of its chief elements of grandeur. I am in the habit of looking to the Yorkshire drawings as indicating one of the culminating points in Turner's career. In these he attained the highest degree of what he had up to that time attempted—namely, finish and quantity of form united with expression of atmosphere, and light without colour. His early drawings are singularly instructive in this definiteness and simplicity of aim."

Of Turner's early love for Yorkshire, Mr. Ruskin writes also in another place beautifully:—

"And at last, Fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening, after Turner's wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last, and freedom at last, and loveliness at last: it is here, then, among the deserted vales—not among men; those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces—that multitudinous marred humanity—are not the only things which God has made."

Here is something He has made which no one has marred:—

"He must be a painter of the strength of nature; there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labour, sorrow, and passing away of men—their labour, sorrow, and death."

Turner's early Yorkshire drawings, such as "Ingleborough," are of great purity of colour and of infinite beauty. The colour has a slightly greenish-blue tinge, which is mannered, but not unpleasing. The sense of space is great without being exaggerated; the detail is wonderfully treated. There is a deep sense about many of the larger ones, as of "Easby Abbey," of profound tranquillity and peace.

TURNER AT TWICKENHAM.

Abstaining as yet from touching on Turner's art-life, I pass over a period of some years. Turner lived with his father at No. 26, Maiden-lane, till 1796 (aged twenty-one), when he took other rooms, I believe, in the lane at the end of Hand-court; I suppose to be quieter, more secret, and freer from interruption from visitors coming to the shop.

In 1800 (aged 25) he went to live in Harley-street; in 1801, to Norton-street, Portland-road; in 1808, the year he became Professor of Perspective, to the Upper Mall, Hammersmith; in 1812, to Queen Anne-street; and in 1813, or the beginning of 1814, to Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, where he remained till 1826.

It is possible that Turner's reason for going to live at Hammersmith was to be near Loutherbourg, whose imaginative genius he much admired.

Loutherbourg was born at Strasbourg, 1730 (thir-

ty-five years before Turner). He came to England 1771, was made Academician 1779, when his future admirer was only four years old; and died 1812, a year or so before Turner went to live at Twickenham.

Loutherbourg's most famous pictures were "The Destruction of the Armada," "The Fire of London," and "Lord Howe's Victory" (1794). His drawings are neat and correct, and often shaded in blue.

Loutherbourg was a book-illustrator, a landscape-artist, and Garrick's chief scene-painter. His effects of tempest and fire led to many of Turner's efforts in the same manner. Wright of Derby, in his lamplight effects, was merely imitating in a vigorous way Schalcken and other Dutch painters; but Loutherbourg was one of the first to carry such effects into the regions of landscape-painting. Turner was too cautious to tell many secrets, but he was not too proud to refuse to learn of any one.

Loutherbourg's greatest efforts were combination of scene-painting and landscape. He exhibited them and called them the Eidophuskion, the panorama of that day.

De Loutherbourg's Eidophuskion was one of the most popular exhibitions of the day. It was held first, I believe, in Panton-square, and latterly in Exeter Change. It followed Hubert Stoppelaer's Patagonian Theatre, which Dibdin wrote pieces for; and this succeeded Mr. Powell's puppet-show, whose performance in Salisbury-square is so often mentioned in the early numbers of the "Spectator." The origin of the Eidophuskion was the reduction of

De Loutherbourg's salary as scene-painter for Covent Garden on Garrick's retirement from the stage.

Gainsborough was a passionate admirer of this exhibition. Sir Joshua Reynolds was a frequent visitor, and recommended all his lady sitters to take their daughters to observe the wonderful effects and to improve their taste. It was De Loutherbourg, who had studied in the Alps, the Pyrenees, and his own Alsatian mountains, who had the courage to first assert that "no English landscape-painter needed foreign travel to collect grand prototypes for his study."

Mr. Pyne, in his curious book, "Wine and Walnuts," says, "De Loutherbourg's stage was little more than six feet wide and eight deep, yet the horizon seemed miles distant. The opening scene represented the view from the summit of One-tree Hill, in Greenwich Park, looking up the Thames towards London. On one side rose Flamstead House; on the right Greenwich Hospital, with its cupolas cut out of pasteboard. Behind, scattered groups of trees, were the towns of Greenwich and Deptford, with the long shores stretching from Poplar to Chelsea. Behind were the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Harrow, with the Port of London, crowded with shipping, in the middle distance. The heathy foreground, the sand-pit, and lichens were formed of broken cork. At first the scene was dim; then came daybreak, with a faint vapourish-grey, and a gleam of living saffron, brightening by degrees, till at last the sun rose, lighting the tree-tops and gilding the vanes, and the whole scene was bathed in the light of day.

The clouds had all natural motions, were painted in semi-transparent colours, and could be lighted by argand lamps behind and before. The linen on which they were painted was stretched on large frames, which rose diagonally by a winding machine. De Loutherbourg excelled in representing clouds, and in this exhibition he carefully represented their varied motion and density.

The lamps on the stage were above the proscenium, and hidden from the spectators. Before the line of lamps were slips of stained glass, by the shifting of which natural or supernatural tints could be thrown over the scene.

The "picturesque by sound" was also called in to aid the effect of the scene. In the "Storm at Sea and Loss of the Halsewell Indiaman," Loutherbourg imitated the signals of distress, which he produced by a large tambourine, with a whalebone spring attached to it headed with sponge. The thunder was imitated by shaking a large sheet of thin copper hung to a chain. The waves, carved in soft wood, were coloured, and varnished, so as to reflect the lightning. They were turned faster or slower by a machine, and each turned on its own axis, and in a contrary direction to its neighbour. The vessels were beautifully modelled and correctly rigged; those further off were coloured to suit the required aërial perspective. The rush of the waves was aped by an octagonal pasteboard box full of shelves, which was charged with shells and peas, and then ground round. The wind was imitated by silk strainers, that gave out a

sort of hollow whistling sound; the rain and hail, by revolving tubes filled with small seeds and beads.

One of the most interesting scenes represented an Italian seaport; the waves calm, the moon pure and cold, the mountains and water contrasting with a picturesque lighthouse standing on a jutting promontory of broken rock; the red light of the lantern lit half the water, the moon silvered the other half; in the foreground there was moving shipping, and a fleet in the offing, which slowly melted into air. The clouds, painted here and there opaque, rolled now luminous now obscured.

But the grandest scene was that which formed the finale. It represented Hell, with Satan arraying his troops on the banks of the Fiery Lake, and Pandemonium rising as described by Milton. De Loutherbourg had already been very successful with effects of fire in Garrick's Theatre. First the spectator saw rising an immeasurable vista stretching between snowy mountains, and a dark chaotic mass, which gradually assumed form till it appeared a vast and gorgeous temple of molten brass. It changed to a sulphurous blue, soon to red, then to a lurid paleness, and ultimately to the dreadful white heat of a raging fiery furnace; and all this time the room was filled with groans, and thunder, and the sounds of rain and of lashing waves.

But De Loutherbourg was beyond his age, and the exhibition only lasted two seasons.

This Loutherbourg, the painter, has been by many writers most unjustly confounded with a far different

man, Loutherbourg the quack, a cheating, perhaps self-deceived enthusiast, who imagined he could cure all diseases by prayer. On a certain occasion he invited the sick (by advertisement) to come, at a day and hour named, and be healed. They arrived by hundreds, but finding after some time that they remained uncured, they commenced a riot, and all but pulled the house down about the madman's foolish ears.

It is said that Mrs. Loutherbourg grew very jealous of Turner's frequent visits to her husband, and that at last suspecting the young painter was obtaining all her husband's secrets from him, on his next visit she shut the door in his face and roughly refused him admittance.

"At the beginning of the century, Turner had a place at Kensington Mall," says a friend. "A garden ran down to the river, at the end of which was a summer-house. Here, out in the open air, were painted some of Turner's best pictures. It was here my father, who then resided at Kew, became first acquainted with him; and expressing his surprise that Turner could paint under such circumstances, he remarked that lights and a room were absurdities, and that a picture could be painted anywhere. His eyes were remarkably strong. He would throw down his water-colour drawings on the floor of the summer-house, requesting my father not to touch them, as he could see them there, and they would be drying at the same time."

It was when Turner lived at Kensington that Mr. Trimmer, then a child, remembers walking with his father and Turner at night under the blaze of the

great comet. Turner was fond of children; and children discovered it, and were fond of him.

Turner's house at Twickenham was introduced by Havell into one of his drawings for Cooke's "Thames Scenery," 1814, the year our painter went there. He lived in it more or less till 1826 (twelve years); he then sold it to a Mr. Ford. He probably found it inconvenient to be so far from the Academy, and from the engravers, and his patrons the art publishers. A Londoner born always grumbles at London, and yet when absent pines for it.

The powder-tax that the Tories imposed in 1795 (Turner, aged twenty) drove out wigs, for the simple republican manners of the Revolution had already undermined and spoiled the barber's foolish trade. Turner, senior, gave up his shop some time between this and 1800, in which year his son went to live in Harley-street, and he removed with him to Twickenham.

"The old man latterly," says Mr. Trimmer, "was his son's willing slave, and had to strain his pictures, and varnish them when finished, which made Turner say that his father began and finished his pictures for him. But I doubt if he varnished many pictures; few of them, I believe, were varnished at all; still, he was of great assistance to his son, and I think it was Mr. Turner, the engraver, who told me that once making bold to enter Turner's studio, he found the old man on his knees colouring a canvas, when Turner made his appearance, and good-humouredly trundled out the visitor, telling him he was on forbidden ground. Turner was much attached to his father, and at his death stayed with us a few days at Heston for change of scene.

He was fearfully out of spirits, and felt his loss, he said, like that of an only child. When at Sandycomb Lodge Turner, senior, was much respected, and I was told by the vicar that he was a regular attendant at the parish church. As he advanced in years, his son had him with him in London, and sold the place at Richmond, much to the old man's dislike. I have heard Turner censured for it; but he told my father that "Dad" was always working in the garden and catching cold, and required looking after. Turner never appeared the same man after his father's death; his family was broken up. Phrenologically speaking, the father had the best skull of the two."

Turner's father is described to me as very like his son in face, particularly in his nose. He was a little, thin, common-looking old man, very short, and with all the barber's loquacity about him. He had a habit of nervously jumping up on his toes every two or three minutes, which rather astonished strangers. The father and son lived on very friendly terms together; and the father attended to the gallery, showed in visitors, and took care of the dinner, if he did not himself cook it. That he ever received the shillings at the door is, I believe, entirely untrue, though, had they been offered to him, I fear the temptation might have been too much for him to resist.

Soon after Turner first went to Solus Lodge at Twickenham, his old father was met by a friend, very disconsolate, in Queen Anne-street. The expense of coming up daily to open the gallery was weighing heavily on his heart. Life was embittered to him by

the thought. A week after, the same friend met him again, gay, happy, and jumping up on his old toes; he asked him the reason of the sudden change in his spirits: he replied,—"Why, lookee here, I have found a way at last of coming up cheap from Twickenham to open my son's gallery—I found out the inn where the market-gardeners baited their horses, I made friends with one on 'em, and now, for a glass of gin a-day, he brings me up in his cart on the top of the vegetables."

Turner's father died in 1830, and was buried in St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden; his son wrote for his monument the following confused epitaph:

"In the vault
Beneath and near this Place
are deposited the remains of
WILLIAM TURNER,
many years an inhabitant of this parish,
who died
September 21st, 1830.
To his memory and of his wife,
MARY ANN,
Their son, J. M. W. Turner, R.A.,
has placed this tablet,
August, 1832.

Old Turner, when he lived at Twickenham, used to come up now and then to dress the wigs of former customers round Maiden-lane.

Turner, always fond of architecture from the time he had worked as a draftsman for architects, several times essayed the arduous task of designing a house—a task which seems to me by no means beyond the intellect of an intelligent man, especially if he have an artistic taste. He designed his own house, Solus

Lodge, at Twickenham; he designed his own doorway in Queen Anne-street; and he made designs for



TURNER'S HOUSE, QUEEN ANNE-STREET.

his friend Fawkes's house at Farnley, in Yorkshire. The name of this *Solus* Lodge—so called, I suppose, to express his love of, or wish for, solitude—Turner afterwards changed into Sandycomb Lodge, which has a sort of Devonshire flavour about it, to my mind. Here he once received some Academicians, including Mr. Mulready, to tea; and here he once feasted Mr. Pye, his celebrated engraver and the great opponent of Academic abuses, with a bit of strong cheese and a pint of stale porter. It was here, too, he used to protect from the birds'-nesting boys the blackbirds who sang and cheered him after his day's work; and it was

here, in his rude tangle of a garden, that he grew water-plants to introduce into his foregrounds. To be near Reynolds's old house at Richmond is said to have been one of Turner's chief reasons for building Solus Lodge. More probably it arose from his wish to be undisturbed, to study the Thames, and to be near his old schoolboy home at Brentford.

And here I willingly withdraw a moment from the stage to introduce some reminiscences of Turner when at Twickenham, which have been furnished me by the eldest son of his oldest friend, the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, Rector of Heston, near Brentford; they do not entirely relate to this period of Turner's life, but I give them together, that I may not destroy the interest of their sequence.

"About this time," says Mr. Trimmer, "Turner removed to Twickenham, where he purchased Sandycomb Lodge, near Richmond-bridge. It was an unpretending little place, and the rooms were small. There were several models of ships in glass cases, to which Turner had painted a sea and background. They much resembled the large vessels in his sea pieces. Richmond scenery greatly influenced his style. The Scotch firs (or stone-pine) around are in most of his large classical subjects, and Richmond landscape is decidedly the basis of 'The Rise of Carthage.'

"Here he had a long strip of land, planted by him so thickly with willows, that his father, who delighted in the garden, complained that it was a mere osier-bed. Turner used to refresh his eye with the run of the boughs from his sitting-room window.

"At the end of his garden was a square pond—I rather think he dug it himself—into which he put the fish he caught. The surface was covered with water-lilies. I have been out fishing with him on the Old Brent, with a can to catch trout for this preserve; but the fish always disappeared; at last he discovered that a jack was in the pond: and Turner would have it that it had been put in to annoy him.

"I have dined with him at Sandycomb Lodge, when my father happened to drop in, too, in the middle of the day. Everything was of the most modest pretensions, two-pronged forks, and knives with large round ends for taking up the food; not that I ever saw him so use them, though it is said to have been Dean Swift's mode of feeding himself. The table-cloth barely covered the table, the earthenware was in strict keeping. I remember his saying one day, 'Old dad,' as he called his father, 'have you not any wine?' whereupon Turner, senior, produced a bottle of currant, at which Turner smelling, said: 'Why, what have you been about?' The senior, it seemed, had rather overdone it with hollands, and it was set aside. At this time Turner was a very abstemious person.

"I have also dined with him in Queen Anne-street, where everything was of the same homely description. I should say that he never altered his style of living from his first start in Maiden-lane; not that I think him censurable for preferring the frugal meals of past times. You were welcome to what he had, and if it was near his dinner-time, he always pressed us to stay, and brought out cake and wine; the cake

he would good-naturedly stuff into my pocket. I mention this for the benefit of those who think Turner destitute of humanity.

"When a child, I have been out fly-fishing with him on the Thames; he insisted on my taking the fish, which he strung on some grass through the gills, and seemed to take more pleasure in giving me the fish than in taking them. These little incidents mark character. He threw a fly in first-rate style, and it bespeaks the sportsman wherever the rod is introduced into his pictures.

"He had a boat at Richmond, but we never went further than the water's edge, as my father had insured his life; but I have seen him start on his sketching expeditions. From his boat he painted on a large canvas direct from nature. Till you have seen these sketches, you know nothing of Turner's powers. There are about two score of these large subjects, rolled up, and now national property. In my judgment these are among his very finest productions: no retouching, everything firmly in its place. If the subject had been photographed, there would have been greater exactitude, but Turner's would have carried the bell in elevation of sentiment and mind. This is the perfection of the art; but Turner's mind was so comprehensive that he could not carry out the detail, though he was far from despising it, and I was told by Howard he would spend hours sketching a stone. There is a red sunset (simply the sky) among these rolls, the finest sky, to my mind, ever put on canvas. Probably these are thrown aside as worthless, and not popular, but what studies for young painters! Reynolds has

said that no painter has ever made above one or two designs; when Wilson hit upon one of these designs, he varied them and called them breeding subjects; but Turner, like Nature, never reproduced himself.

"Besides his boat, he had a gig and an old horse: an old crop-eared bay horse, or rather a cross between a horse and a pony. In this gig he used to drive out sketching, and take my father and myself with him. His sketching apparatus was under the seat. I remember once going on an expedition of this kind to Staines, and from thence to Runnymede, where he made some sketches; from there he painted a picture which strongly resembles the place to this day. We went, I remember, a very steady pace, as Turner painted much faster than he drove. He said, if when out sketching you felt at a loss, you had only to turn round or walk a few paces further, and you had what you wanted before you.

"He has immortalized his old crop-ear in his 'Frosty Morning,' which is now exhibited. There are two horses, but they are both taken from Crop-ear. Turner could not paint a horse; still, he has been very happy in catching the stiffness of old Crop-ear's fore-legs. And on the subject of horses, I once asked Turner, long afterwards, if Gilpin had not painted the horse in 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps;' he said it was his own design, and that no painter had ever touched any picture of his.

"The 'Frost Piece' was one of his favourites." Once he talked of giving it to my father, who greatly prized it. He said he was travelling by coach in Yorkshire, and sketched it *en route*. There is a

stage-coach in the distance that he was on at the time. My father told me that when at Somerset House it was much brighter, and made a great sensation. It was over the fireplace in his gallery. The girl with the hare over her shoulders, I have heard my father say reminded him of a young girl whom he occasionally saw at Queen Anne-street, and whom, from her resemblance to Turner, he thought a relation. The same female figure appears in his 'Crossing the Brook.' This picture I consider one of Turner's happiest productions, and totally distinct from Cuyp, with whom it is injudiciously confounded.

"Henry Howard, R.A., was an early friend of my father's, and he and Turner have stayed with us at Heston. I remember when I was about five years old going to Penn, in Buckinghamshire, with Howard, Turner, and my father, all of them in search of the picturesque. We went in a post-chaise, and when tired, my father carried me pick-a-back. We came to a halt in a grove or copse where luxuriated wild flowers in profusion. It was a charming day, and though so many 'years 'ygone,' I can see now vividly before me my father and Howard, both standing legs a-straddle, and Turner at a little distance in a ditch, all hard at work at the æsthetical. After a while, Turner emerged from his retreat with a capital water-colour, with which Howard and my father were in raptures. He said he got into the ditch to avoid the sun, but Howard whispered my father that it was to avoid showing his *modus operandi*. I have heard this from my father subsequ ntly; but I remember after this going up Penn steeple on my father's back,

part of the way up a ladder, then on the leads. The great Turner, Howard, my father, and myself were there fifty years ago; but Death has mowed them all down but myself. I daresay Turner did not think that that little child would be telling about it half a century afterwards, or that he would ever be the subject of such homage.

"About this time, or a little later, Howard painted at my father's a portrait of my brother, as a child holding a cat. The cat puzzled the artist. The head and fore-legs were capital; but the hind-legs and tail caused the difficulty. What to do with them? 'Wrap them up in your red pocket-handkerchief,' said Turner, who was looking on; and not only was the cat difficulty disposed of, but the picture was improved, and it is one of Howard's best works. Failing in execution, Turner was strong in the creative faculty, and his power of invention was exhaustless. His remarks on pictures were admirable: no beauty and no defect escaped him.

"Howard, though below Turner as an artist, was his superior in education; and although doing ample homage to his genius, he often got into warm professional disputes with him. But Turner was mostly in the right. They once, I remember, had a very hot dispute, and for the time being lost temper. Howard maintained they should paint for the public; Turner, that public opinion was not worth a rush, and that one should paint only for judges. But according to all artists, no one but an artist can judge of the difficulties of painting, and consequently of the merits of a picture.

"Whether the instincts of mankind are to be pitted against the taste of the cultivated few, I am not prepared to discuss. The vulgar, on the whole, would understand form better than colour, and low subjects better than cultivated ones; so that Turner argued wisely with reference to himself, in painting for the cultivated few. Still no one felt more keenly the illiberal strictures of the newspapers, and I have seen him almost in tears, and ready to hang himself, though still only valuing their opinions at their worth. He was beyond the average of men in ability, or that of his brother artists, independently of his artistical powers.

"Turner was very communicative to my father, and would point out to him any defect in sketching. I think he fairly instructed my father in painting in his own method, which was to lay the dead colours as nearly as possible in the forms you wished, leaving as little as possible for finishing, using as a vehicle nothing but linseed oil, diluted as required in spirits of turpentine. I forgot to say that, in his picture of 'Æneas and Dido Hunting,' the *equi effrenati* are without bridles. My father told him the Libyan horses had no bridles, and Turner said he knew it, though I doubt if their views are borne out by modern critics.

"Turner, when beginning his great classical subjects from the 'Æneid,' regretted his ignorance of Latin; my father undertook to teach him for instruction in painting in return. My father, who was accustomed to teaching, has told me Turner sadly floundered in the verbs, and never made any progress

—in fact, he could not spare the time. But though his early education was deficient, Turner was never idle or unemployed; he had always a brush or pencil in his hand; in the evening he latterly went from home, mostly to the Academy.

"Turner told my father that he painted a certain picture on a tablecloth; but having once had an opportunity of examining it, I found it must have been some other picture Turner meant.

"At this early time my father has seen his pictures in progress, and considered that he availed himself largely of body colours. A picture dealer who repaired one of his large pictures, and whose name I forget, told me that Turner came and worked over it with body colours, and then varnished them. At Somerset House, I have been told by Howard that he worked over his pictures with body colours, using brushes with very small handles, and painting from little jars.

"From the examination I made of his half-finished pictures after his death, I could find no traces of body colour, everything was firmly put in in oil; and I extend this remark also to an unfinished picture of Titian's I once examined. In my opinion, Turner painted all his early pictures in oil, and used body colours very sparingly in his later ones. In fact, I never detected any traces of body colour in any picture of his, nor did I see any body colours in his studio, although he might have employed dry colour. I believe Turner never kept to one plan for any length of time; I mean latterly, when he began to paint Italian subjects, and was striving to get more vivid effects. He was ignorant of chemistry and

the affinities of colour, and I have heard him say that no one could tell if a method would answer, as he would be dead before it was proved.

"He was far from satisfied with his own method, and would gladly have changed it for a better. My father, who was fond of experiments in colours, often talked the subject over with him, and Turner was always impressed with the idea that the old masters had a much better method than the moderns. He considered old Ward's method a good one, and my father tried through a friend to obtain his vehicle, but obtained a false one. I had it afterwards from a pupil of Ward's; it was a preparation of spirit varnish, but difficult to manage.

"He once told my father he had been nine times over one of his large skies.

"My father once said to him, 'Nothing is to be done without ultramarine.' 'Cobalt is good enough for me,' was Turner's reply. Mr. Jones, his executor, told me, that at his suggestion Turner introduced Prussian blue to his skies as nearer nature. Mr. Danby, who prepared his palette, told me he also used smalt largely.

"On the subject of skies, the 'Carthage' in the National Gallery had an entire new sky painted at the desire of Lawrence and other brother artists, who, when he had altered it, said the picture was ruined. The sun was yellow in Turner's gallery, it is now white.

"Out walking with him once, he said, looking at a black cow against the sun, 'It is purple, not black, as it is painted.' In his later pictures he employed blue-

black freely, and had no fear of the canon, 'Don't use black when painting a blackamoor.'

"Once out walking with him, I asked him his favourite colour; he said, '*Yellow*, for pictures wanted colour.' In his walks, painting was seldom from his thoughts; he would point to a piece of moss or a weed growing out of a wall, and observe, '*That is pretty.*' He made his observations in a low voice, or rather half made them than finished his observation, leaving your suggestive faculty to supply the rest.

"He never appeared illiberal when speaking of the great masters. Once calling on me, he spoke in raptures of a picture of (I think) Poussin's, 'Jonah cast on the Shore,' then exhibited in Pall Mall; he called it a wonderful picture, and sent us off to see it. I have heard him speak most enthusiastically in praise of Gainsborough's execution and Wilson's tone, and he plainly thought himself their inferior. My father had some admirable oil sketches of Gainsborough; by candlelight one evening Turner examined them so closely, that the next morning he said he had hurt his eyes.

"We were once looking at a Vandervelde, and on some one observing, 'I think you could go beyond that,' he shook his head and said, 'I can't paint like him.' I never heard him speak highly of modern pictures. He told me once that he considered the art at Rome at the lowest ebb. I think he hardly did justice to his brother landscape-painters, most of whom, I fear, he considered beneath criticism. And when one considers that such painters as Glover were

placed above him, not only by the public but by the press, his sensitiveness is hardly to be wondered at.

"When at the height of his fame, he admired the *leafage* of some landscape-painter whose name he did not mention, and asked him to let him see him work, which he did; but Turner said it was so tedious it was of no use to him. Nothing angered Turner more than *piracy*. Owen, the water-colour painter, had been imitating him, on which he wrote him a very brisk note, requesting him in future to draw from his own resources, and not from his. He once saw some one making a memorandum of his pictures in Queen Anne-street gallery, whereupon Turner walked up to him and whisked him out forthwith, greatly to his surprise.

"I once went out fishing with him, and having forgotten to take the bait, we had to send back for them. Turner gave the messenger a shilling; he would not let me give it. This was about twenty years ago. He had taken Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope' with him, and showing me one of the prints, said, '*That is pretty.*' 'Nothing first-rate,' I said, 'is it?' 'It is *pretty*,' he said; 'and he is a poor man with a large family.' This he said with much good feeling.

"The funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence was in winter, and there had been a fall of snow that day. During the service, Wilkie, who was next Turner, whispered into his ear, 'Turner, that's a fine effect!' from which untimely observation Turner turned away with disgust. This I had from Constable, who was on the other side of him, and who, when telling me the

anecdote, remarked that Turner had a great deal of good feeling about him.

"My late father, Mr. Trimmer, Vicar of Heston, was Turner's eldest executor; they had known each other many years. When Mrs. Danby read from the *Times* the decease of a namesake of my father's, whom they mistook for him, Turner was very much affected, and said, 'Ah, poor fellow: so he is gone.' After Turner's death, my father called at Queen Anne-street to make inquiries touching his last moments; when Mrs. Danby opened the door she started as if she had seen an apparition.

"I mention these as instances of Turner's kindness of heart and sincerity in friendship.

"Mrs. Danby was his housekeeper, and had lived with him many years. She had some fearful cancerous malady which obliged her to conceal her face, which did not add to the charms of his domicile.

"At first sight, Turner gave one the appearance of a mean-looking little man. Once in a sketching ramble, in descending a hill, he snapped a tendon Achilles; and limping about afterwards with a stick, did not add to his appearance. But all this wore off. To be appreciated, he required to be known. Though not polished, he was not vulgar. In common with many men of genius, he had not a good flow of words, and when heated in argument got confused, especially, I am told, in his lectures on Perspective, though he was well master of his subject. He was rather taciturn than talkative. His hair was dark-brown, bordering on black, and his complexion sallow.

"There is a picture of a windmill, a yellow pic-

ture, etched in the 'Liber Studiorum.' It hung in Turner's gallery over the 'Bligh Shore,' and was purchased by one of the executors. He made the sketch one evening returning from my father's. It is 'Hanwell Windmill,' since pulled down, and the Asylum is built nearly where it stood. It is a most charming picture, and though highly ideal, one of the most realistic representations of the spot. How modern critics can prefer 'Napoleon standing on the Shore' to such charming productions, is to me incomprehensible.

"His 'High-street, Oxford,' is a well-known subject, and displays his architectural knowledge. This, he told my father, he drew in a post-chaise in High-street, I think opposite the corner print-shop.

"Turner once went with my father and mother to see the pictures at Osterley House, collected by Mr. Child. There was a splendid Gainsborough my father had once rescued from a garret. Of this picture Turner made, *memoriter*, a small pencil drawing in the evening, and also a sketch of a woman gathering water-cresses whom they had seen on the way, on which he had written, '*Checked blue apron.*' 'These,' said my mother, when he had finished them, 'are for me.' 'If you take them,' said Turner, 'I must do two more.' These were sold at my father's sale. However, once at my father's brother's he drew a very clever water-colour drawing, which they have now, of two of my cousins playing on the floor. I never heard of another instance of his giving away his drawings.

"He once said to my mother, who was looking at

'The Building of Carthage,' 'That picture shall be my winding-sheet;' but he has, I am told, often made the same remark. He also said at the same time, pointing to the 'Fall of Carthage,' 'That is the best picture of the two, but they do not understand it.' Shifting to another subject, I rather think he was much smitten by a sister of my mother's. Singularly enough, my father had written two letters of proposal for two rejected suitors, and Turner wrote to my father a mysterious letter when they were on the Eastern coast. It is of about the date 1813. I give it elsewhere."

III

CHAPTER XI.

TURNER IN SCOTLAND.

TURNER was on the Tweed in 1798, but whether he then went on to Edinburgh I do not know; but in 1801 he exhibited pictures of the "Falls of the Clyde" (afterwards used in the "Liber"), "Kilchern Castle, with the Cruchan-Ben Mountains," Edinburgh from Leith and Ben Lomond.

But his two great visits, both times to illustrate Sir Walter Scott's works, were in 1818 and 1831, the first the year of his Waterloo picture, the second that of the exhibition of his "Caligula's Palace and Bridge:"—

Lockhart, in his delightful book, "The Life of Sir Walter Scott," describes his father-in-law in 1818, as busy collecting and revising for publication his "Topographical and Historical Essays," which had originally appeared in the successive numbers of the splendidly illustrated work, entitled "Provincial Antiquities of Scotland." He did this partly to gratify his own love of the subject, and partly because, well or ill, he must be doing something. He even generously declined all pecuniary recompence for his labour of love, but afterwards, when the success of the work

was secure, he accepted from the proprietor some beautiful drawings by Turner, Thomson, and other artists, which had been prepared to accompany the rest. These drawings were hung in the little breakfast-room in Abbotsford, the same which had been constructed for his own den.

In 1818, when Turner first visited Edinburgh, in order to make drawings for the "Provincial Antiquities," for which Scott wrote the letter-press, that emperor of novelists was in his prime. 1818 was the year in which the "Heart of Midlothian" appeared, and that in which he began the "Bride of Lammermoor;" two of his most tender and noble works. The wonderful novels were then bringing in 10,000*l.* a year. It is this very year that Lockhart describes meeting Home Drummond in Scott's study in Castle-street, a small room behind the dining-parlour.

It was in this house Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the Skenes, Terry, Constable, and the Ballantynes—all Scott's cronies—met to barter wit and anecdotes, over whiskey toddy and good claret.

The one window of this den looked out on a small patch of turf. The ground was strewn with folios and octavos (Comines for "Quentin Durward," Pepys for "Peveril"). Scott sat at a desk with drawers, the top of which was covered with sessions-papers, letters, proofs, red tape, and green tin boxes.

Maida sat watching his master, and on the book-ladder perched a large favourite cat. The walls were adorned with Highland targets and dirks that encircled a portrait of Claverhouse.

This was the year that with his sarcastic and

haughty son-in-law, whose sneering pride was humbled and cowered in Scott's presence alone, the Wizard of the North (still hoarding his secret with proud humour) visited, with him, Holyrood, the Grassmarket, the Cowgate, and Canongate—scenes that he has invested with a magic light, a light that can never fade, let some critics say what they may.

This was the year that, in Lockhart's company, we see Scott consulting with Tom Purdie about the laying down the bowling-alley at Abbotsford—(then rising fast like a dream-castle) or ascending the turrets to muse over the distant Eildons, and to see Melrose gleam like alabaster in the twilight.

Lockhart's shrewd and sarcastic book, entitled "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." published about 1818, contains several eulogies of Turner. He says,* "For the first time is Scotland now possessed of admirable landscape painters, as well as of historical painters. With regard to landscape painting, it is very true that she has not yet equalled the present glories of the sister kingdom,—but then the world has only one TURNER, and Scotland comes far nearer to the country which has had the honour of producing that great genius, than any other country in Europe."

Then follows a long critique on Mr. Williams, and the writer proceeds:—

"But there is no want of admirable artists in the same department in this city. . . . There is Mr.

* Vol. iii. p. 280.

Thomson, the clergyman of Duddingston, a village in the immediate neighbourhood of Edinburgh, whose works, in masterly ease and breadth of effect, seem to me to approach nearer to the masterpieces of *Turner* than those of any other artist with whom I am acquainted, and who, you will be happy to observe, is engaged along with that prince of artists in Mr. Scott's great work of the 'Provincial Antiquities of Scotland.'"

This shows in what great estimation the Scotch people held Thomson at that time.

In another place, also, Lockhart mentions Turner with sincere appreciation, and says:—

"When I passed by this fine ruin (Borthwick Castle and Keep), the air was calm, the sky was unclouded, and the shadow of the square masonry pile lay in all its clear breadth upon the blue stream below; but *Turner* has caught or created a perhaps still more poetical accompaniment. You may see it to at least as much advantage as I did in his magnificent delineation."

I do not know whether it is of this, or Turner's second visit, that Scott writes that he should have liked Thomson, but that they had engaged Turner, and as he was all the fashion he supposed he must acquiesce.

In the autumn of 1831 Turner was employed by Mr. Cadell to make a collection of twenty-four sketches for a new edition of Scott's poems, the publisher to retain the drawings. The painter had not seen the Trosachs or Loch Katrine till this year. Turner expressed his increased admiration of Scott

after visiting the scenes Sir Walter had described, and personally testing their truth. He used to say Corriskin, in the Isle of Skye, was the grandest scene he had ever beheld.

It was at Corriskin that Turner all but perished while clambering about the crags. All I know of this escape is from the "Quarterly" reviewer of the time.

In vol. x. of Scott's Poetical Works, on the passage ending with the line "the bleakest mountain side," in the "Lord of the Isles," I find the following note:—

"The 'Quarterly' reviewer says, This picture of barren desolation is admirably touched, and if the opinion of Mr. Turner be worth anything, no words could have given a truer picture of this, one of the wildest of Nature's landscapes. Mr. Turner adds, however, that he dissents in one particular—but *for one or two tufts of grass*, he must have broken his neck, having slipped when trying to attain the best position for taking the view which embellishes this volume."

When Turner visited Scotland this second time, Lockhart says of the visit:—

"I am not sure whether the Royal Academician *Turner* was at Abbotsford at the time of Mr. Adolphus' last visit, but several little excursions were made in the company of this great artist, who had come to Scotland for the purpose of making drawings to illustrate the scenery of Sir Walter's poems. On several such occasions, I was of the party, and one day deserves especially to be remembered. Sir Walter took Turner that morning, with his friend Skene, and myself, to Smailholm Crags, and it was while lounging

about them, while the painter did his sketch, that he told Mr. Skene legends of the place.

"He then carried us to Dryburgh, but excused himself from attending Mr. Turner into the enclosure. Mr. Skene and I perceived that it would be better for us to leave him alone, and we both accompanied Turner.

"Lastly, we must not omit to mention Bemerside;* for that ancient residence of the most ancient family now subsisting on Tweedside, he was resolved there must be a fit memorial by this graceful hand. The good laird and lady were of course flattered with this respect; and after walking about a little while among the huge old trees that surrounded the tower, the artist made his sketch."

Mr. Turner's sketch of this picturesque Peel, and its "brotherhood of venerable trees," is probably familiar to most of my readers.

I believe that Sir Walter, with true Scotch clannishness, had, before Turner's arrival, expressed his preference for his countryman Thomson; but he yielded at last with a good grace to having the man who was the fashion. Sir Walter was a great novelist and a great poet, but he knew nothing of art, or he would have known how great an ally Turner, "the man who was the fashion," would prove.

It was in Scott's delightful company that Turner went to several of the scenes round Edinburgh that he has selected for his illustrations. Foremost amongst these was the scene of his fine ballad, the

* See Scott's "Poetical Works," edit. 1833, vol. v. pp. 302, 303.

Eve of St. John, a spot especially dear to the poet-novelist. It was here he had been sent, the poor lame son of the Edinburgh lawyer, for health; and here, on the turf under the ruins, he had played among the sheep and listened to the cow-bailie's legends.

From this spot there is a view of nearly half the region Scott has immortalized in his novels and poems. Every field you see has been a field of battle, and every rivulet has been immortalized in song.

> "The lady looked in mournful mood,
> Looked over hill and vale,
> O'er Mertoun's wood, and Tweed's fair flood,
> And all down Teviotdale."

The panorama from here, as Lockhart says, is beautiful. Dryburgh and its yew-trees are at your feet—opposite rise the purple peaks of the Eildons, where Thomas the Rhymer met the Queen of the Fairies. Yonder is Ercildoun, and the black wilderness of Lammermoor. In the eastward, the desolate grandeur of Hume Castle breaks the horizon; as the eye travels on to the blue range of Cheviot, a few miles westward, Melrose rises like a tall rock, clasping the windings of the Tweed, while in the distance are Gala, Ettrick, and Yarrow.

In the epistle to Mr. Erskine, Scott has sketched Smailholm with an intense and loving truth. He shows us the naked cliffs with every here and there velvet tufts of green; the broken arches, overgrown with wallflowers and honeysuckle, and the rusty window-bars, through which he fancied so often that he saw grim, scarred faces peering. In this farm-

house, overhung by the crag on which the ruined tower stands, Scott felt the first consciousness of existence, and he told the painter—

"That the habit of lying here on the turf among the sheep and lambs, when a lame infant, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals, which it had ever since retained."

This was in the autumn of 1830: Scott must have been then in one of his saddest and most reflective moods, for the turbulent state of the people agitated him, and his health, too, was failing. 1831 was the year in which he was pelted by the Selkirk electors; broken down in a fit of apoplexy over "Count Robert of Paris," and eventually, worn out mind and body by his desperate and gigantic attempt to pay his debts, he went abroad, to be brought home only to hear the dear Tweed murmur once more to him, and then to die. Turner caught all the mournful poetry of the old poet's reveries. In how many of the scenes he gives us the moonlight rising and the cows pacing homeward.

Turner ransacked the Borders of Scotland with quite a different purpose to that of Sir Walter, whose poems and historical narratives he was illustrating.

Scott, with a brain stuffed full of old romance, had galloped all over the Border country in search of ballads and legends, caring little for any place if it had not been hallowed by tradition. He had ransacked Scotland with the patience of an antiquary and the fervour of a poet. But Turner knew little of Scotch history, and cared, I should imagine, less. What

were the Elliots and Johnstones to him but cattle-stealers of three hundred years ago? What he wanted was to paint beautiful dreams of quiet lakes and of calm old castles, mouldering away majestically to the dust from which they sprang; and so he could do that, and carry off a good bagful of guineas to boot, he cared not for the Douglas of the Bleeding Heart, nay, nor for Bruce of Bannockburn himself. I do not say, far, far from it, that Turner had not read Scott's poems; no doubt he had, and enjoyed heartily the vigour and truth of their mediævalism; but still his works show no especial appreciation of the poet, they are distinct creations, with a tender and exquisite beauty of their own; showing us the scenes, not as they were, but as they are—contrasting the feudal and the past as much as possible, and as sadly as possible, with the present. Unroofed Jedburgh Abbey, for instance, with the bare-legged "hizzies" washing clothes, and Smailholm Tower, with the kye coming home to the byre at moonrise. There is one thing Turner will always show us in a ruined castle, and that is, that it is the work of a far receding and contrasting age; as at Lochmaben Castle he gives us fishermen dragging in their nets; and at Caerlaverock, where Kirkpatrick was murdered by his guest, Turner, caring little for a crime many hundred years forgotten, is intent on the reflective dazzle of the moon, the net circling in the lake, the sheep flocking home, or the plaided man and his noisy, faithful "collie."

Bemerside, where the Haigs are and will be for "aye," Turner quite disregards, to pay a compliment

to Scott, as "Thomas the Rhymer," and to introduce Sir Walter and the old laird.

Very often he evidently dislikes his subjects, as in his drawing of "Ashestiel," where Scott wrote *Marmion*. The cottage is a mere rude square box, and Turner takes refuge in the hills above, where he can escape to the distance.

Occasionally, as in Carlisle, where from the wooded scaur he sees the town fair and bonny, he is reasonably contented, so he clothes it in sunshine, or throws up a rainbow, and is happy with the beauty before him, though it may not be quite the beauty he is then specially in the mood for. He is contented in his way with Newark Castle, where the minstrel sang his last lay to the Duchess of Buccleuch. He is more than usually pleased with Johnny Armstrong's tower, seen from the bridge the Carlisle coach traversed, as it stands bold and unroofed on the bare hill. At Kelso he contrasts pig-tailed men with the staring white Grecian bridge that he gives quite a dignity to. But these are not his moments of highest genius: no—he soars highest (as all men do, genius or no genius) when he loves his work, when he can convey a sense of infinity, and can carry the eye as far as a telescope could reach.

Turner was greatest in Scotland when he depicted the intense wildness and savage desolation of the Hermitage Castle, where wicked Lord Soulis suffered. The mountains there are terrible; the wilful torrent in the foreground is passionately reckless—even the tone of colour is lurid and sad. It might be a glen in the Inferno for all the happiness Turner has thrown over

air, earth, water. The sadness is the sadness of the old ballad:—

> "He (Soulis) looked over fell, he looked over flat,
> But nothing he wished he saw,
> Save the pyot on a turret that sat,
> Beside a corby craw."

"Glencoe" and "Killicrankie" are both fine; but these are nothing, though stern and bold enough, to the Edinburgh in "Marmion," and the Loch Corriskin in the "Lord of the Isles." The first is full of ambition and enjoyment. He has represented himself helping Scott up Arthur's Seat, to give importance to the drawing. He has followed the poet, too, with delight in giving us the strong spine of the Pentlands, and far beyond the castle the Ochil Mountains, the shore of Fife, the Frith, Preston Bay, and Berwick Law. The amethyst and emerald of Scott's distance are shown, too, in Turner; so, too, are the lesser beauties of those heroic and passionate lines:—

> "Such dusky grandeur clothed the height
> Where the huge castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!"

Nor is Loch Achray, with its sheet of living gold, its empurpled islands and grand sentinel mountains, unworthily depicted; nor Dryburgh, with its vassal wood of trees, and the great silver loop-chain of the Tweed; nor Staffa, with the moon shining through the wave-wasted arch of basalt; but Turner's *chef d'œuvre* is that tremendous scene, Loch Corriskin, in

the Isle of Skye.* In these upheaved waves and pinnacles of rock Turner revels, as he does in the mist that rolls up the receding glen, and darkens the small black grave of a lake. The danger of the scene is hinted by the precarious seat in which the painter sits, while his guide lies down and waits. "Bare as Cheapside," says one traveller, all but a few shrubs of juniper.

Among the lesser beauties of Turner's illustrations to Scott should be mentioned "the junction of Greta and Tees," with the countless billows of tree-tops, and the painter's favourite subject of Norham Castle, the Lord Warden's Castle, so beautifully lit by the moon, with its cliffs, nets, and mills, &c.

The Scotch drawings, which are nearly all in the possession of Turner's old friend, Mr. Munro, of

* "For rarely human eye has known
A scene so stern as that dread lake,
With its dark ledge of barren stone.
Seems that primeval earthquake's sway
Hath rent a strange and shattered way
Thro' the rude bosom of the hill:
And that each naked precipice,
Sable ravine and dark abyss,
Tells of the outrage still.
The wildest glen but this can show,
Some touch of Nature's genial glow.
But here above, around, below,
On mountain or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken.
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone,
As if were here denied,
The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew;
That clothe with many a varied hue
The bleakest mountain side."

Hamilton-place, are beautifully executed; small vignettes, painted in water-colours (drawn through a reducing-glass) the size required by the engraver; this was one of the conditions required by the publisher. The most beautiful for colour that I have seen is the Inverness Bridge. In many of them the figures and adjuncts are exceedingly beautiful and expressive, though microscopically small. I may instance the mounted farmer and the reaper in the Dunfermline; the schoolboys in Ashestiel; the girl and the dog in the Dumbarton Castle; the steamer and boats (for motion) in the Dunstaffnage; the lovers in the Craigmillar; and Scott's open book and stick on the seat in the Rhymer's Glen. Nor are some of the illustrations to Scott's "Life of Napoleon," and the French "Tales of my Grandfather" less admirable. We have no space to dilate on the savage grandeur of the Château d'Arc, or on the cocked-hat men who repair the road outside Rouen; but we must rest a moment at the Simplon, the Fontainebleau, and the Bellerophon. In the Simplon, Turner has perfectly conveyed a sense of the wonder and danger of Napoleon's mountain-road, by giving us a corner rock in profile, with soldiers entering one of the galleries. The firs are small as weeds, and yet beautifully painted. In the two other scenes he has given us wonderful figures—small as pins' heads, yet expressing everything. In neither is the figure of Napoleon larger and thicker than a gnat's body, yet it is seen directly, and tells a complete story. The sentiment, too, of the Fontainebleau, though produced as usual by an unjustifiable exaggeration of the height of the building, is truly poetical, so

ghastly and fading does the wan palace seem by the light of a sullen moon.

The figures, too, in the Duc D'Enghien's murder are admirable, and so is the Napoleon in the sketch of his early lodgings on the Quai de Conti. But in these foreign works Turner is unequal—nothing can be worse than the figures in the foreground of the Verona, or than the architectural ornaments in the Venice. The Jerusalem is very unoriental, and Mayence very shaky about its towers. Then, again, he is often disappointing, for the drawing of Shakspeare's tomb is far inferior to that of Dryden's monument; and neither Waterloo nor Hougoumont is very grandly treated. The Malmaison is crowded with incomprehensible figures. The Milan Cathedral is not far enough off, Père-la-Chaise is confused and uncomfortable, and the Brussels is taken from a bad point of view; but all these faults are forgotten when you look at Brienz or Piacenza—the latter especially remarkable for its headlong scouring flight of despairing men and tired horses, &c.

Turner and Thomson of Duddingston, whom he met at Edinburgh, belonged to the same clique of artists and painters. Thomson used to go out sketching and painting with Turner. At the meetings of the clique Turner would constantly battle with them upon the subject of light, trying to gain from Brewster and other *savans* something upon that subject. It is supposed that in this discussion upon these matters, he formed a theory which enabled him to create the varied effects that he has displayed in his works. It is said he carried the discussion to such a height with Brewster and Thom-

son that the subject was at length prohibited—and he then became more earnest to discover what combination of *colour would produce light.**

Turner one day called upon Thomson (by appointment probably), expressly to see the painter parson's works. Thomson, of course, was delighted to receive the great landscape-painter, naturally expecting his pictures (Thomson's) would receive some notice and even praise; but after Turner had taken a survey, the only remark he made was, 'You beat me in frames.' Some of Thomson's admirers had gone so far as to say that at times he was equal to Turner. This Turner may have heard, and felt piqued at this fulsome flattery. Thomson, I believe, was sadly mortified on the occasion.

Many years ago (when Turner was making sketches for the "Provincial Antiquities," Mr. Cadell, the Edinburgh bookseller, being with him), as they passed Norham, Turner took off his hat and made a low bow to the ruins, upon observing which, Cadell said, "What the devil are you about now?" "Oh!" replied Turner, "I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years since; it took, and from that day to this, I have had as much to do as my hands could execute."

* The story communicated by Mr. Birch is correct in the main, but Sir David Brewster could not have been among the *savans* with whom Turner discussed optics, for, on being applied to, Sir David says: "The only time I ever saw Turner was at a dinner given to Lord Grey, at Edinburgh, in 1834 [?], when I sat between Turner and Sir Charles Bell. On that occasion he exhibited none of his peculiarities." In a later chapter, treating of Turner's interest in photography, I bring forward many instances to show Turner's intense desire to understand the law of colours.

Turner made many of his sketches on this trip, commencing with the foreground, and he often sent some of the party forward to see if there was any rock, &c., which from his position could not be seen; they were all noted down in his sketch. The drawings Turner made for Scott's works, after they were engraved, were sold by Mr. Cadell for 500*l*. They are nearly all now in the hands of Mr. Munro, of Hamilton-place.

Most probably this tour produced the Norham Castle ("Summer's Morn") exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1798, and used again in the "Liber" in 1816. It also served as an illustration to "Marmion." I have seen several drawings of it by Turner; he generally brings the castle as a dark mass against the rising sun—cattle and boats in the foreground.

Turner always cherished a kind remembrance of Scotland. He used, when Mr. Munro returned from Edinburgh, to ask him how they got on at "Modern Aythens," and to inquire if "Thomson and that set had discovered Titian's secret yet."

CHAPTER XII.

TURNER'S HOME AND FOREIGN TOURS.

I GO to few places in England but I seem to see Turner. I find him on the Derbyshire hills, and among the ruins of Yorkshire Abbeys. I meet his ghost on the banks of the Wharfe, and on the seashore at Dover. I come across him in the green hop fields of Kent, and in the marshes of the Thames. I see his short, stalwart spirit pacing about the Scotch moors, and around the pebbly margins of Scotch lakes. I never go on the Thames, and look at St. Paul's, but I seem to see him boat past me, and steer on to that old loved Chelsea. In Wales, at Oxford, in Sussex, in Wiltshire, I still cannot drive away the remembrance of him. He haunts Fonthill, Petworth, and Tabley; he meets one at every old castle and abbey in England; he has been on every river, and in every county. He did much to spread the fame of the beauty of our country.

A careful study of the catalogue of pictures exhibited by Turner at the Royal Academy would lead one to the following guesses at the date of some of Turner's home and foreign tours.

In 1789 he was painting with Girtin on the Thames.

In 1790 he was at Eltham and Uxbridge.

In 1791 at Malmesbury.

In 1792 at Bristol and in Wales.

In 1792-3-4-5 in Wales, Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Essex, and on the sea-coast.

In 1797 (aged twenty-two) in Yorkshire, the Lakes, and the Border.

In 1798 probably again in Wales, where he got materials for his diploma picture.

In 1799 in Wiltshire.

In 1801 perhaps again in Scotland.

In 1802 his first Continental tour to France and Switzerland.

In 1809 painting at Petworth.

In 1812 in Devonshire.

In 1818 in Scotland.

In 1819 on the Rhine.

In 1828 in Italy.

In 1832 in France.

In 1838 in Switzerland.

In 1843 in Switzerland.

When on the Northumberland hills, making those beautiful drawings of the Chain Bridge and the High Force, Turner one evening got ten miles out of the way, and was all but benighted. In his drawing he has introduced a solitary grouse-shooter, and in the foreground, not far from himself, some timid birds cowering under the heather.

An intimate friend, while travelling in the Jura, came to an inn where Turner had only just before entered his name in the visiting-book. "Anxious to be sure of his identity, and to be in pursuit of him, he inquired of his host what sort of a man his visitor was. "A rough, clumsy man," was the reply;

"and you may know him by his always having a pencil in his hand."

Turner was in Keswick about forty years ago. A guide, still living, points out a small but beautiful waterfall in the great wood, where Turner spent many days sketching one bit of rock. He adds that Turner's materials were not worth half-a-crown, though he was not shabby "*his sell.*"

Turner visited Wiltshire in 1800 (aged thirty-two). I have exact proof from one* of five sketches made by him of Fonthill Abbey in that year, for W. Beckford, Esq., which I have carefully examined. He made five drawings of the abbey, then building, for that great voluptuary and millionaire; one, an afternoon effect; one, morning; one, south view, evening; one, east view, noon; one, north-east view, sunset. Two of these Mr. Allnutt now has, and two of them belong to A. Morrison, Esq., and his brother, — Morrison. They are large, ambitious drawings, of a mellow, subdued tone, and are remarkable for a rather careless breadth. The foliage of the ash-trees in the foreground is not at all made out, but is washed in in low-toned flat tints, with hardly any details, and here and there it is touched with white. The sky is not very good; the clouds are hard in the edges, and rather stiff in shape. The picture is quite untrue to real topography, for the painter has introduced cottages and water where cottages and water do not exist; he has roughly introduced prints of figures, which afterwards seem to have been obliterated, and some half-

* Now in the possession of A. Morrison, Esq., of Fonthill-Bishop, Wiltshire.

shaped out animals—deer, I think. The sky is serene; but the one wish of the artist seems to have been to shed a flood of white light on the tower, which stands like a beacon on the crest of the wooded hill. The fir-trees, that stretch in ranks up the sides of this slope, are, however, but rudely indicated by small, unshaped dashes of green. The fir Turner could seldom manage, and probably he disliked it.

Mr. Morrison also possesses a small sketch in water-colours, made on the spot. This is true in its details, and is taken from the quarry whence the stone for the abbey was hewn. A well-known picture-dealer, now living, well remembers being down at Fonthill when Turner was staying with Mr. Beckford, and recollects a tent being pitched, and the three having luncheon together where Turner had been sketching. The colour of this sketch is rather opaque.

In the first picture the tone is very subdued, nearly all a reddish-yellowish brown, or greenish-blue, the lighter parts of the sky are rather pale, and the atmospheric effect of distance on the hill is expressed by a vague softness and absence of outline. The manner is a strong imitation of Girtin's, even to the dots of dark colour on the trees and foliage.

Mr. Cyrus Redding met Turner, in 1812, on one of his Devonshire tours. He remembers that his sketches were not larger than sheets of letter-paper. He describes him as rough, reserved, and austere, and with a singular paucity of language.

There is an admirable page or two in his Autobiography, which contains some most characteristic traits of Turner in his home tours. I shall extract them

all, because they are written in so hearty, amiable, and gossiping a style, and are so full of interest, that it would be quite unfair to the writer to paraphrase them.

They show in Turner the hearty pedestrian, delighting in roughing it at a rough Devonshire inn, and equally at home there as amid the princely splendour of an English nobleman's house; we see him frank and merry at the picnic as the hospitable giver of the feast; we see him stealing from his friends to climb a cliff and take eager notes of a stormy evening sea; we see him, too, that brilliant dewy morning, sketching the bridge that he afterwards idealized and lit with an Italian sky.

"Turner, the landscape-painter, had arrived in the West on a professional tour. Among those who entertained him with admiring hospitality was Mr. John Collier, whom I have mentioned among my own most respected friends, and as having preceded Turner to the grave."

Here, as elsewhere, in Mr. Redding's narrative, I purposely abstain from curtailing the reduplications, because they often contain characteristic touches of character and fresh facts of interest.

The whole sketch of the tour is written in a kindly and simple-hearted manner, that art and re-cooking would only spoil. There is a tone of hearty enjoyment and unsentimental and therefore sincere retrospect about the whole that attaches one to the writer.

"The unprepossessing exterior, the reserve, the austerity of language, existed in Turner in combination with a powerful, intelligent, reflective mind, ever coiled up within itself; he had a faculty of

vision that seemed to penetrate the sources of natural effect, however various in aspect, and to store them in memory with wonderful felicity. His glance commanded in an instant all that was novel in scenery, and a few outlines on paper recorded it unintelligibly to others. He placed these pictorial memoranda upon millboard, not larger than a sheet of letter-paper, quite a confused mass. How he worked out the details from such sketches seemed to me wonderful. His views around Plymouth, in the engravings from his pictures, were marvellously varied in effect, as well as faithful representations. His first sketches showed little of the after picture to the unpractised eye; perhaps he bore much away in memory, and these were only a kind of short-hand, which he deciphered in his studio.

"We once ran along the coast to Borough, or Bur Island, in Bibury Bay. There was to be the wind-up of a fishing account there. Our excuse was to eat hot lobsters, fresh from the water to the kettle. The sea was boisterous, the morning unpropitious. Our boat was Dutch built, with outriggers and undecked. It belonged to a fine old weather-beaten seaman, a Captain Nicols. Turner, an artist; a half Italian, named Demaria, an officer of the army; Mr. Collier, a mutual friend; and myself, with a sailor, composed the party. The sea had that dirty puddled appearance which often precedes a hard gale. We kept towards Rame Head to obtain an offing, and when running out from the land the sea rose higher, until off Stokes Point it became stormy. We mounted the ridges bravely. The sea in that part of the

Channel rolls in grand furrows from the Atlantic, and we had run about a dozen miles. The artist enjoyed the scene. He sat in the stern sheets intently watching the sea, and not at all affected by the motion. Two of our number were sick. The soldier, in a delicate coat of scarlet, white, and gold, looked dismal enough, drenched with the spray, and so ill that at last he wanted to jump overboard. We were obliged to lay him on the rusty iron ballast in the bottom of the boat, and keep him down with a spar laid across him. Demaria was silent in his suffering. In this way we made Bur Island. The difficulty was how to get through the surf, which looked unbroken. At last we got round under the lee of the island, and contrived to get on shore. All this time Turner was silent, watching the tumultuous scene. The little island, and the solitary hut it held, the bay in the bight of which it lay, and the dark long Bolt head to seaward, against the rocky shore of which the waves broke with fury, made the artist become absorbed in contemplation, not uttering a syllable. While the shell-fish were preparing, Turner, with a pencil, clambered nearly to the summit of the island, and seemed writing rather than drawing. How he succeeded, owing to the violence of the wind, I do not know. He probably observed something in the sea aspect which he had not before noted. We took our picnic dinner and lobsters, and soon became merry over our wine on that wild islet. Evening approached; the wind had rather increased than diminished in violence. The landsmen did not approve of a passage back that must run far into the night,

if not the morning. Some one proposed we should walk to Kingsbridge and sleep. Captain Nicols declared he would return; his boat would defy any sea. We ought not in good fellowship to have separated; when it was low water we could reach the main land over the sands. We left the boat, and the captain with his man set sail back alone, and was obliged to run off the coast nearly to the Eddystone to make the Sound. Some of the men-of-war there were firing guns to give notice that they were dragging their anchors. We slept at Kingsbridge. Turner and myself went early the next morning to Dodbrook to see the house in which Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) was born, of which the artist took a sketch. We walked a good part of the way back. The next day we spent at Saltram. Though full of paintings by the great masters, and many landscapes of Zuccarelli, I could not extract a word about them from Turner. Stubbs' 'Phaeton and Runaway Horses' in the billiard-room he hardly noticed, except with the word 'fine.' As we were retiring to bed, the room in which I slept was hung with Angelica Kauffman's man-woman paintings. I directed his attention to them as he passed my room to his own; I received a 'Good night in your seraglio' (harem). On looking at some of Turner's subsequent works, I recently perceived several bits of the scenery we had visited introduced into fancy pictures. Meeting him in London one morning, he told me that if I would look in at his gallery I should recognise a scene I well knew, the features of which he had brought from the west. I did so, and traced, except in a

part of the front ground, a spot near Newbridge, on the Tamar, we had visited together. It is engraved, called 'Crossing the Brook,' and is now in Marlborough House.

"I was present at Devil's Point when he sketched the Sound, Mount Edgcumbe, Trematon Castle, Calstock, and scenes on the Tamar. We once passed an entire night together in a country inn with a sanded floor, where no beds were to be had, not far from the Duke of Bedford's cottage on the Tamar. Most of our party went three miles to Tavistock. I volunteered to remain. They were to rejoin us after breakfast the next day. Turner got some bread and cheese and porter for supper, which I did not relish, but by an after-thought procured some bacon and eggs, and after sitting conversing till midnight with a fluency I never heard from Turner before or afterwards, he leaned over the table and fell asleep. I placed three chairs in a line, and stretching myself over them, got three or four hours' rest: quite enough to be fresh to start with my companion at daybreak to explore some sweet spots in the neighbourhood, and return to breakfast before our friends rejoined us.

"Turner said he had never seen so many natural beauties in such a limited spot of country as he saw there. He visited Mount Edgcumbe two or three times. I have a pencil sketch of his which is a view of Cawsand Bay from the heights, with the end of a seat, a bottle of wine, table, and the men-of-war at anchor below. I value it as a relic of a great man, though a mere scrawl.

"I was one of a picnic party of ladies and

gentlemen, which he gave in excellent taste at Mount Edgcumbe. There we spent a good part of a fine summer's day. Cold meats, shell-fish, and good wines abounded. The donor of the feast, too, was agreeable, terse, blunt, almost epigrammatic at times, but always pleasant for one not given to waste his words, nor studious of refined bearing. We visited Cothele on the Tamar together, where the furniture is of the time of Henry VII. and VIII.

"The woods are fine, and the views of some of the headlands round which the river winds are of exceeding beauty. In one place he was much struck, took a sketch, and when it was done, said:

"'We shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till Sunday; because we can't.'

"It was the last visit he paid to the scenery of the Tamar, before he quitted the west. It was to the honour of several of the inhabitants of Plymouth, that boats, horses, and tables were ready for his use during the time he remained. Everybody felt that in paying him attention they were honouring a most extraordinary genius, whose artistic merit had not been exaggerated.

"I remember one evening on the Tamar, the sun had set, and the shadows become very deep. Demaria, looking at a seventy-four lying under Saltash, said,—

"'You were right, Mr. Turner: the ports cannot be seen. The ship is one dark mass.'

"'I told you so,' said Turner: 'now you see it all is one mass of shade.'

"'Yes, I see that is the truth, and yet the ports are there.'

"'We can take only what we see, no matter what is there. There are people in the ship: we don't see them through the planks.'

"'True,' replied Demaria.

"There had been a discussion on the subject before between the two professional men, in which Turner had rightly observed, that after sunset, under the hills, the port-holes were undiscernible. We now had ocular proof of it.

"In one of our rambles from the party, in our excursions, we got into a field where four or five fine fellows of seamen, landed from the boat of a man-of-war, were striking at something with a switch, and drawing back. When we came to the spot, it was a harmless snake. I took it up in my hand, and they looked at me with an expression of astonishment—men who would have boarded an enemy's ship, or marched to the muzzles of the guns of a battery, were alarmed at a miserable reptile. Verily, man is after all an incomprehensible animal. The same class of men much amused Turner with their frolics. They are become a more staid and rational race now. When a ship was paid off, they expended pounds in the hire of hackney-coaches passing between the two towns backwards and forwards, always themselves riding on the top, and packing any one who liked inside. All the vehicles were sometimes engaged in this way for a day together. I was told that one sailor with well-lined pockets hired twenty-four—all he could find—and made them drive about after him, he being in the headmost. Captain, afterwards Admiral Penrose, met two or three of his men, one

of whom, drunk, had two twenty-pound notes in his hand, waving them about. Penrose seized one of the notes, and the man, recognising his officer, at once abandoned it. The Captain put it in his own pocket. In two days the man came on board penniless, his leave having expired. When sober, on duty again, the Captain called him, and presented him with the note.

"'Now, my man, you are twenty pounds richer than you expected. Take more care of your money in future.'

"'Ay, ay, your honour; I thought I had money enough for a couple of days longer, though I could not tell what had become of it.'"

I also here extract another expanded version of the same tour from the same pen:—

"While the unfortunate shell-fish were preparing to be seethed, I missed Turner, and found him, with a pencil and small book, near the summit of the island. I observed, too, he was writing rather than drawing. The tumultuous waves boiling below were seen to great advantage from thence. I imagined he had observed something novel in their appearance; but this, whatever it might be, I did not comprehend. We soon sat down to our repast, to which the artist did ample justice. He was much attached to vulgar porter, and discarded wine, at least with dinner, although afterwards he would take his glass freely, as was much more the custom in those days than at present.

"Evening approached, and Captain Nicols proposed to return. The sea had not gone down, and there was not much inclination shown by the lands-

men to tempt the passage back, which we knew must go far into the night. It would be necessary to work out into a stormy sea, in order to get an offing to make the Sound. I proposed to Turner that we should walk to Kingsbridge and sleep. Returning home we could, if the boat would not stay, there being something to be seen in that vicinity. The whole party were of that opinion, but the gallant old tar, with whom we offered to return the next day if he would pursue the same plan, would not listen to it. We separated, which I thought we ought not from good fellowship to have done. The boat left without us, and was obliged to stretch out nearly to the Eddystone. It did not get into Plymouth until between four and five in the morning, through a sea so bad that some of the men-of-war in the Sound dragged their anchors and fired guns in consequence. When I mentioned this afterwards to Turner, and my regret at leaving the gallant old captain, he replied, 'We had the best of it; I would have gone if it had been daylight.' He did not enter into my ideas about our deficiency in good fellowship.

"We rose at seven the next morning in Kingsbridge, and went before breakfast to see the house, at Dodbrook, in which Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) was born. The artist made a sketch of it, and of another house, a picturesque place not far distant. We had now more than twenty miles to travel home. A vehicle was provided, but we walked most of the way, for Turner was a good pedestrian, capable of roughing it in any mode the occasion might require. When we came to the Lara passage we met Lord

Baringdon (afterwards Earl of Morley), who invited Turner, Demaria, and myself to Saltram, to dine and sleep, the following day. We went accordingly. In the morning we ascended the high ground in the park, where there is a fine view. There is also some fine scenery near the eastern entrance, at the mouth of the Plym, and Turner made some sketches there.

"Among the guests at Saltram was Madame Catalani, who sang some of her favourite airs. Zuccarelli's best paintings adorn this hospitable mansion, but I could not extract from Turner any opinion regarding them. In the billiard-room was Stubbs' fine picture of 'Phaeton and the Horses of the Sun,' with which, I remember, the artist was much pleased, as indeed everybody must be; but it elicited no further remark than the monosyllable, 'Fine!' Turner, on retiring to rest, had to pass my bedroom-door, and I remarked to him that its walls were covered with paintings by Angelica Kauffman—nymphs, and men like nymphs, as effeminate as possible. I directed his attention to them, and he wished me 'Good night in your seraglio!' There were very fine pictures in Saltram by the old masters, but they seemed to attract little of his attention, though they might have done more than I imagined, for it was not easy to judge from his manner what was passing in his mind.

"On looking at some of the wonderful fancy works of this artist painted a little subsequently, I perceived that several were composed of bits of scenery we had visited in company. He told me afterwards, in London, that if I would look into his gallery I should

see a picture some of the features of which I could not fail to recognise. I went accordingly, and traced three distinct snatches of scenery on the river Tamar. It was a beautiful work. Though I cannot recollect what name he gave it, I recognised a scene on that river, which he told me on the spot he had never observed in nature before. I know that the Headlands of Plymouth Sound closed the distance twelve miles off, and that the intervening objects were those to which he alluded. In his gallery at that time I first saw, too, his picture of 'Hannibal crossing the Alps.' Another picture which was in the Exhibition he told me was the fruit of our expeditions. I speak of his fancy compositions, for his pictures of existing scenery in the West cannot be mistaken, so faithful are they, so true to nature, and so deeply imbued with the magic of his genius. I was with Turner when he sketched Plymouth Sound, with part of Mount Edgcumbe; when he visited Trematon Castle, Saltash; the Wear Head, Calstock—in fact, all the views he made on the banks of that picturesque river, which have been since engraved.

"We had one day reached the Wear-head of the Tamar, no great way below the Duke of Bedford's cottage at Endsleigh, when night came on. Turner was struck with admiration at the bridge above the Wear, which he declared altogether Italian. Our party consisted of four. To go down the river in the night was impracticable, on account of the chance of getting on shore upon the mud-banks. There was an inn hard by, at which beds could not be obtained; and some course must be resolved upon.

We might walk to Tavistock, three or four miles off, but a vehicle which had come from Plymouth that day with two of our party could do no more than carry two to the town. Turner said that he would rather stay until the morning, on the spot where we were debating the subject. He did not mind sitting up—would any one volunteer with him? The horse would come over fresh in the morning with those who might then leave. I volunteered. Our friends drove off, and the painter and myself soon adjourned to the miserable little inn. I proposed to 'plank it,' in the sailor's phrase—that is, to go to sleep on the floor—but some part of it was damp, and the whole well sanded, so that it was not a practicable couch, however hard. Turner said, before he considered any other matter, he must have some bread, cheese, and porter. Very good bread and cheese were produced, and the home-brewed suited Turner, who expatiated upon his success with a degree of excitement which, with his usual dry, short mode of expressing his feelings, could hardly be supposed. I pleased him further by inquiring whether bacon and eggs could be obtained; and getting an affirmative reply, we supped in clover, and sat up until midnight in conversation. I found the artist could, when he pleased, make sound, pithy, though somewhat caustic, remarks upon men and things, with a fluency rarely heard from him. We talked much of the Academy, and he admitted that it was not all which it might be made in regard to art. The 'Clock that ticked against the wall' sounded twelve; I proposed to go to sleep. Turner leaned his elbow upon the table,

and putting his feet upon a second chair, took a position sufficiently easy, and fell asleep. I laid myself at full length across three or four chairs, and soon followed his example.

"Before six in the morning he rose, and went down towards the bridge. The air was balmy; the strong light between the hills, the dark umbrage, and the flashing water presented a beautiful early scene. Turner sketched the bridge, but appeared, from changing his position several times, as if he had tried more than one sketch, or could not please himself as to the best point. I saw that bridge and part of the scene afterwards in a painting in his gallery. He had made several additions to the scenery near the bridge from his own imagination. The picture was poetical; and, if I remember rightly, he had introduced into it some of the fictitious characters of the heathen mythology; he had bathed it in the gorgeous glories of the southern sun, clothed it in barbaric pearl and gold—in fact, enriched it with that indefinable attraction which true genius confers on all its works. In delineating ocean, storm, or calm, the effulgence of southern glory on the chaste and highly decorated, but soberer scenery of his native land, Turner seemed to me then, as still, without a compeer. His sea-pieces far excel those of the higher Dutch painters. His pictures of Italy's sunny clime, her melancholy ruins, and the unsullied azure of her blue heaven, have received from Turner a charm which is scarcely to be found in any other painter. He was truly the poet of painting.

"Turner said that he had never seen so many

natural beauties in so limited an extent of country as he saw in the vicinity of Plymouth. Some of the scenes hardly appeared to belong to this island. Mount Edgcumbe particularly delighted him, and he visited it three or four times. I have now in my possession a pencil sketch, of the roughest kind, which he drew. It is from the side of that fairy spot which looks into Cowsand Bay. There is the end of the seat, over which projects a thatched roof, the table, the bottle of wine, and a full length of myself in the foreground—not the most flattering of his little-flattering impersonations. In the bay are several line-of-battle ships at anchor. This, a mere scrawl, is as full a representation as he took of many scenes of which he made some of his finest pictures. His slender graphic memoranda induce me to think that he possessed the most extraordinary memory for treasuring up the details of what he saw in nature of any individual that ever existed, and that such outlines were to him what the few heads of a discourse would be to a person who carried them away with a good memory. Some have said that he was not conscious of his own superiority; I believe that he was, and enjoyed the reflection as much as a nature would permit that did not participate in common susceptibilities, nor build its satisfaction upon such pleasures as the common mind most esteems. His habits were of the simplest character; he had no relish for the tawdry displays that obtain so much conventional estimation. A splendid house and large establishment would have been an encumbrance rather than a luxury to Turner; his mind was

set on higher objects. If he desired what every-day people estimate highest, it was at his command. He was called close and niggardly; but he had no desire to live and enjoy, beyond the style of living and enjoying to which he was habituated. His mind lived in his art; he did not wish to appear other than he was. His wealth he had long determined to devote to a better purpose than giving *dilettanti* dinners, or assembling in a drawing-room the customary bevy of visitors that come and go to no good purpose, either as regards themselves or others. He was rather content to follow the path of most great men who have devoted themselves to a pursuit to which they have given their whole hearts. He did not fawn, as artists continually do, in the crowded rooms of men of rank and fortune for interested ends, while he did not shun an occasional intermixture in good society; his own time was too precious to be wasted as too many waste theirs. Turner felt that he bore, and desired still to bear, no surreptitious name in coteries; but to leave behind enduring renown as an artist. Concealed beneath his homely exterior there was much that was good and aspiring. Who with such ideas, humbly born as he was, so pre-eminent in art, destitute of fluency in language, though always speaking to the point—who with such ideas has ever existed without being an object of attack from some quarter or other?

"He was charged with being close in money matters. If he satisfied his simple personal wants, who has a right to call him niggardly when he preserved his wealth for a noble purpose? I denied to

several artists who told stories of his love of money that his character was as they represented it. The most miserable of wretches is he who makes life a burden in order to move in the track of other people's ideas. When I was out with Turner in Devonshire, he paid his quota at the inns with cheerfulness; and some of our bills were rather higher in amount than bread and cheese would have incurred. Turner accommodated himself as well as any man I ever saw to the position of the moment.

"I chanced to relate to one of his brother Academicians that I was of a party to whom Turner had given a picnic in Devonshire, but I was scarcely credited; it was impossible, and so on. Yet such was the fact. There were eight or nine of the party, including some ladies. We repaired to the heights of Mount Edgcumbe at the appointed hour. Turner, with an ample supply of cold meats, shell fish, and wines, was there before us. In that delightful spot we spent the best part of a beautiful summer's day. Never was there more social pleasure partaken by any party in that English Eden. Turner was exceedingly agreeable for one whose language was more epigrammatic and terse than complimentary upon most occasions. He had come two or three miles with the man who bore his store of good things, and had been at work before our arrival. He showed the ladies some of his sketches in oil, which he had brought with him, perhaps, to verify them. The wine circulated freely, and the remembrance was not obliterated from Turner's mind long years afterwards. My opinion is, that this great artist always under-

stood the occasion, and was prepared to meet it as any other individual would do. At home he led the life he preferred; he was not calculated for any but his own pursuit, and in that he shone; he knew and felt it. When I see a deviation from the common track in such a man, I feel persuaded that it is the result of a preference or inclination that should be respected. He had a great regard for his own fame.

* * * * *

Suddenly a battery of twenty-four pounders opened only four or five feet above our heads. I was startled with the shock, but Turner was unmoved. We were neither prepared for the concussion; but he showed none of the surprise which I betrayed, being as unmoved at the sudden noise and involvement in the smoke as if nothing had happened.

"We visited Cothele together, where the furniture is of the date of the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. Turner did not seem much interested in the building; but with the woods and the views from some of the headlands round which the river winds, he was so much taken, that, following him with a gig, we could not return, and were obliged to take out the horse, and lift the vehicle over a hedge by main strength. In doing this and getting upon the hedge, there burst upon the view a noble expanse of scenery, which we had not anticipated. Here the artist became busy at once, but only for a short time. 'Now,' said he, 'we shall see nothing finer than this, if we stay till sundown; because we can't, let us go home.' It was the last visit we paid to the scenery of the Tamar together. We subsequently had a picnic on the

romantic banks of the Plym, and visited the crags and precipices of Sheep's Tor together. This visit closed nearly three weeks, for the most part spent in similar rambles. It was during these rambles that I imbibed higher ideas, not only of the artist, but of the man, than I had previously held, and still hold, now death has closed his shining career.

"Many years afterwards, he spoke to me in London of the reception he met with on this tour, in a strain that exhibited his possession of a mind not unsusceptible or forgetful of kindnesses. Among his entertainers, some preceded him to the narrow house, and foremost among them, the late John Collier, then resident at Mount Tamar, and subsequently member of Parliament for Plymouth.

"As the birthplace of Turner has recently appeared to some persons a matter of doubt, I may here observe he was born at Barnstaple, and neither in Maiden-lane, nor at South Molton, if his own words go for anything. The latter place, it is true, is but twelve miles from Barnstaple. We were sailing together in a boat on the St. Germains river, near Ince Castle; I recollect it as well as if it occurred yesterday. Turner, Collier, and myself were the only persons present, except the boatmen. I was remarking what a number of artists the West of England had produced, particularly Devon and Cornwall. I enumerated all I could remember from Reynolds to Prout. When I had done, Turner said, 'You may add me to the list; I am a Devonshire man.' I demanded from what part of the county, and he replied 'Barnstaple.' I have many times since repeated the incident to others,

who would insist that the artist was a Londoner. His father was of the same trade as the parent of the distinguished equity lawyer, Sugden, and came to London when Turner was young. I remember the little, plain, but not ill-made old man letting me into Turner's house, or rather gallery, in Queen Anne-street more than once. He was not as stout nor as bluff-looking as his son, allowing for the difference in years."

For the following interesting communication relative to probably the same tour, I am indebted to Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy.

"Turner visited Plymouth (my native town) while I was staying there in the summer of 1813, or perhaps 1814 (1812?), painting portraits. As he wished to see the scenery of the river Tamar, I accompanied him, together with Mr. Ambrose Johns, of Plymouth (a landscape-painter of great merit, lately deceased at a great age), to a cottage near Calstock, the residence of my aunt, Miss Pearce, where we all stayed for a few days. From that point as a centre, Turner made various excursions, and the result of one of his rambles was a sketch of the scene which afterwards grew into the celebrated picture of 'Crossing the Brook.' The bridge in that picture is Calstock Bridge; some mining works are indicated in the middle distance. The extreme distance extends to the mouth of the Tamar, the harbour of Hamoaze, the hills of Mount Edgcumbe, and those on the opposite side of Plymouth Sound. The whole scene is extremely faithful.

"Turner made his sketches in pencil and by stealth. His companions, observing his peculiarity, were care-

ful not to intrude upon him. After he returned to Plymouth, in the neighbourhood of which he remained some weeks, Mr. Johns fitted up a small portable painting-box, containing some prepared paper for oil sketches, as well as the other necessary materials. When Turner halted at a scene and seemed inclined to sketch it, Johns produced the inviting box, and the great artist, finding everything ready to his hand, immediately began to work. As he sometimes wanted assistance in the use of the box, the presence of Johns was indispensable, and after a few days he made his oil sketches freely in our presence. Johns accompanied him always; I was only with them occasionally. Turner seemed pleased when the rapidity with which those sketches were done was talked of; for, departing from his habitual reserve in the instance of his pencil sketches, he made no difficulty of showing them. On one occasion, when, on his return after a sketching ramble, to a country residence belonging to my father, near Plympton, the day's work was shown, he himself remarked that one of the sketches (and perhaps the best) was done in less than half an hour.

"When he left Plymouth, he carried off all the results. We had reckoned that Johns, who had provided all the materials, and had waited upon him devotedly, would at least have had a present of one or two of the sketches. This was not the case; but long afterwards, the great painter sent Johns in a letter a small oil sketch, not painted from nature, as a return for his kindness and assistance. On my inquiring afterwards what had become of those sketches, Turner replied that they were worthless, in

consequence, as he supposed, of some defect in the preparation of the paper; all the grey tints, he observed, had nearly disappeared. Although I did not implicitly rely on that statement, I do not remember to have seen any of them afterwards.

"When Turner was in Rome, in 1828-29, he resided in the same house with me (12, Piazza Mignanelli, where Mr. Percy Williams now lives). He painted there the 'View of Orvieto,' the 'Regulus,' and the 'Medea.' Those pictures were exhibited in Rome in some rooms which Turner subsequently occupied at the Quattro Fontane. The foreign artists who went to see them could make nothing of them. Turner's economy and ingenuity were apparent in his mode of framing those pictures. He nailed a rope round the edges of each, and painted it with yellow ochre in tempera. When those same works were packed to be sent to England, I advised him to have the cases covered with waxed cloth, as the pictures without it might be exposed to wet. Turner thanked me, and said the advice was important; 'for,' he added, 'if any wet gets to them, they will be destroyed.' This indicates his practice of preparing his pictures with a kind of tempera, a method which, before the surface was varnished, was not waterproof. The pictures referred to were in fact not finished; nor could any of his exhibited pictures be said to be finished till he had worked on them when they were on the walls of the Royal Academy."

About thirty years ago Turner was in Newcastle, and sailed down the Tyne with the father of T. M. Richardson, the water-colour painter.

Bright and Turner once travelled together, or met on the Continent; they became intimate, and Turner bought pictures of Bright. Where are they? *I* never heard of Turner buying any pictures except Bright's.

Newby Lowson, Esq., of Witton-le-Wear, Durham, travelled with Turner, I believe, in Italy. Turner gave Mr. Lowson a picture in water-colours; this picture is now in the possession of Mrs. Garthwaite, of Wilton. Mr. Lowson was, I have often heard, a man of great taste, and no mean skill as an amateur. Mr. Lowson, I have understood, was paymaster on the Italian tour, and perhaps this accounts for Turner's gift of the picture

When I think of Turner abroad, I remember my own travelling, and seem to see him wherever I turn, wherever I have myself been. I see him on the Cypressed Hill, looking down from San Miniato on the red-tiled dome of Florence, on the Arno, and among the sapling trees of the Cascini. I see him at Naples, where, in the calm sunshine, Vesuvius feathers up its quiet plume of pure white smoke. I see him at Rome under the shadow of the massy double arches of the Coliseum. I see him on the Montanvert, watching the keen icy Aiguille pierce the sunset. I see him on the blue Moselle, and, as the vessel floats on, dreaming of a still fairer river, and of still more radiant skies. I see him at Paris, in Père la Chaise, looking down on the little dome of the Invalides, blue in the distance. I see him where Schaffhausen thunders, and where St. Gothard glooms.

The Rev. Mr. Judkins once met Turner suddenly at Boulogne. He did not much like the "Why, who expected to see you here?" Mr. Judkins saw no more of him till just as he was leaving, when he caught a glimpse of him in a boat, bobbing off the shore, drawing in an anxious absorbed way, and heedless of all else. He also met him once on a Margate coach. They had, he found, been travelling together for some time. Mr. Judkins reproached him with his shyness, and Turner said, in fun, "Why, how could I venture to speak to a great divine?"

Mr. Wornum, an authority on the matter of dates, and dates alone, thinks Turner's first Continental tour was in 1801. He says, the aforenamed Mr. Newby Lowson, an amateur, accompanied the painter on this, or a subsequent journey. Turner suffered his company only on condition that he never sketched any view he himself chose. Turner did not show his companion a single sketch.

Turner got quite angry once when he was with Mr. Munro in the Valley of Aosta, at having painted a colour sketch instead of having used the pencil and got in more detail. He told him that to mix oil with water-colours was dangerous; and said he disliked to draw with pens because they were apt to splutter. He used to stick wafers on a picture to show the faults. He preferred to spit in his powder colours, says an eye-witness.

"Among Turner's later coloured sketches," says Mr. Ruskin, "there was one magnificent series of sketches made on or near that east and west reach of

the Rhine between Constance and Basle. Most of these were of Rheinfelden, Seckingen, Lauffenbourg, Schaffhausen, and the twin Baden."

We so seldom succeed in obtaining glimpses of Turner on his tours, that I gladly here insert two letters, showing him, in October and November, 1828, hard at work in quiet lodgings, at No. 12, the Piazza Mignanelli, Rome.

The letter to his old "fat" friend Chantrey, seems to me full of kindly fun and outspoken common sense. How whimsically he criticizes Gibson's superfluous Cupid, and *Thorwaldsten's* (spelt wrong, of course) love of animals.

To Francis Chantrey, R.A.

"No. 12, Piazza Mignanelli, Rome,
Nov. 6th, 1828.

"MY DEAR CHANTREY,—I intended long before this (but you will say, fudge) to have written; but even now, very little information have I to give you in matters of art, for I have confined myself to the painting department at Corso; and having finished *one*, am about the second, and getting on with Lord E.'s, which I began the very first touch at Rome; but as the folk here talked that I would show them *not*, I finished a small three feet four to stop their gabbling: so now to business.

"Sculpture, of course, first, for it carries away all the patronage, so it is said in Rome; but all seem to share in the good will of the patrons of the day. Gott's Studio is full. Wyatt and Rennie, Ewing, Buxton, all employed. Gibson has two groups in hand, 'Venus and Cupid;' and 'The Rape of Hylas,'

three figures, very forward, though I doubt much if it will be in time (taking the long voyage into the scale) for the Exhibition, though it is for England. Its style is something like 'The Psyche,' being two standing figures of nymphs leaning, enamoured, over the youthful Hylas, with his pitcher. The Venus is a sitting figure, with the Cupid in attendance; and if it had wings like a dove, to flee away and be at rest, the rest would not be the worse for the change. Thorwaldsten is closely engaged on the late Pope's (Pius VII.) monument. Portraits of the superior animal, man, is to be found in all. In some the inferior—viz., greyhounds and poodles, cats and monkeys, &c. &c. . . . .

"Pray give my remembrances to Jones and Stokes, and tell *him* I have not seen a bit of coal stratum for months. My love to Mrs. Chantrey, and take the same and good wishes of,

"Yours most truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

The letter to Mr. Jones is still more frank and characteristic. How capital his pretended fit of the spleen at seeing the white mountains out of which Chantrey had scooped so many thousands. How considerate his anxiety that his "people" at Queen Anne-street should not be alarmed by exaggerated reports of his illness.

To George Jones. R.A.

"Rome, Oct. 13th, 1828.

"DEAR JONES,—Two months nearly in getting to this Terra Pictura, *and at work;* but the length of

time is my own fault. I must see the South of France, which almost knocked me up, the heat was so intense, particularly at Nismes and Avignon; and until I got a plunge into the sea at Marseilles, I felt so weak that nothing but the change of scene kept me onwards to my distant point.

"Genoa, and all the sea-coast from Nice to Spezzia is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow, Chantrey, that I did think of him, *then* (but not the first or the last time) of the thousands he had made out of those marble craigs which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara.

"Sorry to hear your friend, Sir Henry Bunbury, has lost his lady. How did you know this? You will answer, of Captain Napier, at *Siena*. The letter announcing the sad event arrived the next day after I got there. They were on the wing—Mrs. W. Light to Leghorn, to meet Colonel Light, and Captain and Mrs. Napier for Naples; so, all things considered, I determined to quit instanter, instead of adding to the trouble.

"Hope that you have been better than usual, and that the pictures go on well. If you should be passing Queen Anne-street, just say I am well and in Rome, for I fear young Hakewell has written to his father of my being unwell; and may I trouble you to drop a line into the twopenny post to Mr. C. Heath, 6, Seymour-place, New Pancras Church, or send my people to tell him that, if he has anything to send me, to put it up in a letter (it is the most sure way of

its reaching me), directed for me, No. 12, Piazza Mignanelli, Rome, and to which place I hope you will send me a line. Excuse my troubling you with my requests of business. Remember me to all friends. So God bless you. Adieu.

(Signed) "J. M. W. TURNER."

Mr. Rippingille, when he was at Rome, inquired about Turner; he says: "No other country appears to have felt his kind of merit as it was felt at home, and in this we see the clue to Turner's great success and popularity. I do not find that in foreign countries Turner was at all esteemed. In a subsequent portion of his life Turner was in Rome, and there exhibited pictures which (no disgrace, I must say) won him no credit. At the time he was in the 'Eternal City,' an English tradesman was living there, who made a great to do, and sold English mustard; and when his namesake came and exposed his wares, the Romans, who are a peculiar class of jokers, proclaimed that one sold mustard, and the other painted it. Some intelligent Romans, with whom I talked, wondered that the English could be so devoid of taste as to admire and tolerate such extravagant productions."

There is a story told of Turner meeting a well-known water-colour painter on the Moselle, and fraternizing with him. He even went so far as to invite him to rather a handsome dinner, where the wine passed freely, as the comrades discussed the scenery with enthusiasm. At last it grew time to separate; with friendly farewells Turner and his guest parted.

The next morning the weaker vessel arose late. His first inquiry was if Mons. Turner had gone out sketching yet.

"Left for good at five o'clock this morning, and said you would settle both bills," was the petrifying answer.

Home of course returned the artist to give in the last *bulletin* of Turner's meanness, not seeing that the whole thing was a rough practical joke, and that no one would have enjoyed it more than Turner, had he himself been the victim.

Mr. Murray, the eminent publisher, met Turner twice: once at Dijon and once in the Tyrol. At the latter place he was paid much court to by a small official of the neighbourhood who had a taste for painting. A carriage was obtained, away went Turner and his *cicerone* to visit every rock worth seeing as a point of view in the valley of the Inn. But Turner took wise care to let the over-zealous and probably interested official pay for the carriage. One night he took his candle and wished Mr. Murray good night. The next morning he was off at daybreak, without any word at parting. It was eccentric, this abruptness; but, unless he had loaded Mr. Murray with professions of friendship, we see nothing in it at all insincere.

One day Mr. G. Jones, having discussed Turner's picture of the "Bay of Baiæ" with a traveller who had recently been there, was surprised to find that half the scene was Turner's sheer invention; upon which, in fun, Mr. Jones wrote on the frame,

"SPLENDIDA MENDAX."

Turner saw it, and laughed. His friend told him that where he had planted some hills with vineyards, there was nothing in reality but a few dry sticks. Turner smiled, and said it was all there, and that all poets were liars. The inscription remained on the frame of the picture for years; Turner never removed it.

Of all Turner's tours, we have most records of that which he took with Mr. Munro in 1836. The very circumstance that gave rise to the tour is a proof of the painter's almost womanly tenderness for those he really received into friendship. A great and serious depression of spirits had fallen on Mr. Munro, and it became gradually a burden he could not shake off. Turner proposed a sketching tour to divert his friend's mind into fresh channels. They started through a part of France which Turner wanted to visit, and after visiting Chamouni and Mont Blanc, which Turner had a great desire to see, they went by the Valley of Aosta into Italy, returning home afterwards by Turin.

Mr. Munro found that Turner enjoyed himself in his way—a sort of honest Diogenes way. He disliked teasing questions as to how he got this or that colour. On one occasion, in the Aosta Valley, Turner was dissatisfied with a sketch. He altered and sponged till the drawing got a sort of white greenness about it which was not pleasant. He got quite fretful about this, and began to abuse colour-sketching, saying, "I could have done twice as much with the pencil."

His first inquiry in the morning, when they started to sketch, was always, "Have you got the sponge?"

because it was with the sponge he obtained many of his misty and aërial effects.

He never rhapsodized about scenery, but set hard at work at some distance from Mr. Munro, silent, concentrated (and generally a good deal higher), so as to obtain more distance and more of a bird's-eye view. He took quick sketches, and then finished them afterwards quietly (by help of his tremendous memory) at the inn. He had a horror of what he said Wilson called "being too mappy." If you bore with his way, it was easy to get on very pleasantly with him; indeed, there was a sort of half resolution come to that Turner and Mr. Munro should visit the East together.

Turner used no maul-stick, his touch was so sure and decisive; his materials were of the rudest: brushes worn away to single hairs, and now trebly as valuable as when new. Turner's way of showing a kindness was peculiar; he seemed to put on a certain roughness, to conceal his real feelings. One day (I believe near Sallenche) he found Mr. Munro (who, by-the-bye, is an artist himself of the most refined taste) in some difficulty with a sketch. He did not appear to notice it, but growlingly took up a new drawing-pad that was lying near (the paper he himself used was of a rough kind, and generally wrinkled in the most uncomfortable way by repeated washes), and off he went to "see what he could do with it." He returned in about two hours with the paper squared into four sketches, each in a different stage of completion. This was evidently his rough, kind way of showing an amateur friend the way of

pushing forward a sketch. These sketches I have seen, and to me they seem invaluable. There are first rude pencilling loops for trees, and lines marking the horizon and chief masses. Then come brown dabs of marking-out colour, then washes for sky and water, till in the last sketch sapphire hills and touches of heaven seem breaking through the chaos, and every inch of colour is radiant with knowledge and beauty.

"I can't make anything of your paper," he said, and threw the four sketches down to his friend.

Some days after Turner either thought he had made too light of his own present, or remembered some special memorandum in it which he valued, or else was led astray by his love of accumulating; for he growlingly asked for the finished sketch back. Mr. Munro gave it, and rebought it in some way or other some years after. Perhaps, after all, he had never meant to give it, and delicacy had only kept him for a time from saying so.

It was in this tour Turner made a sketch which he afterwards turned into his picture (now in Mr. Munro's gallery) of the "Avalanche," one of his grandest and wildest flights of imagination.

When Mr. Munro gave Turner a commission for a view of modern Rome from a fine point that included the Tiber and some of the chief antiquities, the artist employed some time in looking for the place indicated, surprising Sir Charles Eastlake, who was with him, by his anxiety to discover some particular spot.

He had been particularly anxious as to what Mr. Munro wanted—"a copy" or an ideal picture. A

"copy" was asked for, and a copy he did; so faithful, indeed, has the painter been in this beautiful picture, that he has, even at some peril to his success, introduced in the left-hand foreground a long monotonous row of modern houses; but these he has so cleverly varied with slant shadows, that they become pleasing, and lead on the eye to where it should go—the matchless distance. It was, I believe, for this painting that Mr. Munro gave Turner his own price, only 300*l.*; for Turner said he would not raise the price beyond that of some other picture Mr. Munro had had. Turner was full of these punctilious notions of justice. Turner also went to Venice for Mr. Munro, insisting on his travelling expenses being paid. The commission was for a drawing; but when Turner came back, he brought a large ambitious painting, which Mr. Munro never much took to.

The artist was greatly mortified at seeing Mr. Munro's disappointment, and would not at first sell him the picture; but at last he consented. This picture Mr. Munro got tired of a few years ago, and sold for 3000*l.*

Another of the Turner pictures in Mr. Munro's collection is a view of the Forum, a beautiful work of genius —some black goats are in the cool grey foreground; but the church cupola at the left is rendered unpleasant by being painted in that mustardy yellow which furnished the wits of modern Rome with so many jokes. Another of Mr. Munro's pictures is the "Cicero's Villa;" and a third, the "Wreck Buoy,"—an early picture, on which Turner spent six laborious days, quite at the end of his life, much to Mr. Munro's

horror; but it came out gloriously with a whitened misty sky and a double rainbow.

The last special delight of Turner in foreign travels was the Lake of Lucerne and the scenery of Mount St. Gothard. Of these latter works Mr. Ruskin says:—

"The drawing of the St. Gothard was designed from a sketch taken in the year 1843; but with it was made another drawing. Turner made in that year a series of sketches taken in the neighbourhood of the Pass; among others, one of the Valley of Goldau, covered as it is by the ruins of the Rossberg. Knowing his fondness for fallen stones, I chose this Goldau subject as a companion to the St. Gothard.

"It is a subject which, like the St. Gothard, is far too full of detail to admit of reduction. [The engravers found Turner's pictures very unprofitable work, they were so full and so subtle.] It is, besides, more than usually difficult to translate this drawing into black and white, because much of the light on the clouds is distinguished merely by orange or purple colour from the green greys which, though not darker than the warm hues, have the effect of shade from their coldness, but cannot be marked as shade in the engraving without too great increase of depth. Enough, however, has been done to give some idea of the elements of Turner's design.

"Detailed accounts of the Rossberg Fall may be found in any ordinary Swiss Guide. The only points we have to notice respecting it are, that the mountain was composed of an indurated gravel disposed

in oblique beds sloping towards the valley. A portion of one of these beds gave way and half filled the valley beneath, burying five villages, together with the principal one of Goldau, and partly choking up a little lake, the streamlets which supplied it forming irregular pools among the fallen fragments. . . . . Turner has chosen his position on some of the higher heaps of ruin, looking down towards the Lake of Zug, which is seen under the sunset, the spire of the tower of Aart on its shore just relieved against the light of the waves.

"The Rossberg itself, never steep, and still more reduced in terror by the fall of a portion of it, was not available to him as a form explanatory of the catastrophe; and even the slopes of the Righi on the left are not, in reality, as uninterrupted in their slope as he has drawn them; but he felt the connexion of this structure with the ruin amidst which he stood, and brought the long lines of danger clear against the sunset, and as straight as its own retiring rays."

Turner had a profound sense of the tragic. The beautiful and the terrible were both at his command. His shipwrecks are full of terror, and from these he can pass away into sunshine, or leap up in a rainbow, and so scale heaven. Now he will watch children at play, and the same evening, perhaps, he will draw Rizpah guarding those shrouded skeletons beside the moon-lit barley-field.

"Turner's imagination was always instinctively in possession of those truths which lie deepest, and are most essentially linked together, in the expression of a scene."

Turner did not care for the mere prosaic fact of any place; he was no local topographer; he did not draw for the townsmen or villagers. What he tried to do was to crowd into one drawing all the salient features of the whole neighbourhood. He knew how limited art was, and he thus sought to extend its frontier. If a steeple is a hundred feet high, it is sometimes necessary to draw it three hundred, to convey the effect of its being one hundred.

"There are one or two points connected with them of yet more touching interest. They are the last drawings which Turner ever made with unabated power. The one of the St. Gothard, speaking with strict accuracy, is the last drawing; for that of the Goldau, though majestic to the utmost in conception, is less carefully finished, and shows, in the execution of parts of the sky, signs of impatience, caused by the first feeling of decline of strength. But the Goldau is still a noble companion to it—more solemn in thought, more sublime in colour, and, in certain points of poetical treatment, especially characteristic of the master's mind in earlier days. He was very definitely in the habit of indicating the association of any subject with circumstances of death, especially the death of multitudes, by placing it under one of his most deeply crimsoned sunset skies. The colour of blood is thus plainly taken for the leading tone in the storm-clouds above the Slave-ship. It occurs with similar distinctness in the much earlier picture of 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' in that of 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' and, subdued by softer hues, in 'The Old Téméraire.' The sky of this Goldau is, in its

scarlet and crimson, the deepest in tone of all that I know of Turner's drawings. Another feeling, traceable in several of his former works, is an acute sense of the contrast between the careless interests and idle pleasures of daily life, and the state of those whose time for labour, or knowledge, or delight, is passed for ever. There is evidence of this feeling in the introduction of the boys at play in the churchyard of Kirkby Lonsdale, and the boy climbing for his kite above the little mountain churchyard of Brignal-banks. It is in the same tone of thought that he has placed here the two figures fishing, leaning against these shattered flanks of rock—the sepulchral stones of the great mountain-field of Death.

"Another character of these twin drawings, which gives them especial interest as connected with our inquiries into mediæval landscape, is that they are precisely and accurately illustrative of the two principal ideas of Dante about the Alps. I have already explained the rise of the first drawing out of Turner's early study of 'The Male Bolge' of the Splugen and the St. Gothard. The Goldau, on the other hand, might have been drawn in purposeful illustration of the lines [of Dante] descriptive of a 'Loco Alpestro.'"

During some three years Turner was associated in the production of the "Rivers of France" with Mr. Leitch Ritchie. They travelled, however, very little in company; their tastes in everything but art being exceedingly dissimilar. "I was curious," says Mr. Ritchie, "in observing what he made of the objects he selected for his sketches, and

was frequently surprised to find what a forcible idea he conveyed of a place with scarcely a single correct detail. His exaggerations, when it suited his purpose to exaggerate, were wonderful; lifting up, for instance, by two or three stories, the steeple or rather stunted cone of a village-church; and when I returned to London, I never failed to roast him on this habit. He took my remarks in good part, sometimes indeed in great glee, never attempting to defend himself otherwise than by rolling back the war into the enemy's camp. In my account of the famous Gilles de Retz I had attempted to identify that prototype of 'Blue Beard' with the hero of the nursery story by absurdly insisting that his beard was so intensely black that it seemed to have a shade of blue. This tickled the great painter hugely, and his only reply to my bantering was, his little sharp eyes glistening the while, 'Blue Beard! Blue Beard! Black Beard.'"

While missing the true spirit of Italy, neither knowing deeply classical or mediæval history, while changing and perverting Venice, while robbing the Alps of their sharpness and even of their snows, Turner thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the hitherto despised scenery of France.

The feeling of association that some men derive from long reading was not strong in him; but certain places affected him deeply. France from childhood must have been much in his mind. It was our old steadfast enemy. Our victories over her land had been the subject of his conversation since he was a child. Napoleon's wonderful career had lent a deep

interest to France, and he wished to convey to Englishmen a sense of its outward aspect, for as yet it had had no landscape-painter.

On this subject Mr. Ruskin says:

"Of all foreign countries Turner has most entirely entered into the spirit of France; partly because here he found more fellowship of scene with his own England, partly because an amount of thought which will miss of Italy or Switzerland will fathom France, partly because there is in the French foliage and forms of ground much that is especially congenial with his own peculiar choice of form. To what cause it is owing I cannot tell, nor is it generally allowed or felt; but of the fact I am certain, that for grace of stem and perfection of form in their transparent foliage, the French trees are altogether unmatched; and their modes of grouping and massing are so perfectly and constantly beautiful, that I think, of all countries for educating an artist to the perception of grace, France bears the bell; and that not romantic nor mountainous France, not the Vosges, nor Auvergne, nor Provence; but lowland France, Picardy, and Normandy, the valleys of the Loire and Seine, and even the district so thoughtlessly and mindlessly abused by English travellers as uninteresting, traversed between Calais and Dijon; of which there is not a single valley but is full of the most lovely pictures, nor a mile from which the artist may not receive instruction; the district immediately above Sens being perhaps the most valuable, from the grandeur of its lines of poplars and the unimaginable finish and beauty of the tree-forms

in the two great avenues without the walls. Of this kind of beauty Turner was the first to take cognizance, and he still remains the only, but in himself the sufficient, painter of French landscape."

Mr. Ruskin ranks many of the subjects included in the "Rivers of France" among Turner's most successful works of the class, and refers to them as helping very materially to illustrate the principles of his art. We transcribe a few of his remarks:

"'Château Gaillard.' Black figures and boats; points of shade; sun touches on castle and wake of boat; of light. See how the eye rests on both, and observe how sharp and separate all the lights are, falling in spots edged by shadow, but not melting off into it.

"'Orléans.' The crowded figures supply both points of shade and light. Observe the delicate middle tint of both in the whole mass of buildings, and compare this with the blackness of Canaletti's shadows, against which neither figures nor anything else can ever tell as points of shade.

"'Blois.' White figures in boats, buttresses of bridge, dome of church on the right for light; woman on horseback, heads of boats, for shadow. Note especially the isolation of the light on the church dome. 'Château de Blois.' Torches and white figures for light; roof of chapel and monk's dresses for shade. 'Beaugency.' Sails and spire, opposed to buoy and boats. An exquisite instance of brilliant, sparkling, isolated touches of morning light. 'Amboise.' White sail and clouds; cypresses under castle. 'Château of Amboise.' The boat in the

centre, with its reflections, needs no comment. Note the glancing lights under the bridge. This is a very glorious and perfect instance.

"'St. Julien, Tours.' Especially remarkable for its preservation of deep points of gloom, because the whole picture is one of extended shade."

Mr. Ruskin enumerates, from the same series of plates, a few instances of chiaroscuro more especially deserving of study—namely, "Scene between Quillebœuf and Villequier;" "Honfleur;" "The Scene between Nantes and Vernon;" "The Lantern of St. Cloud;" "Confluence of the Seine and Marne;" and "Troyes." He also instances the following:—

"'Jumièges.' The haze of sunlit rain of this most magnificent picture, the gradual retirement of the dark wood into its depth, and the sparkling and evanescent light which sends its variable flashes on the abbey, figures, foliage, and foam, require no comment. They speak home at once. But there is added to this noble composition an incident which may serve us at once for a further illustration of the nature and forms of cloud, and, for a final proof, how deeply and philosophically Turner has studied them. We have on the right of the picture the steam and the smoke of a passing steamboat. Now steam is nothing but an artificial cloud in the process of dissipation; it is as much a cloud as those of the sky itself—that is, a quantity of moisture rendered visible in the air by imperfect solution. Accordingly, observe how exquisitely irregular and broken are its forms, how sharp and spray-like; but with the convex side to the wind, the sharp edge on that side, the

other soft and lost. Smoke, on the contrary, is an actual substance, existing independently in the air, a solid opaque body, subject to no absorption but that of tenuity. Observe its volumes; there is no breaking up or disappearing here; the wind carries its elastic globes before it, but does not dissolve nor break them. Equally convex and void of angles on all sides, they are the exact representations of the clouds of old masters, and serve at once to show the ignorance and falsehood of the latter, and the accuracy of study which has guided Turner to the truth."

Mr. Ruskin also instances the following subjects from plates contained in the before-mentioned volume as remarkable examples of the effects of light given by Turner:—"Beaugency," as representing the sun half-an-hour risen; cloudless sky. "Lantern of St. Cloud;" mid-day, serene and bright, with streaky clouds. "Amboise;" sun setting, detached, light cirri, and clear air. "Troyes;" sun setting, cloudless; new moon. "Caudebec;" sun just set; sky covered with clouds; new moon setting. "Montjean;" sun five minutes set, serene; new moon. "Château de Blois;" sun a quarter-of-an-hour set, cloudless. "Clairmont;" sun half-an-hour set; light cirri. "St. Julien, Tours;" an hour after sunset; no moon; torchlight. "Nantes;" the same hour, moon rising. "Calais;" midnight; moonless, with lighthouses. He also refers, for instances of a grand simplicity of treatment, to Honfleur, and the scene between Clairmont and Mauves; the latter more especially for its expression of the furrowing of the hills by descending water, the com-

plete roundness and symmetry of their curves, and the delicate and sharp shadows which are cast in the undulating ravines. He cites "Caudebec" as an example of the mode by which the height of the observer above the river is indicated by the loss of the reflections on the banks.

The illustrations to Rogers's "Italy" have never since been equalled. Turner's best work is there engraved in the best manner and on the costliest paper. The figures and animals—such as the banditti, the dogs, and the monks, the boating party on Como, the goats on the Campagna, are among the best he ever drew. The Alps and Lake of Geneva, his Moonlight, and his Rome, are all quite gems. All that he liked to do best he seems to have done then. The Moonlight is serener, the Rome more solid, the Venice more fairy-like than any one else's Rome, Venice, or Moonlight.

CHAPTER XIII.

TURNER'S WORK FOR THE ENGRAVERS.

THERE were so few good engravers in England in 1703, that to procure plates for his folio Cæsar, Tonson had to go to Holland in search of artists.*

In George II.'s reign, Vandergucht and Faber, the one a Fleming, the other a Dutchman, engraved a few plates; but in 1725, the thirteen octavo volumes of Rapin's "History of England," translated by Tindal and illustrated with George Virtue's portraits, drew much attention to home-born talent. In 1732, a folio edition was published in weekly numbers, and sold by thousands.

To this followed Picart's "Religious Ceremonies of all Nations," illustrated by Gavelot and Scotin; whom Hogarth also employed, together with Ravenel, Grignon, and Walker. In 1719, Dorigny completed his plates from Raphael's Cartoons; and in 1751, Messrs. Knapton published a series of historical prints

* Our earlier engravers were — Faithorne, who died 1691; Whister, who died 1704; Smith (mezzotint), who died 1720; Boydell, born 1719, died 1804; Strange, born 1721, died 1792; Basire, born 1730, died 1802; Ryland, born 1732, died 1783; Woollett, born 1755, died 1785; Sharp, born 1740, died 1824; Rooker, born 1748, died 1801.

after the English artists Hayman and Blakely; in the same reign Dubosc brought out "The Battle of Blenheim;" and Pine his copies of "The Tapestry in the House of Lords." In fact, between 1740 and 1750 engraving began to develope English talent; mezzotint portraits became common, and the print-sellers commenced to exhibit likenesses of distinguished characters.

Illustrated editions of English works now increased in number, and the magazines rivalled each other in their engravings and increased the taste for art. Hayman, who decorated Vauxhall, drew much for the booksellers at two guineas a drawing; the inferior artists received only one; though Lownes, the publisher, gave Wale for each of his designs to "Clarissa Harlowe" half-a-crown extra. Hayman illustrated Moore's "Fables," 1744; Hanmer's "Shakspeare," 1744; and Milton's Works, 1749.

Gravelot also drew antiquities, designed for upholsterers, and illustrated books between 1735 and 1745. His best work is the "Decamerone," 1757—a work published, however, after his return to France.

In 1741, Boydell, a young English engraver, began to publish a series of views in and about London, the size folio, the price one shilling; they were placed for sale in toy-shop windows. Encouraged by success, he extended his tours all through England and Wales between 1741 and 1755.

From 1780, Rooker, Ryland, Strange, and Woollett began to get patronage. In 1751, Strange commenced his series of copies from the old masters: in 1752, the year that Reynolds returned from abroad,

and Zuccarelli came to live in England, Knapton and Dodsley published some historical prints.

Then Dalton employed in his work on Greece and Egypt the talent of Messrs. Basile, Mason, Chatelain, and Vivares. In 1753, Cipriani came to England; and in 1755, the year Wilson returned from Italy, Stuart returned from Greece, and commenced a folio work on Athens, illustrated with engravings by Basile, Rooker, Strange, Walker, Grignon, &c.

In 1754, through the exertions of Mr. W. Shipley, a Northamptonshire gentleman, a Society for the Encouragement of Art was founded in London, in imitation of one founded by Dr. Madden in Dublin in 1740. About 1775, Mr. Wedgwood, the Staffordshire potter, began to introduce high art into ceramic manufacture.

Among the early engravers we may reckon Mr. F. Legat, a Scotchman, and pupil of Runciman; he engraved for Boydell Northcote's "Children in the Tower," Stothard's "Fall of Abercromby," West's "King, Queen, and Laertes," "Cassandra," after Romney, and the "Death of Cordelia" after Barry; he died of disappointment in 1809. Mr. Hall, a pupil of Ravenet, who engraved West's picture of Penn's "Treaty with the Indians," and West's picture of "Cromwell dissolving the Parliament," &c., and became historical engraver to George III. Robert Strange, chiefly an engraver of the old masters, born 1721, died 1772. Vivares, a Frenchman, at first a tailor, a beautiful etcher of trees, often assisted by Châtelain, who lived in Great Newport-street; he was born 1709 and died 1780. And last, yet first

of all, Woollett, who engraved Wilson's "Niobe;" he was born at Maidstone 1735, and died 1785. He also engraved the "Phaeton," "Celadon and Amelia," "Ceyx and Alcyone." Gavelot, who kept a drawing-school in the Strand, also drew for Grignon. Mac Ardell engraved much for Reynolds, and also fine mezzotints of Hogarth's "Captain Coram." Luke Sullivan, who etched the "March to Finchley," was also a miniature-painter; he died in poverty. Nor must we forget the unfortunate Sherwin, who engraved portraits of Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Siddons, and others.

For the "Death of General Wolfe," 1776, Woollett received some 6000*l.* or 7000*l.*, participating in the profits of the publisher; nor was the "Battle of La Hogue," published in 1781, less popular. They were both copied in Paris and Vienna. The mezzotintos of Earlom helped to swell the 200,000*l.* received by the English in one year for engravings from foreign customers.

Now the topographical works became more numerous, and began to improve in merit. Artists were few, especially landscape artists, and of those artists also there were few cared to go and see nature. The brown tree, the upas-tree of art, grew in every studio. Spring and autumn had never yet been painted; green grass was despised as mere salad; the real high-art grass was the colour of an old violin.

In 1780 illustrated works took a great stride forward in the shape of Harrison's "Novelist's Magazine." For the former, Stothard's first drawing was one for "Joseph Andrews," for which he got

half-a-guinea; for later drawings he received a guinea. For engraving one of these, Heath received five guineas.

From about 1780, Heath stood high among English line-engravers, and after the French Revolution, arose Raimbach and Warren. It is not known exactly when steel engraving superseded copper, but Mr. Pye tells us that in 1811 Mr. Raimbach engraved a steel plate for the Bank of England, and that steel engraving was then a proved thing.

The following record of engravers' prices is valuable:—For Deroveray's plates after Westall and others, sixteen and twenty guineas each; Mr. Warren twenty, and Mr. Heath eighteen; for "Sharpe's Classics," 1803, fifteen guineas each, but eighteen to Bromley, Raimbach, and Warren; two plates by Mr. P. Sharpe, in the "Spectator," twenty guineas each; the "Rival Beauties," by Parker, twenty-five guineas; Mr. Warren received for "The Heiress," and "Dr. Sangrado," in "Inchbald's Theatre," after Smirke, thirty guineas each; for the plates in "The Arabian Nights," after Smirke, thirty-eight guineas each; for the "Broken Jar," after Wilkie, fifty guineas. Raimbach received for his four beautiful plates for "Suttaby's Spectator," after Stothard, one hundred guineas; for the plates for the "World," twenty-five guineas; for Smirke's "Don Quixote," fifty guineas; Cook, for the illustrations to his edition of the Poets, gave but six or seven guineas each.

In 1786, Boydell, growing wealthy, determined to encourage historical painting by publishing by subscription a series of prints illustrative of Shakspearian scenes. The pictures painted for the work were ex-

hibited in a gallery built expressly for them in Pall Mall (now the British Institution).*

For this collection Northcote painted his "Death of Wat Tyler," and Reynolds his "Robin Goodfellow," the "Vestal Tuccia," the "Holy Family," the "Gleaner," "Cardinal Beaufort," and the "Caldron Scene in Macbeth."

Among the artists employed by Boydell were the following:—

Smirke.	Angelica Kauffman.	Wilson.
Hamilton.	Beechey.	Stothard.
Reynolds.	Hodges.	Northcote.
Howard.	Highmore.	Opie.
Farington.	Westall.	Romney.
West.	Fuseli.	Hearne.
Barry.	Wheatley.	

And among engravers:—

M'Ardell.	Heath.	Chatelain.
Woollett.	Schiavonetti.	Grignon.
Fittler.	Hall.	Bartolozzi.
Mason.	Ravenel.	Earlom.
Baron.	Carnot.	Brown.
Sharpe.	J. Smith.	Vivares.
Middiman.	Val. Green.	Aliamet.
Byrne.	Picot.	

In 1803 Messrs. Boydell published a catalogue of the plates which formed their stock, and which ran to forty-eight volumes.

In 1804 Boydell obtained the sanction of Parlia-

* After Boydell's enterprise followed Macklin's "Illustrations of the Poets of the Bible," and Bowyer's "Illustrations of the History of England."

ment to dispose of his art property by lottery. The gallery fell to the share of Mr. Tassie, modeller, of Leicester-square, lately deceased (1861). Boydell had spent 500,000*l.* in plates for prize prints, 46,266*l.* in pictures and drawings, and 30,000*l.* in the Shakspeare Gallery.

The lottery was drawn in 1805. Mr. Boydell died 1804.

In 1811, the bequest of the Desenfans pictures to Dulwich College by Sir Francis Bourgeois, helped much to advance English art. In 1819, Mr. J. O. Robinson purchased the stock of the late Messrs. Boydell, and in connexion with Mr. Hurst carried on the trade of print-sellers and publishers. In 1822 they entered into an agreement with Sir Thomas Lawrence to give him 5000*l.* per annum for the exclusive privilege of engraving plates from his pictures. For the right of engraving the portrait of the Duke of York, the two children called "Nature" (by G. D. Doo), the "Little Red Ridinghood" (by Lane), and the portrait of George the Fourth (by Finden), with two or three others never finished, they paid Sir Thomas 10,000*l.* From Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, who purchased Messrs. Hurst and Robinson's stock in 1825, Wilkie received 1200 guineas for the right of engraving the "Chelsea Pensioners," painted for the Duke of Wellington.

About 1824, the frivolous keepsake mania, though originating mere literary confectionery, gave an impetus to modern art. Keepsakes are said to have originated in an idea suggested by Mr. Alaric Watts, a small poet, and the editor of a Manchester paper.

He proposed to Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, Sir Walter Scott's London publishers, to start an annual volume (half art, half literature), in imitation of the German pocket-books. Scott, Byron, Lady Blessington, Mrs. Shelley, Wordsworth, Southey, Praed, &c., were to contribute; Turner, Leslie, Newton, Stothard, Alston, Lawrence, Collins, Danby, and Martin were to furnish drawings; Hall, Finden, Watt, Goodall, and Pye, were to engrave. The "Literary Souvenir" appeared in 1824; the "Amulet" and "Keepsake" followed, the latter lasting ten years, and ceasing in 1834. Thousands of these ephemera were sold.

It is said some 50,000*l.* were spent by a single speculator on these elegant trifles. The engravers received some 150*l.* and 200*l.* each.

The authors at last finding that these butterflies injured the Christmas sale of their books, clubbed to put them down. Of some editions of these annuals, as many as 14,000, it is said, were sold.

Like all great movers of the world, Turner was born exactly at the right moment. The planets were in due conjunction over his house of life. Illustrated books began to be popular just as Turner's talent began to be known.

We have already shown that in 1778, when he was three years old, appeared "Hearne and Byrne's Antiquities," some of which, as a boy, he copied and revised. In 1779 appeared Harrison's "Novelist's Magazine," which Stothard, a young apprentice to a Spitalfields pattern-drawer, began to illustrate with great elegance and poetry. Then came out in

rivalry "Paul Sandby's Views," the "Virtuoso's Museum," "Watt's (one of Hearne's engravers) Views of Gentlemen's Seats," "Milton's Views in Ireland," "Middiman's Views," and in 1782, Bell's illustrated edition of the "British Poets." Turner was then eight years old.

In 1793, Turner being then eighteen, he was engaged for Walker, and at his expense made his earliest tours to Kent, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire.

We have already shown that Turner was a bitterly disappointed man. He had been cruelly frustrated in love, and his nature was one that could not forget. In art, too, he had had hard struggles. His oil pictures did not sell at first; the engravings from his works were unlucky. The "Liber" was stopped because it was at first partially a failure. His plates to the "History of Richmondshire" were a great loss to the publishers. Was it any wonder he first learnt to despise a public who could not understand his genius, and would have let him starve had he been less fertile in resources? Even his very drawing-lessons failed. An authority says:—

"The plates from 'Cologne' and 'Dover' were not successful; whilst Whitaker's 'History of Richmondshire,' containing twenty engravings from some of the finest of his designs, entailed a heavy loss on its proprietors. All these works, however, are now sought for with the greatest avidity, and fetch, when the impressions are really good, prices greatly beyond their original value."

A review of Mr. Stokes's elaborate index of the

engravings from Turner presents some view of his art progress, when taken in conjunction with his paintings, and they show us how far his fame as a painter was preceded by his reputation spreading by his engravings.

In 1794, when Turner is nineteen, he is drawing Rochester and Chepstow for Walker's "Copper-plate Magazine;" his tours have been as yet chiefly in the home counties and on the coast, and in Wales. In 1795 he makes drawings of Nottingham, Bridge-north, Matlock, and Birmingham, for the same periodical; the Tower of London, and Cambridge, for the "Pocket Magazine;" and Worcester and Guildford for Messrs. Harrison; in the next year, 1796 (aged twenty-one), for that and other magazines, from previous tours he makes drawings of Chester, Leith, Peterborough, Tunbridge, Bath, Staines, Bristol, Wallingford, and Windsor. In 1797 (aged twenty-two), he sketches in Flint, Herefordshire, and Lincolnshire; and the first illustrations of his to a really topographical work appear ("Views in the County of Lincoln").

In 1798 (aged twenty-three) appear in the "Itinerant" his Sheffield and Wakefield; and in 1799 (aged twenty-four), when illustration-work seems unusually scarce with him, he begins the first of his nine years' drawings for the "Oxford Almanac." In 1800 (aged twenty-five), work comes with a rush, and he furnishes numerous drawings of abbeys and gentlemen's mansions to Angus's "Seats" and Whittaker's "Parish of Whalley."

In 1801 Turner contributes his only drawing to

the "Beauties of England and Wales; and in 1803, contributes to Byrne's "Britannia Depicta."

In 1807 (aged thirty-two), no doubt finding work scarce, Turner issued the first volume of his "Liber Studiorum," and did little else till 1812, when he contributed a drawing of Fountains Abbey to Whitaker's "History of Craven."

In the meantime, Turner had become sufficiently known to venture on single plates engraved from his drawings. The first was "Brocklesby Mausoleum;" the next was "Dunster Castle" (1800, aged twenty-five). This was a great step.

It was not, however, till 1814 (aged thirty-nine) with Cooke's "Southern Coast," that Turner had really ample illustration-work and full scope for his ambition. The first number contained the following drawings:—"St. Michael's Mount," "Poole," "Land's End," "Weymouth," and "Lulworth Cove." This work employed him regularly till 1826.

In the meantime he had begun to progress. In 1820 and 1821 Turner contributed some of his finest works to Whitaker's "History of Richmond." Of this series the most matchless are the "Ingleborough" and the "High Force;" the "Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard" and the "Wycliffe;" the "Junction of the Greta and Tees;" and the "Hardraw Fall" (engraved by that inimitable engraver, Mr. John Pye).

In 1820 Turner completed his drawings from camera-obscura sketches for Hakewell's "Picturesque Tour in Italy." These studies probably first led Turner's mind to Italy. The drawings are careful, but rather

blue in tone (1820, aged forty-five). One of them was privately published on a large scale by Mr. Allnutt, the purchaser.

In 1824 appeared Turner's "Rivers of England," published by W. B. Cooke, including the "Norham Castle," which he always considered the turning-point of his success. In 1827 he began his "England and Wales," worn out, I believe, by the exactions and petty tyranny of W. B. Cooke. This series lasted eleven years. The alphabetic plan of the series indicated that desire for comprehensive unity that specially distinguished Turner's mind. When his later Venetian pictures were bought, he was always saying, "What do people want with such scraps?" His desire in the "Liber" had been to epitomize all landscape ideals; his desire in the "England and Wales" was to epitomize all the beauties of his own country.

In 1826 Turner took a higher flight, and proceeded from sketches, not always very correct, to illustrate the greatest poet of the age, Lord Byron, for Murray's octavo edition (the "Athens" is specially bad); and in 1833, he contributed some similar drawings for Finden's "Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Byron." In 1826 were also published Scott's "Provincial Antiquities," with thirteen illustrations by Turner. His coadjutor was Thomson, the Edinburgh painter, whom I have occasion often to mention in my chapter on Turner's Scotch tours.

In 1829, Turner executed several drawings of Fonthill for the "Anniversary;" and from 1828 to 1837 he began a series of nine years' drawings for

the "Keepsake," beginning with "Florence," and ending with "The Sea—the Sea." About this time, I think, appeared his very unequal engravings to Finden's "Illustrations of the Bible."

In 1830 and 1834 Turner executed some of his most charming drawings for Rogers's beautiful edition of his "Italy;" and in the latter year, those for his complete "Poems." In the "Mont St. Bernard," the figures were by Stothard, and the dogs by E. Landseer. The moonlight in the "Villa Madonna" is steeped in the most delicious poetry; the figures in the "Scene with Banditti" are full of spirit.

Nor does this vast area of industry and genius comprise all the engravings from Turner's pictures and drawings. In my Index will be found a long list of subscription plates; among which the "Dido and Æneas," the "Caligula's Bridge," the "Mercury and Herse," the "Crossing the Brook," the "Ancient and Modern Italy," the "Cologne" and "Ehrenbreitstein," the "Golden Bough," the "Lake of Narni," and several Venetian pictures, are conspicuous. To these we must add a long series of single plates.

In 1834 appeared his further illustrations to Byron's works; and the same year a long series of Scotch and French landscapes in the edition of Scott's "Prose and Poetical Works" published by Cadell of Edinburgh.

1833-4-5 the annual tours of Turner comprised the rivers of France, including châteaux, bridges, and towers innumerable. In 1835 appeared his seven illustrations to Macerone's edition of Milton's works, the least successful of all his book illustrations. In

1837 he illustrated Campbell's works; and in 1839, Moore's novel of the "Epicurean" (also feeble, strained, and misunderstood).

In 1836-7, Turner had prepared for the engraver some careful drawings of views in India, from sketches by Lieutenant White.

The single plates commenced with the "Brocklesby Mausoleum," "Norham Castle," and "Ivy Bridge," 1827, and ended with a frontispiece for "Pilgrim's Progress," in 1847.

There are also some mezzotintos after Turner, such as "Whiting-fishing off Margate," the "Eddystone Lighthouse," the "Wreck of the Minotaur," the "Wreck," a "Shipwreck," and the "Burning Mountain" (engraved in colours).

To all these works we must add, the "Ports of England," and "Views in Sussex."

It is this constant issue of engravings that was the real secret of Turner's wealth, and of the two cart-loads of proofs that he left behind him. From some of his engravings he must have reaped large sums. No one knows, moreover, how many of the "Liber" were sold; probably at least three times as many copies as the "coppers" ought to have produced.

CHAPTER XIV.

TURNER'S ART LIFE. (PART I.)

TURNER'S first drawing exhibited at the Royal Academy was hung up in the humble room set apart for sculpture and drawings, miniatures and models in wax. The "Rising Squall, Hot Wells," was one of the earliest pictures that made critics think that a new poet had arisen.

In 1793 Turner went to make a drawing for Walker at Rochester, and soon after began his first oil-picture. In 1794 he contributed drawings to several works; and in 1796, his picture of Sheffield obtained loud praise from the critics; including, I believe, the bitter, but generally just art-satirist, (Pasquin) Williams.

Up to 1799 (his Associateship year) Turner had exhibited sixty-two pictures, forty of these had been architectural, the rest British topography and landscape. His first subject picture was "Fishermen at Sea," 1796. Of his thirteen exhibited religious pictures, the "Plague of Egypt," 1798, was the first: while of his thirty-seven mythological, "Jason" led the way.

One of Turner's earliest drawings was of the

Pantheon after the fire (1792). The Pantheon had been used for masquerades, and also as a theatre and an opera-house. The drawing represents the ruins of the front wall and portico. It is coloured in a dry manner, and the holes, once windows, are hung with icicles.

The "Moonlight at Millbank," exhibited 1797, when Turner was twenty-two, was his first exhibited oil-picture, as "Lambeth Palace" has been his first water-colour drawing. Anxious to avoid being too transparent and slight in manner, his early oil-pictures were dark and heavy. The next year he appeared with "Coniston Fells," evidently a great painter. His other picture of 1797 was hung in the ante-room with his four architectural drawings. As early as the age of thirteen, Turner had been copying pictures of Morland in oil.

Turner's diploma picture was "Dolbadern," imitative of Wilson's breadth, yet full of the grand solemnity of evening. In the "Dunstanborough Castle" "the run-in of the dancing water," bright with the sunrise, shows an originality that no mere imitator could give.

But before I proceed further, let me divide Turner's art life into three periods.

Mr. Ruskin divides Turner's art life in the following way, and the division cannot be gainsaid:—

In Turner's *first period*, 1800 to 1820, he laboured as a student, imitating various old masters.

In his *second period*, 1820 to 1835, he worked on the principles of art he had discovered as a student, doing what the theories of art then required, and pro-

ducing beautiful ideal compositions instead of mere transcripts of nature.

In the *third period*, 1835 to 1845, he abandoned the ideal, reproducing his own simple impressions of nature, and associating them with his own deepest feelings.

In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight began to fail. The pictures of the last five years of his life (he died in 1851) are of wholly inferior value.

In his *first period*, the pictures are notable for a grey or brown colour, and for a sometimes heavy touch. Turner is more anxious for form than colour; the colours are simple and few, and laid on unskilfully. His colour was sober because he was studying sober-coloured landscapes, and as the touch of them was heavy, so was his touch; but he imitated without copying. He did not copy Vandervelde, but went to the sea and painted it in the Vandervelde way; so that by degrees he learnt to paint truer than Vandervelde.

Second Period.—In 1823 came his "Bay of Baiæ," which shows a change to the second period. The chief characteristics of this period are colour instead of grey, refinement instead of force, quantity instead of mass. His light is now as near the brightness of real light as possible; his shadow, not of one colour, but of various colours. He tries now for delicacy and tenderness of contrast instead of violence. He also finds that no one had yet given the quantity of nature. The drawings of this period, when not painted for display, are "faultless and magnificent."

The splendour and gladness of the world, not its humiliation and pain, are now his chief object.

Third Period.—There is less mechanical effort, less pride in new discoveries and less ambitious accumulation, more deep imaginative delight and quiet love of nature. Sometimes in defiance of critics, conscious of power, he painted only to astonish. The figures are chalky in the face, and scarlet in the reflected lights. After 1840 no more foliage is well painted, and it rarely occurs in any prominent mass.

Speaking of Turner's third style, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"Another notable characteristic of this third period is that, though his mind was in a state of comparative repose, and capable of play at idle moments, it was in its depth infinitely more serious than heretofore; nearly all the subjects on which it dwelt having now some pathetic meaning. Formerly he painted the 'Victory' in her triumph; but now the 'Old Téméraire' in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the Ducal Palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Life of Vandervelde, now the Burial of Wilkie.

"Lastly, though in most respects this is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline. As we have seen, in each former phase of his efforts, that the full character was not developed till about its central year; so in this last, the full character was not developed till the year 1840, and that character involved, in the very fulness of its imaginative

beauty, some loss of distinctness, some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and, as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. These several deficiencies, when they happen to be united in one of the fantasies struck out during retouching days at the Academy, produce results which, at the time they appeared, might have justified a regretful criticism."

PICTURES OF HIS FIRST PERIOD, 1800 TO 1820.

This summary of Turner's art-career contains comments on the National Collection chiefly, as being most typical.

One of the earliest pictures in the Turner Gallery is "Moonlight, a Study at Milbank," a view of the Thames looking east; a low-toned lamplight effect, formed on Dutch theories, but painted from a real live moon. It is singular that a little west of the spot where the view is taken, near Cremorne Pier, is the cottage in which the painter died fifty-five years afterwards. How little the hopeful young genius thought of the old worn-out man who would die in the adjacent cottage long years after!

In 1797 Turner was probably at the Lakes; for in 1798 he exhibited "Buttermere Lake, with part of Cromach Water," a rainbow breaking through a shower and arching over the golden mist. Already the painter was ambitious of daring atmospheric effects.

Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads" (to which Coleridge contributed the "Ancient Mariner," the dawn of a new school of poetry) appeared this year, when

Turner was twenty-three years old. The two first cantos of "Childe Harold" not till 1812. Byron was born 1788, thirteen years after Turner.

About 1800 (or probably a year or so before) Turner painted his mountain scene with a castle on a hill in the middle distance, and a man angling in a stream in the foreground, the scene perhaps in Wales, where he painted so many "Castle and Mountain Scenes."

To this period, as well as to any other, we may assign the painting of "Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah, watching the dead Bodies of her Sons," at harvest-time, guarding them by day from the vulture, and by night from the wolf. Turner was fond of this touching story, and it was engraved with some alterations in the "Liber Studiorum."

"The Sandpit, with two cows on a bank and two men by a fire," to parallel the quietness, is of I know not what date; nor can I affix a certain date to the unexhibited "Squally Weather," with a vessel stranded near a jetty, and boats in the foreground.

Mr. White, of Brownlow-street, possesses a picture exhibited by Turner in 1801, when he was working hard to rival Vandervelde, and to become a great marine painter, with all the ardour and sensitive ambition of the man. The picture is called "Dutch Boat in a Gale; Fishermen putting Fish on Board." His greatest works at this time were all marine. The Duke of Bridgewater had just bought a large Vandervelde, the "Rising of a Storm," and the praise of this picture roused Turner, as the cackle about Claude

led him afterwards to begin the "Liber," and to paint the Carthaginian pictures. The Dutch picture contained a packet, three boats, three ships, a hard, flat, inky sky, and sails in sunshine to contrast. Turner was determined to be larger, more boisterous and more real. He gives us a misty sky, heavy, louring clouds, a real muddy sea, one enormous line of wave, and a beam of light pointing out a distant vessel. The ships are the heavy one-masted Dutch galliots once common on the Thames. The three Dutch men-of-war signal with their colours to the distant coast.

In 1800 Turner entered classical ground, to break a lance with Claude: the firstfruit is Æneas meeting the Cumæan Sibyl near her cave at Lake Avernus, before he enters Hell to pluck the mystic golden bough, in order that, armed with that talisman, he may consult his dead father, Anchises. Turner could have no special interest in the legends of the "Æneid;' but he painted from them because the old masters had done so, and he was still in the chrysalis state of imitation.

"The Slaying of the First-born," at that terrible midnight in Egypt, has a strong element of grandeur: the figures are by no means bad; but the subject, after all, was not adapted for the painter's genius. The same year he exhibited another Poussin subject, far grander in imagination, "Jason in Search of the Golden Fleece." Medea has drugged the monster dragon, of whom one gigantic coil alone is visible among the rocks, bushes, and shattered tree-trunks above the cavern, which, by-the-bye, too much resembles the Cloaca Maxima at Rome. This is one

of Turner's most imaginative works; there is a fine sense of terror and danger and adventure in Jason's stealthy creep, and in the mystery thrown about the dragon and St. George, or Jason, whichever it is.

The Turner Gallery contains no picture that is with certainty known to have been painted in 1801, but 1802 yielded a full harvest. In that year he painted the portrait of himself in evening dress, a life-size bust portrait, showing traces of his Reynolds experiences. He exhibited, too, the "Tenth Plague of Egypt," afterwards engraved for the "Liber Studiorum," an ambitious picture. At the same time probably he painted, for he exhibited at the same time, "Morning on the Coniston Fells, Lancashire" (now quoting Milton, as he had before quoted Thomson). This is a hilly landscape, with a mountain torrent and grey and mellow golden mists. Escaping from the city life, he had been revelling in the fells and mountain lakes of more northern England.

In 1803, Turner exhibited his "Holy Family" (the Virgin and Child, with Joseph reposing in the open air); a bad imitation of Reynolds; an uninteresting picture, except as showing the extraordinary daring and versatility of the painter's mind, and his uncertainty as yet in what road to direct his genius.

The same year Turner exhibited his celebrated picture of "Calais Pier" (the English packet arriving, and French fishermen preparing to put to sea).

This effect of black and stormy sky, with one glimpse only of blue, was the result of Turner's first Continental tour. He may have seen such an effect

as he arrived in the daily cutter from Dover, after six hours' chopping sea. There was no column to celebrate Louis XVIII. landing (1814) then. There were no steamers yet, nothing but a little wooden jetty leading to Hogarth's Gate, where the herring and mackerel boats are putting off. The blue peep of sky is too hard and bright, say the critics; there is too much wave for a harbour sea, and too many drenched touters to the right; but, nevertheless, the picture is a splendid one, and there is a fine purposeless anger and restlessness about the foreground sea. The figures, too, are good and full of thought, especially the complaining fisherman, who holds up deprecatingly to his wife the only half-filled bottle of brandy. In the distance is a brig at anchor, with one sail white in the sunshine. Turner was always fond of Calais, from grateful recollection, I suppose, of his traveller's joy at first landing in the new world. This picture was engraved by Mr. Lupton; but the painter altered and altered it till it was spoiled, so it was never published.

The "Vintage of Macon" is marked on the back, in Turner's own handwriting, "This picture not to be taken off the canvas." Mr. Seguier told Mr. Burnet that Turner had the greatest horror of the picture being lined, having commenced it with sized colours on an unprimed cloth. "It is now of a deep rich tone," says Mr. Burnet, "although when first painted it was coloured with the most vivid greens and yellows."

This his first picture after his first Continental tour was an evident imitation of Claude, but is not so

pure, serene, and calm; it is black and cold in colour, learned, laboured, and imposing in its masses, and in the general effect of its composition. It was exhibited in 1803 (the tour was in 1802), and was painted for the first Lord Yarborough, grandfather of the present lord. Turner also painted for him "The Wreck of the Minotaur on the Haak Sands," in 1810.

About 1805 Turner painted the "Destruction of Sodom." Lot and his family leave the burning City of the Plain at the moment the guilty curiosity of Lot's wife is punished by her being turned into a pillar of salt. The subject was unsuited for the painter's genius, and one only wonders it is so respectable in execution. The same year he painted "Fishing Boats" (bought in 1853 for 1250 guineas by F. T. Rufford, Esq., of Prescot House, Stourbridge). There is a beautiful repose about this scene, with its smooth shore, anchor on the sands, wooden jetties, and roll of majestic breakers.

In 1805 Turner also painted his more celebrated picture, never exhibited, the "Shipwreck," for Sir John Fleming Leicester, afterwards Lord de Tabley, which C. Turner, J. Burnet, and F. Fielding afterwards engraved. This great picture was exchanged by Sir John for the "Sun rising in a Mist," now in the National Gallery, Lady Leicester having lost a favourite nephew at sea, and being unable to bear the associations the scene called up. The painter has represented a large Indiaman becoming a wreck, while fishing-boats endeavour to rescue the crew. The wreck is labouring in a frightful sea. In the

foreground are three boats, not by any means out of danger, and crowded with frightened, huddled groups of men and women. Some of the passengers are dropping from the bowsprit into the boat; the boat, in danger, is partly hidden by a wave. The broken rudder floats by on the dark and dirty water, which is opaque and cordy, and of a uniform grey, as if seen from a distance through rain and mist. The figures are admirably composed, and the objection of nobody looking wet is of no great weight, since coarse woollen sea-cloths have not a refractive surface, wet or dry. No marine painter ever painted with so sailor-like a mind as Turner.

When Admiral Bowles saw the "Wreck of the Minotaur" at the British Institution, he said, "No ship or boat could live in such a sea." This was just the sea Turner intended to paint.

Turner went down to Portsmouth in 1805, to see the Trafalgar fleet return. He was always half a sailor in heart, and his eye must have expanded at the noble sight that for the time erased all memories of petty cares and drove all selfish fears from men's hearts.

In 1806* Turner returned to the classics, and exhibited his "Goddess of Discord showing the Apple of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides." Mr. Wornum, an excellent authority on technicalities, calls this "the best classical picture of the English school." To me it seems full of knowledge and art, but very purposeless and uninteresting, besides being very

* This year the British Institution opened in the Boydell Gallery, Pall Mall, an exhibition-room built on the site of Dodsley's house. The sculpture over the door is by Banks.

dark; the figures, too, are rather sketchy, and hardly bear the prominence that is given them.

The story is hardly worth remembering how the three daughters of Hesperus dwelt in a garden in North Africa, keeping charge of the tree of golden apples (oranges?), the gift of Earth and Juno. On her wedding-day, aided by the dragon Ladon, Discord, not being invited to the marriage of Thetis, obtained one of these apples, in order to spread war among the gods. The decision of Paris and the destruction of Troy were the results of this visit to the somewhat brown and dingy garden. The dragon lying along the summit of the rock Mr. Ruskin thinks a wonderful creation of the imagination. To me it seems that his jaws are thin, brittle, and powerless—not nearly so terrible as those of the alligator. It is said that Turner drew this monster from a stuffed dragon constructed for a London Christmas pantomime.

In 1806 Turner painted the "Falls of Schaffhausen," still grey in colour, with a rainbow half formed hanging over the tremendous rushing cataract that the rocks sever in two. In the foreground Turner has put a backing waggon with kicking horses, some bales and boxes, and some cattle being driven to the ferry-boat.

This picture was bought by the father of the present Lord de Tabley, one of Turner's earliest friends. The present owner of the title, writing to me, says:

"I remember Turner speaking to me himself highly of this picture." He probably visited Tabley Park, Cheshire, in 1808, and in 1810 Lowther Castle.

CHAPTER XV.

THE "LIBER STUDIORUM."

It was and is well known to men living in the early and middle portion of Turner's professional career, that he did not often sell his oil-pictures; they were not sought after or appreciated by the aristocracy or fashionable picture-buyers, with few exceptions, such as Lord Egremont of Petworth, Lord Yarborough, Sir John Leicester, and Lord Ellesmere; the cause of which may be traced and principally attributed to the influence and absorbing preference given by Sir George Beaumont (an amateur artist) to the works or pictures of Claude. To Sir George the fashionable patrons of art looked as an oracle of taste; to such an extent was this preference of Claude carried, that upon Sir George Beaumont becoming the possessor of the little picture by Claude now in the National Gallery (called the "Annunciation"), he considered it such a gem, and so precious a picture, that he could not nor did not think it safe out of his sight; so it is said, when he drove out in his carriage, he always took it with him.

Whether there was anything personal or not in

this advocacy of Claude to the exclusion of Turner, I know not; but it is certain and well known that Turner was well acquainted with it, and deeply felt the injustice of Sir George Beaumont's prejudices, as well as the influence he had in picture society to direct all taste and to concentrate it on Claude; the painful knowledge of these facts gave rise, no doubt, to Turner's bequeathing two of his best pictures to the nation, on condition that they were placed *side by side* with two of Claude's best pictures, in order that posterity might do him that justice that either ignorance or something worse denied him while living; in the same spirit, and in defence of himself as an artist, did Turner commence his wonderful, beautiful, and highly estimated work of the "Liber Studiorum," as compared with the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude.

The first "Liber Studiorum" sketch was made by Turner at the house of his old friend Mr. Wells, the drawing-master at Addiscombe. Turner had not much business at the time, and thought that he could profitably employ his time by rivalling Claude. He had intended to publish one hundred numbers; but no more than seventy ever appeared, for during the time that this seventy took to publish, Turner had become more successful, and he did not care then to spend his time in speculation.

For the earlier numbers he employed Mr. Lewis, the engraver, to whom he first paid five guineas a mezzotint, and then eight. This was totally inadequate for the time and trouble spent on them, and the result of this hard bargain was a quarrel that lasted fifteen years. But eventually Turner had to pay Mr.

Charles Turner from eight to ten guineas, and I believe the price to other engravers rose at last as high as twelve guineas. Yet even Turner could never have thought that a copy of the "Liber" would one day sell for 3000*l.*, or the engraver believe that proofs which he had actually used to light the fire would sell for eight or ten guineas, or that he would be offered twenty-five guineas for any residue he could find of them.

There can be no doubt that the "Liber Studiorum" was begun by Turner in retaliating rivalry of Claude's "Liber Veritatis," published by the Duke of Richmond after his return from Italy.

Turner's "Liber" undoubtedly utterly weighs down the book of Claude; but then we must not forget that the comparison of the two is an unjust one. Claude's was not a show-book, and never intended for publication; it is merely a volume of sketches of sold pictures, kept as remembrances. Turner's was a book, the produce of some years, elaborated with extreme care, engraved for the most part with his own hands, and watched in all its processes with the most jealous and sagacious care. It was intended to show his command of the whole compass of landscape art, and the boundless and matchless richness of his stores both of fact and invention. They showed his fearlessness of plagiarism, and were so many bold challenges to all his contemporaries.

The drawings for the "Liber" mezzotints were of the same size as the plates, and were carefully finished in sepia. The proofs were sometimes also touched all over with the brush in sepia.

Turner's knowledge of engravers' effects was so marvellous that he has been known, when dissatisfied with a plate, to sit down and change a sunrise into a moonrise. It was no unusual thing for him, when a plate of the "Liber" began to wear, to take it and reverse its whole effect, making all that was before light now dark, and all that was before dark now light. Indeed, the concentrativeness of his mind, and his knowledge of light and shade, were Turner's greatest characteristics. To reverse the scale of chiaroscuro in a plate at five minutes' notice is as difficult as it would be for a musician to change the key of a sonata of Beethoven and play it at once correctly at sight after having made the change. He covered the margins of proofs with advice and directions to his engravers.

In 1807 (ending 1816), Turner commenced the publication of his "Liber Studiorum." This wonderful work was published in dark-blue covered numbers, each containing five engravings. The subjects, embracing the whole domain of landscape-art, were divided into six heads:—First, Historical; second, Pastoral; third, Elegant Pastoral; fourth, Mountain; fifth, Marine; sixth, Architectural. The design of the work was eminently characteristic of Turner's comprehensive and epical mind. Of any fragmentary or piecemeal effort he was always ashamed, and bitterly regretted any mental trifling.

The publication of the "Liber" stopped at the fourteenth number, making in all (including the frontispiece, which Turner somewhat ostentatiously gave to his subscribers) seventy-one plates. The

great work, strange to say, never paid, and it stopped as soon as Turner began the "England and Wales," and got other more profitable engagements. The ten plates intended for the fifteenth and sixteenth numbers of the work were more or less prepared for publication, and other plates were in various stages of progress.

There is no doubt that, had Turner been encouraged, the result of his challenge to Claude would have been a complete epitome of all possible classes of landscape art, varied by various effects of season, climate, hour, and moment.

One of the first engravers chosen for the task was Charles Turner. The hard terms were that he should engrave fifty drawings, attend to the printing, publishing, and delivery of the numbers (for Turner was going to be his own publisher), at the miserable price of eight guineas per plate. The painter was severe, exacting, and sensitively careful in his corrections and additions. The engraver toiled through the first twenty plates (forming Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4) patiently. He then frankly complained of the terms, and asked two guineas each in addition. The plate specially fought over was one of "Windsor Castle," with a view of the Montem Hill and some Eton boys on it on the left-hand side. Some additional trees on the right-hand side, and some angry demands to make the steps up the Montem clearer, were the last straws on the camel's back. The painter, who had never had quarter given to him when he was struggling, now, in his turn, gave no quarter. Trial and difficulty harden nine hearts to stone for one they soften.

Just, though grasping, Turner could not understand how an engraver who had contracted to do him fifty engravings should try and get off his bargain at the twenty-first. He flew into an inarticulate whirlwind of rage; the result of which was that the painter and engraver never spoke for nineteen years. Messrs. Reynolds, Dunkerton, Lupton, Say, Dawe, &c., were then employed. The painter himself engraved some of his own drawings and etchings. Mr. Lahee for twenty years superintended the printing.

All this time the printsellers, who could not get sufficient per-centage allowed them by Turner, would have nothing to do with the work, little thinking a day would come when a complete set of the "Liber" would be worth 3000*l.* or more, and a single unpublished plate would sell for 20*l.*

The manner in which the "Liber" was got up and the engravings printed was unbusinesslike, fitful, and peculiar. We can scarcely wonder that, as is generally reported, some female servant of Turner employed to stitch the numbers stole many of the plates and sold them privately. Turner superintended the printing and publication in a most minute and yet in a most capricious manner. The alterations in effects before publication were as numerous as the additions, as is evident from the artist's proofs (the touched proofs), still preserved by Mr. Pye, Mr. J. Dillon, and other collectors. To put in or take out a tree was nothing. Turner would sometimes change a sun to a moon, and not always for the better. Sometimes the result would be, but very seldom, a patchwork of incongruous intentions. Sometimes the design was so perfect and

grand, it could not be changed or injured; sometimes the result did not please the artist, and the hint of what it might have been set him thinking. Generally speaking, the alterations were made with consummate art merely to hide the wear and tear of the copper, the faintness, the blur, or the pallor of the plate's old age. It would have bordered slightly on sharp practice, had it not been for the vigour of Turner's inventive genius. Out of these very defects he devised new beauties. These crafty tradesmanlike alterations, which, when studied, are the strongest proofs I know of his genius and of his thriftiness, were made under his own eye, if not by his own hand.

"These variations," says Mr. Dillon, who possesses a superb collection of the etchings, "render it extremely difficult to form a complete set of the first impressions of the 'Liber;' it appears that no set at the time when it was issued contained all the plates in the first state, or indeed in any one similar state; on the contrary, in the original numbers a very early and fine impression of one plate will be found in company with very late and bad impressions of another plate, as if one had been given with a rude sense of justice as a sort of compensation for the others."

I am sorry, too, to say, that there can be no doubt, from years of investigation by Messrs. Pye, Stokes, and other collectors, that Turner often took out the thickened letters of the plates in the bad third state, and engraved open letters higher up in the plate—in

fact, he sold sham proofs; having private marks and scratches to indicate to himself the various states.*

I would not press this charge so severely as I perhaps ought, because Turner is dead, and there is no one to defend him. The only defence I can set up for him is, that it is possible that he considered that the entire change of the effect in the later states—the harmony being still as perfect as before—really made them new works. The new idea, and the strain on a new portion of the copper, Turner perhaps, with his entangled logic, thought equivalent to a new thought, which he had no idea of selling for the ordinary price.

I now propose to go through the series of the "Liber," with short comments here and there:

Title-page.—The centre, the story of Europa, was engraved by Turner; the rest cost him much trouble, with its classic and Gothic pillars, its sails, mast, and graceful peacock perched on a fragment of Greek ruin. This peacock is used also in another plate. As an overture contains hints of all there will be in the opera, so does this title-page foretell much that follows.

H. History.

"Æsacus and Hesperia." This is engraved by Turner, as are many of the others. All the plates of the "Liber" but two are etched by Turner. The "Æsacus and Hesperia" are the finest and scarcest of the series. Mr. Ruskin says "this picture is a

* To illustrate this, Mr. Dillon's first copy of the "Liber" did not contain one first state except the "Palm," one of considerable rarity.

consummate example of the arrangement of boughs. In the first state there are few or no rays of light in the face of Hesperia, which is turned to the front, and does not heed Æsacus. The print is called among enthusiasts 'The White Face.'"

"Jason." In the first state, the open letter H is close to the top line, in the third state the darkened letter is turned to an open one higher up in the margin. That terrible coil of the monster no longer has glints of light on its bosses, but is hid in a soft brown twilight. This is a fine instance of the genius with which Turner altered his worn-out coppers. Jason is very expectant, and in most palpable earnest. The agile, armed figure is admirably hinted; indeed, all through the "Liber" the figures are admirable, except the larger ones in the home pastoral scenes, and they are rather weak, sketchy, and scarecrowy.

"Procris and Cephalus." The story is well told, and the landscape beautiful.

"From Spenser's 'Fairy Queen.'" No one has yet found the passage on which this fine imaginative picture of the resting warrior is founded.

"The Fifth Plague of Egypt" (Turner's first scriptural subject). The picture belonged to W. Beckford, Esq. In proofs the size of the picture is not given.

"Tenth Plague of Egypt." The second states are marked S.

"Christ and the Woman of Samaria." Very difficult to meet with in the first state.

"Rizpah" (2nd Samuel, chap. 21). Turner afterwards painted this scene, but far less powerfully.

This seems to me one of the finest and most imaginative scenes he ever conceived. The skeleton bodies are well drawn, and the mourning figure is worthy of a sculptor's attention. The moon, too, shines on the beginning of the barley-harvest, as the Bible tells us it did at the time Rizpah performed her ghastly watch.

E. P. Elegant Pastoral.

"Raglan Castle" (a reminiscence of an early tour). —"Chepstow, Junction of the Severn." Drawn, etched, and engraved by Turner.

"The Clyde" (Falls). This was much altered by Turner, but not for the better. The bathing figures are full of grace. The early impressions have simply the inscription, "'Clyde,' in the possession of John W. Turner;" afterwards the words "drawing of the" were added, and the size of the picture.

"Castle." To the right, a man playing a flute. Turner at one time learned the flute.

"Bridge," in middle distance. A tree in the foreground is remarkable for the fact that it casts three clear distinct shadows. I suppose the other two stems were taken out in some alterations, and the attendant shadows forgotten. Turner, like other great men, knew how to blunder.

"Woman playing Cymbals."

"Stone Bridge, with Goats."

"St. Catherine's Hill, near Guildford."

"River Wye."

"Alcove."

"Isis."

"Hindoo Devotions." The later states have a mark

to the left, and an H faintly scratched to the right. They have also a "tabbied" or "mackerel" sky.

"Hindoo Ablutions." The later states are worked in a redder ink.

The "Magdalen in Solitude." The later states are known by two cross twigs in the trees to the right.

P. Pastoral.

"Norham Castle." Turner was fond of this spot, as I have shown elsewhere. The first published state has rays of light behind the castle; afterwards the castle is darker, and made shapeless against the sun.

"Solway Moss."

"Farmyard, with Pigs."

"Pembury Mill, Kent." The figures dull and laboured; the whole uninteresting.

"Winchelsea, Sussex."

"East Gate, Winchelsea."

"Water-mill." Artist's proofs have dog unfinished, and no white marks on the steps.

"Windmill and Lock."

"Juvenile Tricks." Poor.

"Young Anglers."

"Bridge and Cows."

"Farmyard and Cart."

"Hedging and Ditching." A fine drawing of a half-dead tree.

"Water-cress Gatherers." Scene near Twickenham.

M. Marine and Mountains.

"Entrance of Calais Harbour." Rare in the first states.

"Calm." Extremely rare in the first state.

"Shipping." In the possession of the Earl of Egremont. E[t] scratched on the artist's proof.

Original sketch of a picture for W. Leader, Esq.

Picture in the possession of Sir John Mildmay, Bart. Remarkable for the effect of light and motion in the boat and figures.

"Smugglers." By some called "Flint Castle."

"Coast of Yorkshire, near Whitby." Fine rough sea and wreck. The shrieking and praying woman reminds me of one of the elder Vernet's figures.

"Marine Dabblers."

"The Source of the Arveron, in the Valley of Chamouni, Savoy, Mer-de-Glace." The ice is very boldly treated, but its spiky ridges are, I think, too hard and rigid. In the first published state, a solitary bird is introduced to the left; the triangular peak near the top is supposed to be intended for Mont Blanc.

"Inverary Pier, Loch Fyne." In the early impressions the effect of morning is wonderfully conveyed.

"Inverary Town and Castle, Scotland." The drawing is in the possession of the Duke of Argyle.

The "Devil's Bridge." The artist's proofs are most powerful before the rays of light were introduced behind the bridge, and before the arch itself was lightened. The mule's skeleton is finely introduced. Turner was extremely fond of this wild Manfred scene.

"Mont St. Gothard." The surprise of the hollow way is finely dwelt upon.

"Lac de Thun." The early artist's proofs have no birds, no light on the sails, no fire in the distance, and a harsh straight line across the clouds, afterwards softened down.

This plate cost both artist and engraver much trouble. Mr. Dillon has the artist's proof of it with a margin covered with Turner's pencilled directions to the engraver. "Everything," he says, "conspires against the work."

"Bonneville, Savoy," was etched by Dawe.

"Chain of the Alps from Grenoble, Chambery." In the later impressions the rays of the sun are scarcely visible. In the etching there is a marvellous mass of flat vine-growing country, with every field, hedgerow, and church-tower indicated in the shaded plate. The whole is afterwards softened and fused together. These etchings show with what extraordinary and severe truth Turner used to draw both with sketching-pencil and graver's needle.

"Mill near the Grande Chartreuse, Dauphiny," etched by H. Dawe. The firs here are nobly drawn with vigorous brown lines of ink that quite rib the paper. The trees, indeed, all through the "Liber," are varied and fine, particularly the willows and firs; the elms are sometimes heavy and coarse.

"Ben Arthur, Scotland."

"Peat Bog, Scotland."

"Near Blair-Athol."

"Hind Head Hill" (near Portsmouth). There is a double gibbet on the hill, with two highwaymen swinging. The mail-coach they once, perhaps, stopped

and plundered, is sweeping round the dark right-hand road.

"Martello Tower, near Bexhill, Sussex."

A. Architectural.

"Crypt—Castle." Original drawing in the possession of John Soane, Esq.

"Interior of a Church" (I think Turner's old friend, Mr. Trimmer's, at Heston, near Brentford).

"Basle, Moonlight." Two steeples to the right, vague in outline in the first published states, were afterwards thrown into sunshine, and made clear and sharp.

"Holy Island Cathedral."

"Dunstanborough Castle," from a picture in the possession of W. Penn, Esq. The size of picture, five by four, was added in later impressions. This plate is a great favourite of Mr. Ruskin's. One of Turner's earliest exhibited drawings was from this castle.

"Rivaulx Abbey, Yorkshire."

"Dumblane Abbey, Scotland."

"Ville de Thun, Switzerland."

"Morpeth, Northumberland." A fine instance of Turner's power of making a dull subject interesting.

"London from Greenwich." A fine architectural drawing of the Hospital, with deer (well drawn) in the foreground, and woods of masts in the distance.

"Lauffenbourg, on the Rhine."

In speaking of the "Liber," Mr. Ruskin remarks that it is curious how few foreign subjects there are in the "Liber," although in the numbers dated 1808 and 1809 he gave views of Mont St. Gothard and the Little Devil's Bridge, and later of the Chartreuse.

The English subjects are to the foreign subjects as two to one, and these too of the simplest and most every-day kind, such as the "Farmyard," the "White Horse," "Water-cress Gatherers," and "Hedging and Ditching." The architectural subjects are not large, continental masses of buildings, but small, obscure ruins, as "Rivaulx," "Dunstanborough." To match with a crowd of English places, there are only three ill-considered and unsatisfactory foreign subjects, "Basle," "Lauffenbourg," and a "Swiss Valley." The home subjects are more complex, and treated with more knowledge and affection. Compare, for instance, the figures and sheep in the "Hedging and Ditching," and the "East Gate, Winchelsea," with the puzzled foreground and inappropriate figures in the "Lake of Thun," or the cattle and road of the "St. Catherine's Tree," with the foreground of the "Bonneville," or the exquisite figure with the sheaf of corn in the "Windmill," with the vintage of the Grenoble subject.

The same thing is observable in the "Liber" foliage. There are reminiscences of English willows and English forest-glades in the heroic foliage of the "Æsacus and Hesperia," and the "Cephalus;" the pine of Switzerland and Italy he failed in. In the "Vale of Chamouni" the pines are in good masses; but he leaves them out where he can. His chestnuts are poor, olives he never learned to like, and the vines in the Grenoble foreground are wrong, weak, and bad.

The effect of Italy on Turner's mind, says Mr. Ruskin, is very puzzling. It gave him in the "Liber"

power and solemnity, as in the "Rizpah," the "Fairy Queen," "Cephalus," and "Æsacus;" but he never seems to have entered thoroughly into the spirit of Italy, and generally introduced his Italian materials awkwardly into his large compositions.

"None but the Italian 'Liber' subjects are thoroughly great;" but then he used the spirit rather than the actual details. The "Rizpah" is not Eastern; the "Jason" rocks are mere Warwickshire sandstone; "Jason" himself is not a Greek. In local character he utterly failed. The "Tenth Plague" reminds us of Belzoni; the "Fifth," of brick-kilns rather than of pyramids; and the fire running along the ground is like the burning of manure.

"Of the large compositions which have much of Italy in them," says Mr. Ruskin, "the greater part are overwhelmed with quantity and deficient in emotion."

Speaking of the drawing of rocks, Mr. Ruskin praises the "Mont St. Gothard" of the "Liber," and compares it to the vulgarities of Salvator Rosa; no one but Turner seems ever to have attained the power of expressing the inward structure of rock through the outer curves.

Of the tree subjects in the "Liber," Mr. Ruskin praises most the "Cephalus," the "Grande Chartreuse," the "Blair-Athol," "Juvenile Tricks," and "Hedging and Ditching." For the management of the upper boughs, the "Æsacus" is a consummate example of truth, simplicity, and exquisite management of lines.

Speaking of Turner's power of conveying a sense

of horror, Mr. Ruskin says of the "Jason": "No paths, nor cloven hills; nothing but a gleam of pale horizontal sky, that broods over pleasant places far away, and sends in, through the wild overgrowth of the thicket, a ray of broken daylight into the hopeless pit. No flaunting plumes nor brandished lances, but stern purpose in the turn of the crestless helmet, visible victory in the drawing-back of the prepared right arm behind the steady point. No more claws, nor teeth, nor manes, nor stinging tails. We have the dragon, like everything else, by the middle. We need see no more of him. All his horror is in that fearful, slow, grinding upheaval of the single coil. Spark after spark of it, ring after ring is sliding into the light, the slow glitter steals along him step by step, broader and broader, a lighting of funeral lamps one by one, quicker and quicker; a moment more, and he is out upon us, all crash and blaze, among those broken trunks; but he will be nothing then to what he is now. . . . .

"Now observe in this work of Turner that the whole value of it depends on the character of curve assumed by the serpent's body; for had it been a mere semicircle, or gone down in a series of smaller coils, it would have been, in the first case, ridiculous, as unlike a serpent, or in the second, disgusting, nothing more than an exaggerated viper; but it is that *coming straight* at the right hand which suggests the drawing forth of an enormous weight, and gives the bent part its springing look, that frightens us. Again, remove the light trunk on the left, and observe how useless all the gloom of the picture would have been if this trunk had not given it depth and hollow-

ness. Finally and chiefly, observe that the painter is not satisfied, even with all the suggestiveness thus obtained; but to make sure of us, and force us, whether we will or not, to walk his way, and not ours, the trunks of the trees on the right are all cloven into yawning and writhing heads and bodies, and alive with dragon energy all about us; note especially the nearest with its gaping jaws and claw-like branch at the seeming shoulder; a kind of suggestion which in itself is not imaginative, but merely fanciful (using the term fancy in that third sense not yet explained, corresponding to the third office of imagination); but it is imaginative in its present use and application, for the painter addresses thereby that morbid and fearful condition of mind which he has endeavoured to excite in the spectator; and which in reality would have seen in every trunk and bough, as it penetrated into the deeper thicket, the object of its terror."

The subscription price of the "Liber Studiorum" was 17*l.* 10*s.* Before his death, a copy sold for thirty-one guineas; and since his death, fine copies have sold for 3000*l.*

The "Liber" was not successful in the business sense of the term. But the price that a fine and perfect copy will fetch at the present time would seem almost fabulous. Engraved by Charles Turner, and others, at a cost varying from five to seven guineas only per plate, proof impressions of single plates have recently sold for upwards of 10*l.*, and proofs touched on by the artist himself for more than double.

Some time before Mr. Charles Turner's death, Messrs. Colnaghi bought all his "Liber" proofs and

trials of effect for a large sum. When the money (1500*l.* I believe) was paid, the old engraver wrung his hands, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "Why, good God, I have been burning banknotes all my life." I have heard that many of these proofs, worth large prices, had been used to light the fire.

Mr. Ruskin, who dwells much and truly on the hopelessness and sadness of Turner's mind, says that sunset and twilight, and on ruins too, were his favourite effects. His later drawings were chiefly made to record human power victorious or conquering. Ruined fortresses and mountain-roads were always his special delight. Speaking of the "Liber," he shows that a "feeling of decay and humiliation gives solemnity to all its simplest subjects, even to his view of daily labour. In the pastoral by the brook-side, the child is in rags and lame. In the Hedging and Ditching, the labourer is mean and sickly, the woman slatternly. The Water-mill is a ruin; the Peat-bog dreary.

"Of human pride," says this wonderful writer, "see what records: Morpeth tower, roofless and black. Gate of Old Winchelsea wall, the flock of sheep driven round it, not through it; and Rivaulx choir; and Kirkstall crypt; and Dunstanborough, far above the sea; and Chepstow, with arrowy light through traceried windows; and Lindisfarne, with failing height of wasted shaft and wall; and, last and sweetest, Raglan, in utter solitude, amid the wild wood."

Mr. Wornum says of the "Liber," "No proof set of the plates was ever issued; but at the completion of

the series Turner arranged them in sets and sold them, in 1820, for fourteen guineas. In a set so purchased by Mr. John Pye, the engraver, the earlier plates were invariably bad; the middle ones tolerably good; but towards the end several were proof impressions, and in an excellent state. Since Turner's death, a single good proof has sold for as much as Turner charged for the entire series."

The inference is that the first plates sold best, and that Turner, either from slovenliness or fraud, shuffled together the different states, so that no one could get a perfect copy without buying several copies.

Turner had an awful sense of the sorrow of life and the omnipresence of Death. "There is no form of violent death," says Mr. Ruskin, "which he has not painted; and the noblest of all the plates of the "Liber Studiorum," except the "Via Mala," is one engraved with his own hand, of a single sailor, yet living, dashed in the night against a granite coast, his body and outstretched hands just seen in the trough of a mountain wave, between it and the overhanging wall of rock, hollow, polished, and pale with dreadful cloud and grasping foam."

This is one of the most imaginative of all Turner's figures; and in its extreme despair and touching hopelessness it always strongly reminds me of Cowper's sad but beautiful poem "The Castaway."

CHAPTER XVI.

TURNER'S ART LIFE. (PART II.)

In 1807 Turner exhibited at the Royal Academy his "Blacksmith's Shop," a picture painted in rivalry of Wilkie's "Village Politicians," exhibited in 1806. It was repurchased by the painter, at Lord de Tabley's sale in 1827, for 147*l.* Turner called it "A Butcher disputing with a country Blacksmith on the price of iron and the charge made for shoeing his pony." In 1806 Turner had exhibited the "Falls of Schaffhausen," and a view of "Pembroke Castle," at the Academy, and at the British Institution the "Garden of the Hesperides." In his unfinished sketch called the "Harvest Home," years after, Turner again attempted to rival Wilkie's "Village Festival." The figures in the "Shop" are very good, and the fowls, shovel, butcher's tray, &c., are painted with admirable Dutch truth. It has been often said that Turner made this picture a mass of flame colour to destroy the effect of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," exhibited this year, and hung between the "Forge" and the "Sun rising through Vapour;" but the "Forge" was No. 135, and the "Blind Fiddler" 147, the other picture No. 162. The scene is a sunshine interior, and there is scarcely any red visible in it. The "Sun rising through

Vapour" was one of the pictures Turner left to the National Gallery on condition it was hung between two of Claude's.

Before 1810 (1807 or 1808) Turner painted the "Wreck of the Minotaur." That admirable writer on art, Mr. Tom Taylor, reviewing this picture when at Manchester, with nineteen others of Turner's, praises the run of the vast waves, the helpless welter of the raft, the cork-like tossing of the boat on the crest of the breaker, the blinding fall of rain and spray and sea, and the storm cloud through which the wrecked hull looms desolately. But in this painting—Turner was still thinking of Vandervelde—it is all grey, where years later there would have been green blackness and creamy foam. There are few reflections, and nobody seems wet.

But even at this period Turner is most varied in the character of his seas—in their character and colour, according to the weather, wind, and depth of water.

The "Saltash" is a painting of this period—perhaps 1806 or 1807—from the half-effaced inscription on the brick wall to the right, "England expects every man to do his duty"—merely a landing-place and shed, a quiet river margin, some lounging soldiers, sailors, fishwomen, and porters, and a passage for carts—steeped in a Cuyp-like afternoon sunshine. The word "Beer" is conspicuous on a signboard.

The "Highland Bridge" and "Old Margate Pier" are of this period. The Margate picture represents fishing-boats arriving and unloading at a seaport, and fishermen cleaning and selling fish. The tide is low, and there is a guardship, a two-decker, in the distance.

About this scene there is all the repose of middle life. The painter repurchased it at the Tabley sale for 519*l.*, being just 15*l.* more than he had sold it for. It is a sultry day, with a gentle swell and a sunny ripple on the water. The fishing-boats are high and dry; the fish on the beach are very beautiful and pearly in colour.

In 1808 Turner exhibited his "Death of Nelson" at the British Institution. The battle, October 21st, 1805, is represented with sailor-like knowledge as seen from the mizen starboard shrouds of the Victory. To the right is the Redoubtable, and beyond that the Téméraire, the Bucentaur, and the San Trinidada. Nelson is just falling, and being struck by a bullet from a rifleman in the mizen fore-jib of the Redoubtable, is being carried down from the quarter-deck. The midshipman who afterwards shot the rifleman, is preparing to fire. The "portrait" figures are rather shaky.

The Victory is just discharging her starboard guns into the hull of the Redoubtable; the painter has represented her mainmast as still sound, when, in fact, it was partly shot away at the commencement of the action.

Turner was doubtless at Margate on the 22nd of December, when the Victory arrived there with the body of Nelson. Eventually she became the guard-ship at Portsmouth, and is now the flag-ship of the port-admiral. The painter took a deep interest in all naval matters, and a victory like Trafalgar must have stirred him to the very heart.

Probably about the same year (1808) Turner painted

another view of the great battle, that George IV., for whom it was painted, presented in 1829 to Greenwich Hospital, where it still adorns the Painted Hall. It was never exhibited. It is a broadside view, and represents the Redoubtable as sinking, though it did not really sink till the next night. Turner has, in fact, with epical grandeur, crowded together the events of several different hours. For instance, he makes the telegraphic message, which went up at 11·40 A.M., going up at the same time that the mizen-mast falls, which snapped about 1 P.M., and the Achilles burning, which did not catch fire till half-past four. The picture is a bad composition in point of art, and is much disliked by sailor critics. Nelson's favourite captain, Sir Thomas Hardy, said of it, "It looks more like a street-scene than a battle, and the ships more like houses than men of war." An old Greenwich pensioner said of it, "I can't make English of it, sir; I can't make English of it; it wants altering altogether."

Another tar, vexed at seeing a visitor pore over it, remarked, "What a Trafalgar! it is a d—— deal more like a brickfield. We ought to have had a Huggins!" Now, of course, these rude minds could have no true judgment about art, which is a science, and not an instinct; but still, I think it proves that the picture contains some great errors. Turner sacrificed too much truth in this instance to his desire to paint an ambitious and comprehensive picture.

In 1809 Turner exhibited his "Spithead, with Boat's Crew recovering Anchor;" a fresh breeze is blowing, various men-of-war lie anchored in the roadstead, and others are bearing up for anchorage.

There is a distant view of the fortifications of Portsmouth through a cloudy sky. Some boats and a buoy make up a picture of forcible colour and good distance; but it has been objected to, with reason, that Turner carelessly makes the wind that fills the sails of his ships blowing from different directions. Turner, who was half a sailor, must have delighted to paint this view of the great station of our navy, where Cromwell first established a dry dock, and where the Royal George sank.

The same year Turner painted his "London from Greenwich," the Hospital and Park in the foreground; a picture bought by Mr. Fawkes, but afterwards exchanged by the painter: and also in 1809 his half-Hogarthian, half-Wilkian picture of the "Garreteer's Petition," which represents a lean poet at work by night in his Grub-street attic; on his wall Turner has wittily pasted a plan of Parnassus and a table of fasts.

The picture of the "St. Mawes, Falmouth Harbour," with Pendennis Castle in the distance, engraved by W. Kernor, was painted this year.

About 1810 Turner painted his beautiful unexhibited picture of "Abingdon, Berkshire," with a morning view of the Thames and the outskirts of the town. The tall spire of the tower is visible, and the foreground is the banks of the Berks and Wilts Canal, on which are a timber-waggon and some cows. Burford Bridge, also visible in the picture, is only a few miles south of Oxford. The style resembles Calcott's, and the glowing tone has been by some thought to represent evening, for the bearings are west.

The same year Turner painted his "View of Windsor," with figures and cattle in the foreground.

In 1811 Turner exhibited his "Apollo killing the Python," with a motto from Callimachus. The Python was a dragon living in a valley under Mount Parnassus. Attacking Latona, it was shot to death by her son Apollo (probably the Python was a deadly marsh drained by some early benefactor of mankind). Apollo, kneeling in the foreground, has just discharged his arrow; the monster is dropping dead, a gory mountain, from the rocks. Unfortunately, from Turner's inadequate drawing, Apollo looks puny and petty, and the monster's claws have but a flabby, relaxing hold upon the rocks.

In the same year he painted the "Quiet Ruin—Cattle in Water—Evening."

In 1813, still classical and epical, but not yet wholly bent on landscape and colour, Turner exhibited the "Hannibal and his Army crossing the Alps." Turner, probably, in painting the passage of Hannibal and his 59,000 men over St. Bernard, 219 B.C., on his way to his fifteen years' conquest of Italy, had no other wish than to give an epical effect to his Aosta sketches and remembrance of Alpine snow-storms. The picture is now dark, and heavy with dirt; but its gloom is grand, and the snow darkness is deepened by a sense of danger that no one knew how to convey better than Turner. He has given, too, a lively sense of the resistance of the Allobroges to the passage of the Carthaginian army. In Turner's mind there seems always to have been a sense of some analogy between Carthage and England.

In 1813, Turner painted a tranquil picture of the "Thames at Kingston Bank," as if to quiet his mind after his epical scene of war and danger. The same year he exhibited his "Frosty Morning—Sunrise."

Archdeacon Fisher, writing to Constable about one of his best landscapes, says, "I have heard your great picture spoken of here by no inferior judge as one of the best in the Exhibition. It is a great thing for one person to say this. It is by units that popularity is gained. I only like one better, and that is a picture of pictures—the 'Frost,' by Turner. But then you need not repine at this decision of mine; you are a great man, and, like Bonaparte, are only to be beaten by a frost." A gamekeeper, and a girl with a hare, men with a two-horse cart by the roadside, a muffled boy sliding, and a stage-coach approaching from the distance, fill up the Yorkshire scene. The ground sparkles with frost, and the tall, spindly, bare tree conveys a sense of cold. The tone of this picture is beautifully soft, mellow, and subdued. The yellow cloudless sky, the crushed crisp grass, and the dead weeds are all perfectly painted.

This year he exhibited his Poussinesque picture of the "Deluge" (engraved by J. Quilley).

The first published work that introduced Turner's name to his world-wide fame, was the "Southern Coast," begun in 1814, and got up with great difficulty and labour by the distinguished engraver of many of its beautiful plates, W. B. Cooke. The first of these drawings were made for 7*l.* 10*s.* each, some of which have been since sold for 100 guineas, and, I believe, even for 200 guineas.

About the year 1814 Turner painted a picture of "Coalbrookdale;" which since has been called the "Limekiln." It is an excellent representation of a twilight struggling with the artificial light from the kiln; and in texture and size it much resembles the small picture by Turner at Kensington—a moonlight scene. It was engraved by Lewis.

In 1814 Turner exhibited his "Dido and Æneas leaving Carthage on the Morning of the Chase" (engraved by W. R. Smith). This is one of Turner's twenty Carthaginian pictures, and one of the first of his works in which he has introduced his favourite flat-topped stone-pines. Some critics think this one of the best of his Claudesque pictures. The rather ambiguous ruined bridge, the gay figures with Dido and Æneas to the right, are also happily invented; of course, the city is no more African than it is Esquimaux: still it is a congruous dream.

The same year Turner, more classical than ever, exhibited at the British Institution his "Apuleia in search of Apuleius," which Turner quoted Ovid for; but which is neither in Ovid, Lucian, nor Apuleius; the painter did not care for accuracy when he could invent pleasingly.

This picture was painted for the Earl of Egremont, as a companion to the celebrated Claude there (engraved by Woollett). It is a hilly landscape, with a large seven-arched bridge spanning a river with wooded banks; a windmill and town are on the right; in the foreground are Apuleia and her companions questioning some peasants who are resting in the shade of a tree. One of the peasants (in imitation of

a Poussin picture) points to the name Apuleius, which is carved on a tree.

Apuleius, who lived in the second century after Christ, was the author of the curious but very obscene poem, "The Golden Ass."

Wilson's popularity dates from an exhibition of his works at the British Institution in this year.

In 1815 Turner exhibited "Bligh Sand, near Sheerness, with Fishing-boats trawling; Cloudy Sky" —the picture that he had the proud pleasure of refusing to sell to his old enemy Sir John Beaumont. The scene is at the mouth of the Thames, off Candy Island, and near Cowling Marsh. The waves are dark, but one sail is touched with sunlight. An artist who professionally examined the picture for me tells me that the sky was painted with perishable sugar of lead, and has quite altered.

The same year Turner exhibited his wonderful picture of "Crossing the Brook" (engraved by A. Brandard). This vast landscape is a view on the River Tamar, that divides Devonshire from Cornwall. The spectator is looking towards Plymouth, with Calstock bridge in the middle distance. The view is near Morwell, Poulson Bridge; the woods of Cothele are visible, and in the far distance the estuary of the Tamar, with the Hamoaze, where one hundred war ships are often lying in ordinary. The breakwater, the dockyard, and Brunel's bridge at Saltash, were not then begun. The scene is not topographically correct.

In colour the picture is rather blue and cold. In the foreground are two pines and two children, with a dog who is carrying a bundle in its mouth across the

brook. The distance is truly wonderful, displaying Turner's greatest knowledge and the very climax of his art-magic. The eye can travel some twenty miles across bridge, over dale, over meadow, through all degrees of blue haze and melting sunshine vapour, till it reaches the goal of the far horizon. The soul does not feel cramped in this picture.

The picture of "Crossing the Brook" was a great favourite with him, and when the engraver mentioned that he should require it two years in his possession for the purpose of engraving, he hesitated, mumbled something about the blank space in his gallery, and said that two years was a long period at his time of life.

"When the plate was nearly completed, he called upon me," says Mr. Brandard, the engraver, "to go over the proof from the picture. In the course of conversation he observed, 'This picture was a commission; but the gentleman was not satisfied. I was to have had 500*l.* for it.' Subsequently he refused 1600*l.*"

1815 was a wonderful year with Turner, for in that same year he exhibited the "Crossing the Brook" and "Dido building Carthage." In this picture Turner wished to show the rise of a maritime empire that he considered typical of England, France and Rome being no doubt also analogous in his mind. Seldom or never accurate to exact fact, Turner, contrary to truth, has made the city on a river, and has placed a bridge in front, and a vast alps of Claudesque architecture, porticoes, and vestibules half completed on either side. Dido, surrounded by her people, stands on the

left, watching the work. The luminous sun is in the centre, fusing everything to one golden focus of brightness. There, too, are the inevitable stone-pines, and with fine poetry (justly eulogized by Ruskin) Turner has made some lean, sinewy, dark, long-limbed Carthaginian boys launching boats, emblematic of the future sea-power of Carthage. The whole is a splendid dream. Turner was justly proud of it when he determined to leave it to the nation on condition of its being hung yard-arm and yard-arm with Claude. Unfortunately, the atmosphere is fast decaying and becoming hot and turbid, so that the purity of Claude now injures it by contrast.

Turner seems to have considered the decline of Carthage a moral example to England; for it arose from the decline of her agriculture, the increase of her luxury, and her besotted blindness, till too late, to the insatiable ambition of Rome. Carthage fell at last, 146 B.C., after a century and a half of war, the very year Mummius destroyed Corinth.

Besides the vigour and grasp of the picture, it displays some learning, for Turner has not forgotten Sichæus's tomb or the Byrsa. The architecture, of course, is full of pardonable anachronism. The architecture of Carthage must have been Oriental.

Turner, in his angry pride, would never part with this picture, when he found it did not sell at the Academy. Chantrey once tried to buy it, but was startled by finding each time its price rose higher: 500*l.*,—1000*l.*,—2000*l.*

"Why what in the world, Turner, are you going to do with the picture?"

"Be buried in it, to be sure," growled Turner.

In 1816 Turner exhibited his "Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius at Ægina," with figures in the foreground dancing the Romaika, and Athens in the distance (eighteen miles away). The picture was painted from a sketch by Mr. H. Gally Knight (1810). The ruin is really a mere cluster of Doric pillars, but Turner has restored it to resemble the Parthenon.

In 1817 Turner returned full charge against Claude, and exhibited his "Decline of the Carthaginian Empire; Hostages leaving Carthage for Rome." The perspective is bad, the sky, once fine, is now foxy, and the temples are rather leathery. The critics were severe against this picture, and even Mr. Ruskin condemns it. But Turner declared he preferred it to its predecessor. When Turner wished to impress one with a sense of foreboding danger, grief, or terror, he generally introduced a sunset. His motto here shows that he had, of course, a meaning in this sunset. He says with rude sublimity:

> "While o'er the western wave th' ensanguined sun,
> In gathering haze a stormy signal spread,
> And set portentous."

In 1818 Turner exhibited his confused and unequal picture of the "Field of Waterloo," engraved by C. Lewis; a muddle of sublimity, a perfect fricassee of ill-drawn lumps of figures, yet sublimely lurid in general effect. The motto, from Byron, shows what the painter wished to express:

> "The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!"

The picture is a striking proof of how inadequate genius in art is without the power of expression. In the foreground are witches of women searching for plunder by torchlight; to the right, is Hougoumont still burning; in the distance are rising blue rocket-signals, sent up to guide the Prussian pursuit of the routed French army. Three years had elapsed after the battle before Turner painted Trafalgar: three years after the battle before he painted Waterloo.

In 1819 Turner exhibited the "Meuse, Orange Merchantman going to Pieces on the Bar;" Brill church bearing south-east by south, Maas-Sluis east by south. There is a sunny drift of rain, and a fresh breeze is blowing, the weather being still squally; the boats on the broad estuary are still glossy. Boats are unloading the wreck, and fishermen are picking up the oranges that bob here and there in flocks: a boy is slily pocketing some of the salvage on his own account.

I do not know to what date to refer the "Cologne —Evening," in the Windus Collection; a drawing originally made for Mr. Tomkinson; the view descending the Rhine, with Deutz and the bridge of boats.

In 1819 Turner exhibited his unpleasant, heavy picture of "Richmond Hill on the Prince Regent's Birthday:" the figures dancing in the foreground are hideously drawn; one lady has a neck like a giraffe; the distance, with wood and river, is, of course, pleasing. This was the year Turner visited Rome.

CHAPTER XVII.

TURNER'S ART LIFE.—SECOND PERIOD.

1820 to 1835.

In this period Turner defied precedent, sought chiefly for brilliant colour, displayed a tendency to idealize, and maintained a delicate and deliberate handling and a cheerful manner.

His sketch-books of this period contain notes of deer and park subjects, perhaps from Petworth, and sketches of Egremont and Cockermouth Castles. Never very careful about notes made only for real use, there is in this series a beautiful moonlight on a fine sea (afterwards engraved, too, by himself), which has been actually painted on the paper taken from an old parcel.

Among the drawings of this period are the "Dover" and "North Shields" used in the "Harbours of England;" the beautiful Rochester for the "Rivers of England;" several studies for Calais pictures; four sketches for the "Rivers of France;" and drawings of Evreux and Louviers.

Among the Calais sketches are, "Fishing-Boats going out; Calais Harbour," "Fort Rouge," a "Calais

Schooner out in a Breeze," and a "French Fisherman on Calais Sands collecting Bait."

The "Tabley Lake and Tower," exhibited in 1819, is remarkable for its slaty-blue shallow lake-water rippling in the wind.

In 1820, after his return from Rome, Turner exhibited his "Rome from the Vatican; Raphael and the Fornarina in the Corridor of the Loggia." This is rather a hot picture; the foreground is a pure fiction; in front is the Piazza of St. Peter's, the Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo, and the Colosseum; and in the distance the snow-tipped Apennines.

The same year (?) Turner painted "Rome, the Arch of Titus, and the Campo Vaccino, as seen from the Colosseum:" a religious procession in the middle-ground; the Arch of Titus is much exaggerated in size, and the foreground is unfinished. This picture was never exhibited.

In 1823, Turner, still Claudesque, but in his own great way, exhibited his "Bay of Baiæ; with Apollo and the Sibyl." Mr. Wornum calls this picture a great masterpiece, and Turner's first thoroughly original work. To the right is the castle of the bay, and on the opposite side Pozzuoli. The two figures to the left under the tall pines are Apollo and the Sibyl, whom he loved, and to whom he granted to live as many years as she held grains of sand in her hands; but who, asking also for perpetual youth, wasted away to an echo. This is the Baiæ that Horace said was the fairest bay in the whole world. It is close to Avernus, where Æneas consulted the Sibyl, and from whence Ulysses descended into hell.

Turner's desire to leave his pictures to the nation must have been much confirmed by the events of 1824:—

The British National Gallery of Pictures was founded in 1824, during the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, by the purchase of the collection of John Julius Angerstein, Esq., consisting of thirty-eight pictures, and comprising nine specimens of the British school. This collection, which thus formed the nucleus of the present National Gallery, was secured to the nation by a grant of Parliament voted April the 2nd, 1824; and it was opened to the public in the house of Mr. Angerstein, in Pall Mall, on May the 10th of that year.

In 1826 the collection was increased by the liberal donation of sixteen pictures from Sir George Beaumont, including five works of the British school; and in 1831 it was enriched by the valuable bequest of the Rev. William Holwell Carr, comprising, however, only one English picture.

Up to the year 1847, nearly a quarter of a century after its foundation, the National Gallery contained only forty-one pictures of the British school; but on December the 22nd of that year it was greatly increased by the munificent donation of Robert Vernon, Esq., who presented by deed of gift to the Trustees of the National Gallery a collection of one hundred and fifty-seven pictures, all, with only two exceptions, by painters of the British school.

The National Gallery—British School now contains three hundred and seventeen pictures by eighty-one masters, all, with the exception of those purchased

with the Angerstein collection, presented or bequeathed to the Trustees. But it still scarcely represent half the painters of England.

In 1827 Turner exhibited his "Pas de Calais; Fishing-boats off Calais." "Now for the Painter," as he called it, as a joke on Calcott's "Letting go the Painter." It was engraved by Davison in 1830. It represented some passengers being put on board the packet; and is a sunny, pleasant picture, lit by many reflections. It belongs now to J. Naylor, Esq., of Liverpool.

In 1827 Turner exhibited "Mortlake Terrace, Seat of William Moffatt, Esq.; Summer Evening;" in 1828 he had painted the same place as seen in an early summer morning. A broad light lies on the river, and the lime-trees cast long shadows on the golden sward, where a garden-chair and a portfolio tell of the artist. On the river there are gilded barges and the glancing wherries of the holiday-makers. A dog has just leaped up on the parapet to bark at the passing boats. Mr. Tom Taylor adduces this dog as a proof of Turner's reckless readiness of resource when an effect in art was wanted. It suddenly struck the artist that a dark object here would throw back the distance and increase the aerial effect. Turner instantly cut a dog out of black paper and stuck him on the wall, where he still remains; for either satisfied or forgetful, he never replaced him by a painted one.

"Walton Bridge" is also a summer scene; the barges are drawn up alongside the bank for dinner, and the cows crowd down to the grassy margin to drink the cool water.

Of this period, too, is the "Cologne," with the Treckschuyt arriving. There is a "rosy twilight calm," windless and soundless, about this picture.

In 1828 Turner painted his picture of "Petworth Park, Sussex," for Lord Leconfield, the third earl; it was to decorate the Carved Chamber, sixty feet by twenty-four, of the old house of the Percys, and to fill the beautiful frames carved by Grinling Gibbons. This was the memorable year he painted the "Polyphemus." In the foreground is the lake, and in the distance the tower of Tillington Church.

For Petworth he also painted the "Chain Pier of Brighton," then the landing-place for London and Dieppe steamers, and one of the wonders of Lord Egremont's county. It was commenced in 1822, and opened 1828. Turner has sketched it at sunset, with the breakers coming in, and has ingeniously managed the perspective.

The same year he exhibited a careless, sketchy, and unpleasing picture in imitation of Stothard, called the "Birdcage Scene from Boccaccio." The trees of the glen are pleasantly grouped, but the figures are bad, and the distant white castle is very crude and glaring. "No such story as the 'Birdcage' is in the 'Decameron,'" says Mr. Wornum; but I perfectly remember the obscene story to which Turner alludes reservedly in his title.

In the same year Turner exhibited his "Carthage —Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet," painted for Mr. Broadhurst; a river scene, with piled masses of Claudesque architecture. The subject, as representing the rise of the maritime empire and of Rome's

rival, was a mere inferior repetition of the "Building of Carthage."

In 1829, the year of the "Polyphemus," Turner exhibited an Italian landscape that he was pleased to call the "Loretto Necklace." The picture contains a view of the town of Loretto (where the miraculous house is) on the right, on the summit of a hill, the slopes of which are bushy with olive-trees. In the distance stretches the Adriatic. The name of the picture arises from the necklace which a strangely-formed peasant, who is seated under some trees to the left, has placed on the neck of a girl.

The same year, at Rome, Turner painted a view of Orvieto, which he exhibited in 1830 at the Royal Academy. Orvieto is a town between Rome and Florence, on the Lake of Bolsena, and is famous for its Fra Angelico pictures. The sun is on the distant hill. In the foreground are Italian women washing at a fountain. The picture was never sold.

In 1830 Turner exhibited only "Pilate washing his Hands before the Multitude:" an unsuccessful picture.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE POLYPHEMUS.—1829.

ONE day, when Turner was long past the meridian of life, and was visiting his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, of Heston, near Brentford, it was suddenly agreed between them that the old clergyman should teach the old artist Greek. Perhaps it was a wet day, and Turner could neither sketch nor fish; perhaps the project was the result of long thought and steadily growing intentions. Cato learned Greek at seventy—why not Turner at fifty? At all events, so the alliance agreed. The old clergyman chuckled and joked. Turner, too, joked and chuckled. Turner is to teach Trimmer painting; Trimmer is to teach Turner Greek. The old Greek books, long undusted, are brought out. The two old grey heads nod together over them. Slowly and with pain Turner masters the Greek letters, and passes on to laborious efforts at pronunciation. The tremendous ὁ, ἡ, τὸ, is mastered; the awful primary verbs *eimai* and *tupto* are slowly digested. It is admirable to see Turner's energy and perseverance in his new character of schoolboy: his eyebrows contract, his great curved Pan-like mouth opens and shuts menacingly. He suffers agonies

with the first declension, and gets entangled in the difficulties of the dual. Days pass; still he masters his allotted task, but the task grows shorter and the labour greater. He is too old, his brain does not retain with the sure grip it once did; he throws down the Greek "Delectus" with a sigh, for the Doctor is painting away at a ship with taste and success.

"Trimmer," he says, "I fear I must give it up; you get on better with your painting than I do with my Greek."

So ended Turner's dreams of drawing his inspirations from the pure undefiled source of Greek poetry—Homer. Like Shakspeare, in this respect, Turner had learnt at his school at Brentford Butts "little Latin and less Greek," as Ben Jonson has it.

It was then, as this story proves, if we needed any proof, from Pope's translation of the ninth book of the "Odyssey" that Turner selected his subject.

Why the painter selected this subject it is difficult to say. The picture may have been merely the framework for a magnificent sunrise, or it may be that Turner desired to write his name on Homer's tomb, to "share his triumph and partake his gale;" or it may be that something in the story of Ulysses interested one who was also a traveller—wily, silent when need be, and vigilant. He felt that here he was doing something timid Claude would not have dared to do, that would have half blinded sombre Poussin, and have been to Vandervelde a sheer impossibility. There was room here for imagination and for truth. He would associate all the hope and splendour and joy of the morning with thoughts of human bravery and free-

dom; and invest it all, according to honoured precewith classic interest. It was a virgin subject.

Let us consider the antecedents of the Homeric story, and see what happened before the event of the picture.

At sunset Ulysses and his vassals approached the land of the Cyclops. They hear the voices of the goats and sheep, and see smoke rising here and there upon the mountains, as the sun sinks.

At daybreak Ulysses addresses his fellows, and announces his determination to explore the land, to see if the people were a pious and hospitable race, or mere savages, hostile to strangers.

Close to the shore the brave explorer discovers a cave half hid by laurels, surrounded by slumbering flocks, who are fenced in by blocks of rough marble, that are overgrown with shadowy pine and oak. With twelve men who carry with them a jar of wine, and another jar of provisions, Ulysses enters the cave of the giant shepherd. They find the cavern-palace echoing with the cries of kids and lambs, waiting eager to be fed. The shelves bend with pressed cheeses, and all around lie bowls and huge milking pails. The men urge Ulysses to drive a flock of goats to the ships, and put off at once to sea. But the Greek, curious to see the giant, rejects the wise counsel.

They light a fire, sup, and prepare for sacrifice and prayer. The giant comes, and throws down with the sound of thunder at the door half a forest of wood that he has brought home for fuel. Then Ulysses and his men hide themselves in fear, as the big-uddered

flocks, driven before him, pour into the cave. The giant first closes the entrance with a rock that scarcely twenty four-wheeled cars could move, and then proceeds to make his cheese and milk his flocks—putting by the curd for his nightly feast.

The blaze of the fire that the giant kindles lightens all the cave, and discovers the hiding Greeks. He asks their names. Ulysses tells him they are errant Greeks, and implores hospitality in the name of the gods who protect and avenge the wrongs of the poor.

In a storm of rage the giant declares that the Cyclops are a race superior to Jove the goat-nursed. Polyphemus, failing through the lying craft of Ulysses to discover where his ship is moored, dashes out the brains of two Greeks, and devours them, flesh and bone; he then drains a hundred gallons or so of milk, and falls asleep among his flock, careless of the angry atoms who were his prisoners. Ulysses, half resolving to slay him as he slept, refrains, because he knew no mortal force could remove the rock that bars their flight.

Day comes, the giant arises, lights his fire, milks his goats, and feeds his lambs. He devours two more Greeks in the coolest manner possible, and goes off whistling to the mountains, driving his flocks before him. The unhappy Greeks he leaves imprisoned in the re-closed cave.

All that dreadful day of suspense the Greeks hold counsel, and at last decide to shape a tree (large as any mast) that is in the cave into a huge spear or auger, and bore out the monster's eye as he sleeps.

They have completed their task, and hidden the fire-sharpened tree in the dust of the cave, when the giant returns. Again he milks his flocks, makes his cheese with farmery care, and devours two more of the cowering Greeks.

Then Ulysses advances, and praying for release, offers the gluttonous cannibal some of the celebrated wine that the priests of Apollo had given him. The Cyclops drains three bowls, and graciously promises to devour No-man (*outis*) last. Truly Homer knew that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

The giant falls asleep—now is the moment for vengeance. The men chosen by lot set the spear-tree on fire, and drive it into the wretch's eye, as shipwrights work a wimble to bore some vast beam.

Says Homer—Ulysses stands above on higher ground, and directs their efforts. His roars bring the Cyclops crowding to the mouth of the barred-up cave, to ask what ails their kinsman. Polyphemus, remembering the name Ulysses told him, roars, "That No-man hurts him!"

Then say the selfish kinsfolk, "If it is only a visitation from Jove, bear it, O Polyphemus!" And away they go to their teams, and to their merchandize.

Now the Cyclops rolls back the rock from the cave's mouth, and sits there with extended arms, searching each sheep and goat as it passes, for fear it should be an escaping Greek.

But Ulysses is too much for him. For the Cyclops, like our mediæval giant, is, after all, rather a fool; as

our Greek indeed confesses with more than his usual frankness when he tells the story.

The hero binds together the largest rams in threes with osiers taken from the giant's bed. Under the middle ram of each three he fastens one of his men, while he himself clings underneath the king of the flock, who comes out last. Reluctantly, and cursing No-man, the Cyclops dismisses the last of the flock, wondering at the leader lagging.

With joy, the Greeks released, drive down throngs of sheep and goats to the vessels, and rejoin their comrades. In haste they drag aboard the sheep, and seizing their oars, push off to sea.

Then once at sea, while still in the shallows and within ear-shot, Ulysses shouts his taunt to the enraged and moaning monster, who hurls rocks at the departing vessel that all but sink it, and surge it back again towards the shore.

The painter has not chosen the moment of hurling the rock, but the moment when Ulysses, the destroyer of Troy, vociferates his real name, and the Cyclops, with speaking-trumpet voice, answers that such a man had indeed been prophesied as his destroyer. Then, in return to the rather cruel and bragging exultation of the Greek, the Cyclops, with hands uplifted to heaven, prays to his father Neptune to beleaguer Ulysses with misfortunes.

This is the moment of the picture. How it proves that genius is better than learning! Turner was no deep student of Homer; he knew him only through the formal prettinesses of Pope's translation; yet he paints him better than all the learned men, and commits

no anachronism. Even when he invents, he seems to have an instinct for truth, for those pierced rocks are said to be characteristic of the island of Corcyra, where the scene of the story is laid. Yet Turner was probably thinking of the Calf of Man or the Needles. Not that I am fond of the arched rock; we have had too much of it in theatrical scenery, and I always associate it with sham smugglers, corked eye-brows, and enormous horse-pistols.

The galley, too, of Ulysses, though perhaps an impossibility, is a grand impossibility, rather unwieldy and top-heavy, too: a sort of cross, in fact, between the Venetian fishing-boats and the Lord Mayor's barge, made apparently of gold snuff-boxes, with gold pencil-cases for masts; but that is neither here nor there.

What vigour in that sun, that cometh forth like a bridegroom out of its chamber and rejoiceth like a strong man to run its course. What Orient splendour of colour, fanning out far beyond towards Ithaca and home. How determinately, too, the painter tells his story. See the Greek sailors flocking up the masts to unfurl sail. Observe Ulysses waving the blazing olive-tree in defiance at the cursing giant; there, too, are his men kneeling to entreat him to draw no more flying mountains upon them. Mark the oars thrusting forth and beginning to force the galley forward. Then yonder, by a pardonable and even necessary anachronism, is the rest of the fleet of Ulysses, their prows dark against the growing light. A figure in the middle vessel, with outstretched arms, announces

his return, and their oars, too, are thrusting forth, ready to join in the flight.

That driving smoulder of fire low to the left indicates the mouth of the fatal cave that still lies glowing; in shadow above, high on the cliff the giant a creature of mists, yet vast and terrible, even though a phantom of air, claws at his wound, and raises his supplicating hand to Neptune. Above him, through half-illuminated gloom and cloud, I catch faint glimpses of sunny heights, and with daybreak lightening athwart them.

First the fact of sunrise, then the exulting vessel, blossoming with boastful flags, and Ulysses flying like a deer before the hounds; lastly the cursing and defeated giant; such is the sequence of the picture.

We know it is the vessel of Ulysses, because one flag bears his name, and another depicts the siege of Troy.

So lavish is this man's genius, that he must introduce at once and into the same picture day and night, joy and grief. Through the slant rays of the sun I see Phœbus and his chariot-horses (or rather I see the horses; for, thanks to sugar of lead, Phœbus has vanished). Turner wishes now to express the gods' approval and aid of Ulysses, for Pallas aided him in the cave, and Jove hates the old scalers of heaven's walls. He does it by giving us a shoal of sea-nymphs urging on the vessel, and in a phosphorescent twilight driving before them the scaly flocks of Proteus. He embodies what he may have thought of as he leant dreaming over the bulwarks of vessels

cleaving by night Italian seas. The gleams of their track blend with the frothy ripples of the oars, and lead us on to the columns of light with which the sun bisects the foreground. There is hardly a touch of pure, unbroken, or raw colour in all this picture, yet there is not a touch but serves as a note in the great chromatic diapason.

The great puffing cream-coloured sails, the red prows, the striped masts, the violet haze on the distant sea-rocks, the yellow glow of expanding sunlight, the horizon's bar of denser blinder blue, the great ripple of red and golden cloudlets, the gleams on the upper cliff of the Cyclopean land, are all deliciously woven together to form this imperial picture.

For colour, for life and shade, for composition, this seems to me the most wonderful and admirable of Turner's idealisms. This is a creation and a poem. The "Téméraire," though equally exquisite in its way, is only a natural incident poetically heightened —it is truth and poetry. This is imagination and poetry. Yet, perhaps, Turner valued the "Téméraire" most, for he peculiarly reserved it in his will.

There can be, of course, no doubt that Turner selected this subject from the ninth book of the "Odyssey." Yet, with his usual secretive sort of fun, he loved to mystify busybodies and dilettantes about it.

His friend, the Rev. Mr. Judkins, who is neither a busybody nor a dilettante, but a friend of Constable's, and a very clever landscape artist, was one day dining with Turner at a large party. A lady

sitting next to the clerical artist, with the curiosity traditionally supposed to be peculiar to her sex, was full of the glories of the "Polyphemus," the wonder of the last Exhibition. It was one perpetual whisper.

"Wine? No, thank you; but oh, Mr. Judkins, do you—What do you think of Mr. Turner's great picture? And—a very little, if you please. Don't you now think it is a sweet picture?" &c., &c.

Turner, glum and shy, opposite, is watching all this. He sees where the lady's eyes fall after she addresses her whispers to Mr. Judkins. His little beads of eyes roll and twinkle with fun and slyness. Across the table he growls:—

"I know what you two are talking about, Judkins —about my picture."

Mr. Judkins suavely waves his glass and acknowledges that it was. The lady smiled on the great man.

"And I bet you don't know where I took the subject from; come now—bet you don't."

Judkins blandly replied,—

"Oh! from the old poet, of course, Turner; from the 'Odyssey,' of course."

"No," grunted Turner, bursting into a chuckle; "'Odyssey!' not a bit of it. I took it from Tom Dibdin. Don't you know the lines:—

'He ate his mutton, drank his wine,
And then he poked his eye out.'"

The lines may be in Dibdin—I never could find them; but such is the mystifying fun Turner was so fond of.

As Turner tried all kinds of verse, from epic poems

to after-dinner songs, he may have written these lines to embody his mystification. If he did, all I can say is that they are the best I have ever read of his, for no poet was ever yet gifted with such a desire to sing, and had at the same time so small a windpipe.

It has sometimes struck me that Turner, who did occasionally steal, derived his idea of "Polyphemus" from Michael Angelo's grand Titanic sketch of "Morning."

CHAPTER XIX.

TURNER'S ART LIFE—CONTINUED.

In 1831 Turner exhibited his "Caligula's Palace and Bridge; Bay of Baiæ." Baiæ seems to have impressed Turner as the chief site of the ruins of some of old Rome's most stupendous works of luxury and power. As usual, Turner has mistaken his text—he has turned the bridge of boats that the mad Caligula built to frustrate a prophecy of Thrasyllus, a mathematician, into a substantial structure of stone, such as the thirteen arches of the Mole of Puteoli, which Antoninus Pius restored. On the left of the picture are the ruins of the palace, and on the extreme right, in the distance, is Baiæ. The sun rises behind the ruin, and children are playing with goats in the foreground; the latter were, I believe, introduced (by consent of Turner) by Mr. E. Goodall, the engraver. Turner had a great sympathy with the ruins of Roman greatness, and was never tired of trying to express that sympathy more thoroughly.

More and more classic, this same year Turner exhibited "The Vision of Medea:" not a great success. Medea is performing an incantation attended by the Fates. Above her is the dragon chariot, with her twins. Behind her is Medea again, throwing her

murdered children into the burning palace. "Watteau painting," a study on Du Fresnoy's principle, to show that white can be used to either bring an object near or make it to recede, was a picture of this year. So also was that uninteresting one, "Lord Percy under Attainder, 1606," Lord Percy when under attainder for the Gunpowder Plot, being visited by his two daughters—a miserable subject for any painter.

The same prolific year he also exhibited "Stranded Vessels off Yarmouth making Signals of Distress," painted for Mr. J. Nash, and subsequently purchased by Mr. Sheepshanks. This fine picture represents the use of the apparatus invented by Mr. Manby, barrack-master of Yarmouth, and by which nearly one thousand lives were at various times saved.

In 1832 Turner exhibited his finest and most epical Italian picture, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Italy;" one of the finest poems Italy has ever suggested to the artist; compared to which the scenes of Poussin, Claude, and Wilson are mere grand scraps—single pages compared to a volume. It is an epitome of ancient and modern Italy. The painter has expressed all the rapture and regret of Byron's lines, which he uses as a motto:—

> "Even in thy desert what is like to thee;
> Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy waste
> More rich than other climes' fertility;
> Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
> With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

The picture consists of a mountainous landscape with a winding river, to the right a broken bridge, and on the left a pile of ruins. In the foreground is a soli-

tary flat-topped dark green pine, and a party of pleasure seated on a river brink. All the typical features of Italy—the ruins, the convents, the walled towns—are here. The evening sun going down behind the mountains tinges the dance and feast with a tone of mournfulness. The indefiniteness of the ruined bridge to the right is generally considered almost the only fault of this picture.

In 1832 Turner also exhibited "Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt;" and "Rain, Steam, and Speed—the Great Western Railway;" the latter a fine effect of a train seen in a mist, with a hare running before the engine: the puffs of smoke, with intervals between them, express the velocity of the train. Unfortunately the beautiful sky has become sadly discoloured.

This year, 1832, was the year that Wilkie exhibited his picture of "Knox preaching before Queen Mary and the Lords of the Congregation;" bought by Sir Robert Peel for 1200 guineas. This year Turner had the bitter mortification of sending to the Exhibition the "Landing of William of Orange;" only Van Tromp selling.

In 1832 Turner also exhibited "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego coming forth from the Burning Fiery Furnace;" one of his first pictures that manifested a mere desire to experiment in wonderful effects of colour: there is a smirched blackness and sweeping flame about this small picture that is very grand, obscure as all else in it is. In the background is the image of Nebuchadnezzar.

In 1833 Turner exhibited his first picture of Venice; "Venice—the Dogana, the Campanile of San Marco, the Ducal Palace, and Bridge of Sighs, with Canaletti painting." Turner, from this time, painted many pictures of Venetian scenery, never seeming to tire of the enchantment of that sea Cybele, although never appreciating in the right way the poetry of its Oriental Gothic palaces, and always seeming inclined to whiten the buildings, in accordance with his conventional notions of classical architecture learnt in the office of the architectural draughtsman.

In 1834 Turner exhibited his "Lake Avernus, the Fates, and the Golden Bough." Lake Avernus, supposed to be the overflowing of Acheron, was fabled to be one of the entrances to Hell; the golden bough, when plucked from the tree of Proserpine, enabled mortals to enter the dominions of Pluto with impunity. In the distance of this beautiful but mystic dream, the painter has introduced the Bay of Baiæ and Mount Vesuvius. The same year Turner exhibited another picture of Venice, also, like the "Golden Bough," bought by Mr. Vernon. "Venice —the Canal of the Giudecca, San Giorgio Maggiore, the Dogana," &c.; and the same year a quiet home scene—"St. Michael's Mount" (Sheepshanks Collection); not an objective, but a light and aërial picture, working out some theory of light and colour: the Mount is too light; and there is the favourite subject, the fish-market on the beach.

Sketches of the Third Period, from 1835 *to* 1844.

In this period Turner's handling became swift, his colour tender and pensive; seeking nature only, he now disdained both precedent, ideals, and sometimes, I fear, truth too. The sketches of chalk rocks on the Meuse, of Rouen, Quillebœuf, and St. Germains, though often grand, flowing, full of brilliancy, tenderness, and depth, show often a haste of execution from the painter's desire to make perpetual coloured sketches.

In the sketches of this epoch there is a drawing of a great unnamed fortress, which seems to so much pique Mr. Ruskin's curiosity; there are Scenes on the Loire; the Theatre at Dijon; Honfleur; Villeneuve, looking from Chillon towards Vevay; a Gallery of the Splügen; the Coblentz Bridge; and the Vignette of the Apparition at sunrise, for Rogers's poem of "Columbus;" there are twilights, moon-rises, and river-scenes; and about all a simple tenderness of colour.

The Swiss and Venetian sketches are very numerous. Turner drew Lausanne, bathed in a rosy sunset; a morning view, looking from Brennen; Fluelen on the Lake of Lucerne, looking from Kussnach towards the Bernese Alps; and Mons Pilatus, dark against the sunset. Then comes his last visit to Venice; and for the hundredth time he sits down to make notes of San Giorgio, Santa Maria del Salute, the Bridge of the Riva del Schiavoni, and the lagoon between San Giorgio and the Cantieri.

Under the head of "Supplementary Sketches" (including some of all his three periods) we may mention the following, which serve to show at least the

places Turner visited, and the special spots and objects that most arrested his attention and excited his interest. Among his treasures (for he never seems to have destroyed anything) was found a long series of notes of a visit to Rome in 1813, in which the poet-painter has conveyed a fine sense of the eternal city's fallen estate.

He sketches the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, the city from Monte Mario, the city from the Barberini Villa, a fine but careless view of the Nymphæum of Severus, the Colosseum, and the Claudian Aqueduct—the latter passing effect painted perhaps at the moment, contrary to Turner's usual habit. He sketches also the Basilica of Constantine, the arches of Constantine and of Titus, the church of San Giovanni and Paolo, the Loggie (probably for his Raphael picture), and real acanthus growing among Corinthian pillars.

Then come the 247th and 507th sketch-books, filled with notes of George IV.'s visit to Scotland, the form and colour of the clouds noted down to be painted hereafter chiefly from memory. Then follow notes of visits to Huy Dinant (Rhine and Meuse), the junction of the Rhone and Arve, and Geneva, and the Pass and Little Saboe, from various points of view.

More notes of Venice are not to be forgotten—notes collected with infinite and untiring industry:—the Custom House, St. Mark's Place, Casa Grimani, the Rialto, St. George, the Great Canal from the Casa Foscari to the Rialto, St. Mark's and St. Zachary's, the Doge's Palace and Mint, the Fruit

and Coal Market, the Doge's Palace, and the Rialto again, on the east and on the west side. There is Naples with Claude-like shores, fish-wives from Dieppe, a sculptured tomb from Dresden, the sketch of the "Arch of Titus" picture, long leaves of inscriptions and architectural drawings, the Borromean Islands, and seven studies of the Rhine at Andernach, with fine stormy sunset and drifts of cloud: yet the best of the sketches only an inch and a half long and three-quarters of an inch deep.

We also see, from these treasure-chests, how conscientious and anxious Turner was about his perspective lectures; for here is a huge portfolio full of careful diagrams, massed-out shadows and reflected lights, huge perspective elevations of the dome of St. Peter's, the interchanged reflections of two glass balls, measured moonlight falling on the pillar of Trajan, the chiaroscuro of the jailer's lantern moving through the dark passages of Newgate, and studies of light and shade on hollow glass balls first empty and then half-filled. The exquisite knowledge and care of these diagrams is very conspicuous.

The versatility and elasticity of the painter's mind is strongly shown by these sketches. Now he is sketching quiet rooms and a cat, or mackerel, turbot, and mutton; or Buckingham Gate in the Strand; now he is at Orleans, Saumur, Havre, Harfleur, or Caudebec; now he is on the Loire or on the Carrara mountains; now he is studying a burning ship at sunset (unfinished oil picture), or standing on a glacier near the source of the Arveron; still oftener returning to his loved sea, sketching masts and rig-

ging, boats labouring in a heavy sea, or boats swamped in the surf. In the same category we must mention his "Carew Castle" (not later than 1800), published in 1834; his "Lancaster" (in the "England"), his "Caernarvon Castle," "Wells Cathedral," and sketches at and near York (second period); and amongst the miscellaneous foreign sketches, Bellinzona, studies of the Rhine on brown paper, and notes of the painter's last tour in 1845, when he visited Fribourg, and made some fruitless pen and pencil sketches of the roofs, towers, and walls of that curious city.

About 1835 Turner painted his "Heidelberg Castle in the Olden Time." The painter has restored the palace of the German Emperor and the Counts of Baden, that the French partly destroyed in 1689, according to his own fantasy.

The same year he exhibited (Sheepshanks Coll.) his "Line-fishing off Hastings." There is a collier-brig wearing off shore, some boats fishing, and to the left the castle. The squally spray, the sunny haze, and the cliffs yellow against a dark cool sea, are beautiful, but still not without exaggeration. The same year appeared another Venetian picture, "The Grand Canal, Venice, from the Madonna del Salute Church, looking towards the Riva degli Schiavoni." The Campanile and the two famous pillars are introduced.

This year he also exhibited "Ehrenbreitstein and the Tomb of Moreau," now the property of E. Bicknell, Esq. This picture was a subject chosen ex-

pressly by Mr. J. Pye to engrave, and he devoted ten years to it; Turner consenting to its being engraved on condition of receiving twelve proofs for the copyright.

In 1835, Scarlett Davis, a well-known artist of that day, wrote to his friend Ince, a favourite pupil of David Cox, and now a comparatively forgotten man, who realized a considerable fortune by his profession. He says:—

"I have no artistical chat for you, further than that Turner has painted a large picture of the 'Burning of the Two Houses of Parliament;' but I have heard it spoken of as a failure—a devil of a lot of chrome. He finished it on the walls the last two days before the Gallery opened to the public, and I am told it was good fun to see the great man whacking away with about fifty stupid apes standing round him, and I understand he was cursedly annoyed—the fools kept peeping into his colour-box and examining all his brushes and colours. Stanfield and Allan have been elected R.A.'s. You know that Austin is dead, &c." *

In the same letter there is the following passage:—

"In my last I told you of the drawing I was making for Mr. Windus, and I know it will give you great pleasure to hear that Turner has seen it and spoken in the highest terms of it, and that it now hangs in company with fifty of his best works."

On referring to the previous letter, I find Scarlett Davis says: "I am now engaged on a very difficult

* Scarlett Davis to J. M. Ince, letter dated Sunday, 1835.

subject, the Interior of the Library of Mr. Windus, who has it filled with about fifty Turners, and when you come to town we will go down to him (he lives at Tottenham), and I can insure you a *treat;* there are parts of some of them *wonderful*, and by G—d all other drawings look heavy and vulgar, even Calcott and Stanfield (even the immortal Vicars, Harding and Pyne*)."

Scarlett Davis was the son of a humble shoemaker at Hereford, who, displaying a taste for drawing, was patronized by a clergyman, when he was only about seven years old. One of his earliest efforts was to make a drawing of a cart and etch it all at one sitting, and before he lay down to sleep. When quite a boy he carried off the prize at the Society of Arts; and when the judges looked round for the victor, his patron held him up on his hand and cried, with a laugh, "Here is the artist." As he grew up, Scarlett Davis became remarkable for a most fatal facility. He could make five sketches for the engraver in an hour. In two days that he went surreptitiously drawing at Scarborough, he returned with no less than one hundred and sixteen sketches. Lord Zetland became his patron, and by his help he went to Paris and painted the interior of the Louvre, at that time full of Napoleon's magnificent thievings. This picture was much laughed at; but Etty, who was kind to him, liked it, and Lawrence valued it at 800*l.* He after this affected interiors, but was always wanting in finish; still his facility increased, so that

* Satirical, of course.—Ed.

he is once said to have cleverly copied a Rembrandt (afterwards sold for ten guineas) at the British Institution in six hours.

In his earlier life, when residing at York, Davis made drawings for Robinson's "Cottage Architecture," and executed a mezzotint of Bolton Abbey. Hitherto respectable, Davis at an early age married the sister of a girl to whom he had been engaged, in revenge at the seduction of his betrothed. After this he became drunken and debauched; and, being got out of prison by Dr. Simpson, died miserably before he had attained thirty. He seems to have been a reckless, eccentric, purposeless man of talent; and there is a story of him one day running furiously into the house of a friend to borrow a pistol to shoot "a vulgarian" who had dared to accuse him of charging three pounds too much for a portrait.

The galleries Davis painted, he altered to suit his own ideas of grouping, colour, and effect, so that the historical value of them is slight. "Davis," says Mr. Gilchrist, the biographer of Etty and Blake, was "one of those men of genius utterly devoid of honesty or moral sense. Lord Farnborough was his first great patron."

In 1836 Turner exhibited his "Mercury and Argus," bought by J. Naylor, Esq., Liverpool; a sunny Italian picture, with a villa, rivulet, lake, and the cow that gives the name to the composition. This was the year of Turner's tour in France and Switzerland with Mr. Munro.

In 1837 Turner exhibited his "Apollo and Daphne

in the Vale of Tempe," with the emblematical greyhound and hare in the foreground of the picture. The legend of Ovid on which Turner has founded his story is, that Cupid, angry at Apollo's coldness, wounded him with a golden arrow, and at the same time shot into Daphne's heart the leaden shaft of dislike and distrust. The wooded valley of Thessaly between Ossa and Olympus, I need scarcely say, Turner has idealized into a beautiful "no man's land."

In 1837, too, he returned to Carthage, that favourite halting-place of his imagination, and painted "Regulus leaving Rome to return to Carthage." This picture was painted at Rome in 1829. It is a grand vision of Rome, rather of imperial than of consular Rome. It would have been in vain, I am sure, to have told Turner that Regulus, after all, was probably not put to a cruel death by the Carthaginians.

The same year Turner painted that wild piece of imagination, "The Parting of Hero and Leander" (the motto from Musæus). This is a dark and heavy picture, sadly wanting in concentration and clearness, and broken into many diffusive and conflicting lights.

Turner has made the temple at Lesbos a vast palace, crowded with endless terraces. There are two moons and a red sun above them; the halo foretells the storm which Leander is about to face in his hour and ten minutes' swim. Love and Hymen (I am afraid Hymen had not much to do with these meetings) are holding the guiding lamps. The figures are terribly bad.

In 1838 Turner exhibited those two great pictures,

painted for his friend, Mr. Munro, "Ancient Italy," and "Modern Italy," two grand efforts of his imagination, and in many respects worthy of his best days; but both rather compositions than honest topographical realities. The first represents the banishment of Ovid from Rome, and consists primarily of a view of the Tiber looking south-west, as seen from the left bank. The bridge is the Pons Sublicius, that Horatius well defended. The Temple of Vesta and the Castle of St. Angelo are also introduced. There is also a sarcophagus to show that Ovid died in exile, and against it leans a mysterious jack-screw, typical of we know not what.

The modern picture represents a view of the Campagna combined with Tivoli; a town on a hill, a woman confessing, a religious procession, and some Pifferari, those mountain pipers who come at Christmas to Rome to worship the Madonna.

The same year Turner exhibited "Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus," crowding in, too, in his accumulative way, Demosthenes being taunted by Æschines, his great rival in oratory. Baths are in the distance, and in the foreground, to the extreme right, among others, is Phryne riding in a chariot as Venus. In the foreground are two dogs playing with glass globes, typical, I suppose, of the pursuit of pleasure. The figures are detestable, and the shadows all scarlet.

In 1839, the year of the exhibition of the "Fighting Téméraire," Turner exhibited "Agrippina landing with the Ashes of her husband Germanicus;" the

story a mere excuse for gorgeous dreams of mountain piles of Greek temples and palaces, for Agrippina did not really land at Rome with the ashes, but at Brundusium, on the Adriatic.

The painter, exercising his royal prerogative, as usual, to the full, has moved the palace of the Cæsars from the left to the right bank of the Tiber to suit his composition. As usual also in the later pictures, the colour is gorgeous, but the form of things defective. The bridge, too, is inaccurately placed.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

FROM the day that, as a boy, he first boated up and down the Thames, to the day that, at Chelsea, he turned his dying eyes on the river that he loved, Turner had all an Englishman's love for the water.

He had been born on the banks of a great river; his first school was situated close to the Thames; he lived much on the ocean; he beat about year after year in all sorts of smuggler boats; he cruised a good deal by sea, round our own coast and many other coasts; and he breathed his last close to the very spot where he had repaired as a boy to make his first sketches.

He loved the Thames and its "black barges, patched red sails, and every possible condition of blue and white fog;" he loved them, because he had a tenacious love all his life through for what had been known to him in childhood. His early visit to his uncle the fishmonger and glue-boiler at Bristol must have confirmed Turner's maritime tastes.

Mr. Ruskin imagines that much of Turner's youth was spent "in that mysterious forest" of masts below London Bridge, in cheap "poor Jack" trips among

seafaring people at Chelsea, or the other way, at Greenwich and Deptford. This could not have improved Turner's manners or morality. Long after, the fishwives of Billingsgate gave coarseness to his rendering of the female form; long afterwards his morality was regulated by the sailor's standard.

Yet the training had its value; it gave him early a deep knowledge of a ship's movement, and of a ship's anatomy; he knew how vessels would balance in any weather. It gave him such a love for a ship that after his death a whole press was found full of sketches of boats and vessels. I can fancy him as a boy saving up shillings to spend on boats, to go and watch the floating castles.

It was this early love for ships and sailors that led him to paint so many storms and shipwrecks, and so many salvage boats; to give us the "Battle of Trafalgar" and the "Old Téméraire being towed to her last Moorings." I cannot find a better place than here to insert an admirable anecdote furnished to Mr. Ruskin, by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley.

He says:

"I had taken my mother and a cousin to see Turner's pictures, and as my mother knows nothing about art, I was taking her down the gallery to look at the large 'Richmond Park;' but as we were passing the 'Snow Storm,' she stopped before it, and I could hardly get her to look at any other picture; and she told me a great deal more about it than I had any notion of, though I have seen many snow-storms. She had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland during the war. When, some time afterwards, I

thanked Turner for his permission for her to see the pictures, I told him that he would not guess what had [most] caught my mother's fancy, and then named the picture; but he said,

"'I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did. But no one had any business to like the picture.'

"'But,' said I, 'my mother once went through just such a scene, and it brought it all back to her.'

"'Is your mother a painter?'

"'No.'

"'Then she ought to have been thinking of something else.' ...

"These were nearly his words. I observed at the time he used 'record' and 'painter,' as the title 'author' had struck me before."

This anecdote shows us Turner in his most heroic mood, forgetful of all danger in the pursuit of his art. It is in this position that I should have liked to have seen him represented by the sculptor in his monument in St. Paul's.

The Téméraire picture was exhibited by Turner at the Royal Academy in 1839. The subject was suggested to the painter by Stanfield. In 1838 Turner was with Stanfield and a party of brother artists on one of those holiday excursions in which he so delighted, probably to end with whitebait and champagne at Greenwich. It was at these times that Turner talked and joked his best, snatching now and

then a moment to print on his quick brain some tone of sky, some gleam of water, some sprinkling light of oar, some glancing sunshine cross-barring a sail. Suddenly there moved down upon the artists' boat the grand old vessel that had been taken prisoner at the Nile, and that led the van at Trafalgar. She loomed pale and ghostly, and was being towed to her last moorings at Deptford by a little fiery, puny steam-tug.

"There's a fine subject, Turner," said Stanfield.

So Turner painted it, and it proved one of his most poetical pictures.

Concerning the name of the picture the following anecdote is related:

"In consequence of the prominent part the Téméraire took in the battle of Trafalgar, she was called among the sailors 'the fighting Téméraire,' *although she had never before or after the battle of Trafalgar a claim to the popular epithet;* but Turner had so often heard her called 'the fighting Téméraire,' that the name became to him a household word, and as such he entitled his poetical and beautiful picture when it was exhibited. But when the plate was engraved for the Royal Gallery of British Art, and it became necessary to give a brief but authentic history of the ship, and the truth was stated to Turner, he seemed almost in tears when he gave up his pet title, and said, 'Call her, then, the Old Téméraire.'"

The assertion that the "Fighting Téméraire" had no claim to the title but for its doings at Trafalgar, is a mere bit of malice, to detract from Turner's sensibility. The Téméraire had doubtless had its rubs

as a French battle-ship; we cannot trace its history before the too-daring vessel fell into our hands in the engagement of the Nile; but she fought tremendously in that battle of giants—Trafalgar. She was the second ship in Collingwood's division, and was commanded by Captain Hervey. The Victory bore down on the Redoubtable, and was received with a broadside, the French instantly closing their lower-deck port, for fear of the boarders, and firing no more great guns during the whole action. The Téméraire then, like a staunch comrade, fell on board the Redoubtable on the other side. The French ship Fougueux was in like manner on board the Téméraire, so that the four vessels lay as if moored in dock, their heads all pointing the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory, seeing this, depressed their middle and lower-deck guns, and fired with a diminished charge, for fear the shot should pass through the Redoubtable and pierce the Téméraire.

Mr. Ruskin considers this picture of 1839 the last picture Turner executed with his entire and perfect power. The "Polyphemus," painted in 1829, he claims as marking the beginning of Turner's central and best period of ten years. Singularly enough, the picture of 1829 is a sunrise; the picture of 1839 a sunset.

I extract from the "Athenæum" of three years ago a criticism of mine on this picture, chiefly considered as a matchless tableau of colour:

"The crown and paragon of the collection is the 'Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth,' which stands out from amongst them as a great flame-

coloured Mexican cactus, the very emperor of flowers, would do in a nosegay of simple primroses. We place it first of all his works, because it excels in colour all landscapes, we might almost say, in the world;—we place it first, because it excels in *colour*, and it was as a colourist that Turner excelled almost all painters. It is wonderful for all the qualities of colour, for brilliancy, contrast, breadth, tone, transparency, and light. And these fantasies are lavished on one of the simplest of heroic themes:—an old man-of-war being towed to her last moorings,—her grave, —where, her life well spent, she will return to those primitive elements from whence her oaks first sprang. She is towed by a steamer, late in the sunset, which is smouldering fiercely out of the sky; beyond the whirlpool of crimson and yellow, and flame-streaks of vermilion, a blue haze is creeping up the river to meet the night. Grand and warrior-like, stern, like an unconquered veteran, proud of trophy and scar, the Téméraire moves on, with its lance-like masts erect, its broad, pale, spectral hull looming stupendous and threatening over a water red as with the blood of past battles. A grand and touching sight is the old ship, so vast and thunderous in its sleeping and now well-nigh exhausted might,—so staunch, so true, and indomitable it is. The tug seems to convoy it gently and lovingly, as the enormous bulk whitens and troubles the water. To the right we see dim through the blue vapoury twilight a factory, and masts and chimneys, all hinted with a divine art which astonishes and delights us. To the left of the sunset that still dominates and sways its

dying torches rises the moon, cooling the picture with delicious semitones of grey and purple, fading away into pearl. Just below the sunset, the chief focus of light in the picture, rolls and wallows a huge black buoy, forming a mass which leads the eye to the strange shadows of the steamer's bows, brightening from dark brown to a yellow and more luminous duskiness. From the broad horizontal vermilion splash that is the core of the sunset to the palest blue and pearl of the moon-region of the picture, is a grand compass for any painter's brush, and needed a hundred-fingered man and a ten-horse power of brain to attain it.

"In no picture we have ever seen can you pass through so far, and yet come to no wall that orders back the impatient and forth-flying imagination. Through a thousand semitones and half-notes of grey and neutral tint we reach the sovereign colours that rule the picture. The very relaxations and freedoms of the drawing seem true to the aërial witchery and beguilement of such an hour and such an evening. The winged trails of scattered sunset fire—the red reflections of the vessel—the yellow tinge on the sail —the brown shadows—the light trail of smoke in the distance—the rich-coloured vapours of the steamer's funnel—the junction of red and blue in the distance, where the sunset dips and fuses its edge into the blue river fog,—are all so many points of chromatic harmony. As a picture it is the most glorious consummation of colouring ever painted by English fingers, or seen by English eyes. In exquisite transparency it surpasses water-colours; in strength and purity it

transcends oil. It is the noblest English poem, founded on English scenery and English events, ever thrown on canvas. He who painted this deserves indeed a central seat in our wide Pantheon."

But hearty as this encomium is, it does little justice to the chief merit of the picture, which is its matchless poetry and sentiment. Turner had, no doubt, often heard sailors' yarns of the "Fighting Téméraire;" and the Nelson men at Greenwich Hospital had, perhaps, talked of it till it stood in his mind as a thing with not merely a body but a soul. He might have heard that when she left Plymouth for her last cruise, the officers and men in the Dockyards gave her three cheers at parting—cheers of gratitude and regret. At Deptford she was to cease to be a ship, and to become a hospital hulk for the sailors of all nations. But Turner looked at her not as an old friend going to the grave, but as an old warrior going to his rest; he did, to celebrate its grand apotheosis, turn the sky and earth into a gory battle-field, and in gorgeous sunset she moves in pomp to her burial. In Turner's eyes she was then no longer the pale ghost of her former self, but a warship moving through the sulphurous flame at Trafalgar, with the blood oozing through her planks as the wine pours from the wine-press at vintage-time. He knew, when he painted this picture, that he should touch the heart of England, because his own heart was touched as he painted.

Had I not so often unexpectedly come upon subtle and underlying thoughts in Turner's works, I should have been inclined to doubt that the painter, in intro-

ducing the tug, meant to symbolize the rise of steam power and the downfall of wooden ships. Yet, though I think he merely painted what he saw, I am not sure that he had not also this occult meaning too. His mind was quick and deep; he generally saw all the sides of a thought, and all that could be done with it. Besides, we know from several of his pictures that he had a sublime idea of the power of steam.

Mr. Burnet, Wilkie's excellent engraver, and an admirable writer on art, has some fine condensed remarks on the beauties of colour and composition in this picture. Unlike many engravers, who care for nothing but black and white, Mr. Burnet has a fine taste for colour; and he is, moreover, always judicious in his views. He says the picture is divided into hot and cold colours at opposite sides—a favourite arrangement of the painter's. To the left is the pale huge man-of-war, towed by the dark tug: to the right is the setting sun; the warm colour is on the sunny side, the cold and shadow around and above the ship. The bulk of the composition is on the ship's side, and to balance that comes the solitary dark buoy below the sun (repeating its shape), to the right. The sky, from a burning vermilion over the sun, passes through yellow to warm blue on the opposite side; while the cold blues melt into pearly greys around the new-risen moon. The steam-tug is painted cool green; her reflections are brown, warm, and neutral. Mr. J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., engraved this picture; but no engraving can do full justice to the purity and richness of colour. It has been also coarsely chromo-lithographed.

Relating to the price of this Koh-i-noor of a picture, a correspondent writes:—

"Upon going into the Gallery soon after it opened, I was, as a purchaser of modern works at that time, so struck with the poetry and beauty of this most charming picture, that I *instantly* went off to Queen Anne-street, was favoured with a long and interesting interview with the artist; and although he stated that the Téméraire was his '200 guineas' size' only, I urged him *again and again* to accept my cheque for *three* hundred; and at length begged of him only to '*put a price* upon it.' I would have given him *five* hundred guineas rather than have left it; for I had set my heart upon the gem! But although he offered to take a commission of the same size *at* 200 *guineas*, stating that 'I might choose my own subject' likewise, I could not possibly induce him either to accept my offer, or to put *any price* upon the Téméraire."

There was a story current that this great picture could have been bought at the Academy for 150*l*., and yet could obtain no purchaser. This is incorrect, as the above letter shows.

Some years after the Exhibition, Mr. Leslie tried to buy it for Mr. James Lenox, of New York; but Turner would not part with it. In 1831 it had already been mentally placed by him among the pictures he would leave to the nation. Sacks of gold would not have shaken him on this point.

In one of the codicils to his will that after his death was set aside, Turner left each of his executors a picture. They were to choose for themselves (I believe), according to seniority; but the Témeraire

was specially excepted from the pictures that they might choose.

An early writer on Turner says:—

"It has often been asked where, when, and how Turner acquired such knowledge of the sea and of ships? and the question may be answered by stating that in his travels he always mingled with humble and practical men; for whether journeying by sea or land, he never parted with a penny without looking at it twice, and was in the habit of travelling by the most economical conveyance, as well as putting up at the most cheap houses; and a good deal of his knowledge of seamanship was picked up during his trips to the North, to which he always went by a collier. Once he spent a whole summer in drifting about the Thames, for he was fond of the water; and at the time of his death, 'Mr. Booth's' boat was moored off Battersea Bridge. Lord Egremont used to assert that Turner had a yacht; but we cannot ascertain this to be the case."

"In the year 1839," says Mr. Lupton, "J. M. W. Turner presented the public with the sight of that highly-esteemed picture, the 'Téméraire being towed to her last Berth,' the beauty and splendour of which were perhaps somewhat heightened by an occurrence which not unfrequently happens to pictures that are placed in juxtaposition during the arranging or hanging of the pictures for public exhibition.

"The picture of the 'Téméraire' was placed satisfactorily to Mr. Turner, and immediately over it was a picture by Geddes, A.R.A.—'A Lady and Children.' Geddes was delighted with the splendour

and brilliancy of Turner's picture; but at the same time saw at a glance that its splendour and brilliancy would entirely attract the spectator's attention from his own picture above, and that he must do something to make his picture more attractive, and share in the vividness or brilliancy of colour with Turner's picture beneath. So he resolved to repaint the floor of his picture, which was a plain, quiet colour, and make it more attractive to the spectator's eye; accordingly he resolved to paint in a showy Turkey carpet. To accomplish this, he first painted the whole ground of his picture with a *flat, bright tint* of *vermilion*, as a groundwork for the pattern of the carpet to be painted, and then returned to an adjoining room to complete another picture he was painting on before the opening of the Exhibition. Turner was also in an adjoining room, touching upon or varnishing another of his pictures; after awhile, he returned to look at his 'Téméraire,' when, in an instant, his eyes were attracted up to this *new mass* of bright vermilion of Geddes's picture. He was overheard to exclaim, 'Oh, oh! Mr. Geddes!' and immediately ran for his palette and brushes from an adjoining room where he was painting. Laying hold of his palette knife, he first took a sly look at Mr. Geddes's picture, then at his own: taking his palette knife, charged full of vermilion, he passed it right across his picture; then stepping back, with another sly look at both pictures, and another palette knife charged with orange colour, then another charged with yellow, and so on, until he was satisfied that he had brought his picture up to the necessary brilliancy

to contend with the bright vermilion ground above him in Mr. Geddes's picture.

"Turner, returning the next day to look at his picture, was somewhat surprised to find that the bright vermilion ground of Geddes's picture above his 'Téméraire,' and which he had taken so much pains to paint down, had been turned into a rich, quiet (comparatively speaking) sober-coloured Turkey carpet."

CHAPTER XXI.

TURNER'S ART LIFE—CONCLUDED.

In 1840 Turner painted "Bacchus and Ariadne," a variation of the grand old Titian theme. Turner has omitted the sail of the vessel of Theseus, who, having slain the Minotaur, deserts Ariadne at Naxos. There is a city on a height, and a river below.

The same year Turner produced "Venice — the Bridge of Sighs," the celebrated bridge that connects the Doge's palace with the State prison, and which was built in 1589; also "Venice from the Giudecca," a light and sunny picture; and, inaddition, the "New Moon," a seaport at sunset, with sands at low water, and a steamer in the distance.

In 1842 Turner painted "Peace—the Burial of the Body of Sir David Wilkie." This excellent painter had died the June previous off Gibraltar, as he was returning from the East in the Oriental steamer. Wilkie had come to England from Fifeshire in 1805. The old rivalry was now forgotten in regret at his death. In the distance of the picture are the rocket-signals rising from the signal-peak at Gibraltar.

In 1842 Turner also exhibited "War—the Exile and the Rock Limpet;" a picture representing Napo-

leon on the shore of St. Helena at sunset, watching a solitary shell. The strange motto showed the eccentric and super-subtle meaning of the painter,—

> "Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
> A soldier's nightly bivouac alone,
> Amidst a sea of blood!
> But you can join your comrades."

Owing to the wilfully eccentric reflections, Napoleon looks as if he was standing on stilts.

This was the year, too, of the "Snow Storm—Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals; Shallow Water; going by the Lead." The painter was himself in this storm, in the Ariel steamer, off Harwich. Turner was much hurt at the severity of the criticism.

In 1843 Turner, tired now of plain sober truth, or determined to puzzle and astonish by prismatic experiments a public that would not buy his pictures and did not comprehend his genius, launched out into some of his wildest dreams. He exhibited "Shade and Darkness, or the Evening of the Deluge;" "Light and Colour, or the Morning of the Deluge" (he was very fond of this parallelism of subjects); and the "Opening of the Walhalla, 1842" (honour to King Ludwig of Bavaria!). The Walhalla, a Doric temple, erected on a hill on the left bank of the Danube, near Regensburg, was built by Leo von Klenze, and opened in October, 1842. The interior contains two hundred marble busts of eminent Germans. The topography of the picture is full of errors. It is probably painted, with alterations, from a bad engraving. Turner, delighted with

the proof of Bavarian love of art and the blessings of peace, sent the picture as a present to King Ludwig, who, unable to make anything of it, and having probably never heard a word about Turner, packed it up again and at once returned it, much, I should think, to the artist's wrath and indignation.

In 1843 Turner, still doting on Venice, painted "Approach to Venice, looking towards Fusina," from a sketch made in 1839-40; sunset is approaching. This is a noble picture. He also painted the "Sun of Venice going to Sea," a pretty fantasy of a gaily-decked fishing-boat pushing forth heedless of the storm that will soon ruffle its gay plumage.

In 1844 Turner painted a picture called "Fishing-boats bringing a disabled Ship into Port Ruysdael." The port never existed but in the painter's mind, the name was intended as a tribute to the memory of Ruysdael, the Dutch landscape-painter. He also painted this year two Venetian pictures, the "Venice" (the canal of the Giudecca, with the Dogana and the Church of Santa Maria della Salute), and "Venice Quay," with the Ducal Palace, the Riva degli Schiavoni, and the Church of San Zaccaria.

In 1845 Turner painted the "Lake of Lucerne" for Mr. Windus. It now belongs to Mrs. De Patron, of Rodwell Rectory, Sussex. It is a view of the south-west from the hill above Brunnen; the little lake steamer from Fluelan is approaching, the Righi is not forgotten, nor the Brisen, and other Alps, with châlets, and other garnishing; but the topography is in many respects untrue, says Mr. Wornum.

This year he also painted "Venice—Noon—from

the Canal of St. Mark;" "Venice—Sunset—a fisher;" and his first picture of "Whalers," suggested by Beale's "Natural History of the Sperm Whale."

In 1846 Turner exhibited more Venetian fantasies, as "Venice—Evening: going to the Ball;" "Venice —Morning: returning from the Ball;" "Whalers, entangled in Ice, boiling Blubber;" and "Whalers —Hurrah for the Whaler Erebus! another Fish!!" Beale, from whose book Turner took the subject of this picture, does not mention any ship named the Erebus. The same year he exhibited at the British Institution a riddle in paint called "Queen Mab's Grotto;" and some extraordinary works called "Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello, Fisherman of Naples;" "The Angel standing in the Sun;" "The Hero of a Hundred Fights"—a scene in a casting-furnace.

In 1850 he grew calmer and returned for the last time to his old classical scenes; but, alas! with sadly impaired sight, and mechanical as well as mental power. This year he exhibited "Æneas relating his Story to Dido;" "Mercury sent to admonish Æneas;" "The Departure of the Trojan Fleet;" and the "Visit to the Tomb"—an ominous title. Even to the last we see the "Story of Carthage," as it is found either in fiction or history, had peculiar charms for Turner.

Among the unfinished pictures left by Turner were "Richmond Bridge;" two of the Petworth pictures— "Petworth Park" and "Chichester Canal;" two mountain glens (the latter with Diana and Actæon sketched in)—the "Sketch for the Harvest Home;" and the "Sketch for the Greenwich Trafalgar."

CHAPTER XXII.

TURNER'S NOTE-BOOKS AND SKETCHES.

First style from 1800 *to* 1820. *That is, from the age of twenty-five to that of forty-five.*

In 1802 Turner took his first Continental tour, and his sketch-books show us that he took careful, formal, and complete notes, near Grenoble, at Calais, and in Savoy. Many of these sketches he sold; afterwards, when they had been mounted in a folio, he rebought them, and finally left them to the nation.

He sketched the Lake of Brienz, and made it gloomy with a horizontal line of mist. He drew the Lake of Geneva from Vevay; he visited Mont Blanc, and was delighted with Mont Blanc, Aosta, and his first glance of Italy. The Roman gate at Aosta, as his first view of the classical school in which he had been brought up, filled him with delight. He used it long afterwards for a design to Rogers's "Italy;" perhaps, from association of ideas with his first sight of a Swiss lake, he always afterwards delighted in the vapour on lakes, and this effect was one of the last he tried to reproduce on his last tour. His first trees had been Wilsonian in structure; his first studies of the Alps were Wil-

sonianly lumpy, and were feebly drawn. In this first period Turner's oil paintings were bold and dark, but his water-colours delicate even to timidity.

In his first tour Turner seems to have had an eye for glaciers and fallen trees; but Mont Blanc and Grenoble were his favourite resting-places. He has a grand version of the Chartreuse, of the Ascent to Courmayeur, and of the valley of the Isère. Grenoble he assails from every side with special predilection, determining, as it were, to engrave it in his mind. The thought of one of the "Liber" drawings originated here, but the sketch is finer, says Mr. Ruskin. He draws the road to Grenoble from Voreppe, with the daylit Alps seen through a mountain-gap. He draws the Alps and Grenoble again, with a grand rolling sky. He sketches Grenoble, with finely outlined hills and clouds, marvelling much at the walls and fortified towers running up hill. He draws Mont Blanc as seen from the Fort St. Louis.

His oil study of a mountain stream, still preserved, is dark and broad, and the stones are outlined with great truth. In this period of his life, too, he drew "Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill." Then, again, presently—in sketch-books in the National Collection—we turn to a note of Rouen for the "Rivers of France." The view is taken from St. Catherine's Hill; he observes sheep and a sawpit on the banks of the Seine, and Norman women in their enormous caps—always special points of interest to a new traveller; then he makes some colour notes on Claude and Titian, for though still imitative, colour was beginning to attract his attention more and more.

His old love for animals, too, now began to find vent in studies which were useful for future pictures. Thus we have teal flying, drawn in colour; mules' skeletons, human skeletons (used in the "Liber"); studies of swans, where the water is rippled to express the agitation and anger of the birds; poultry-yards (the first thing he ever studied from nature); market ware (from a sketch made at Rotterdam); pigs and donkeys—the latter wonderful, a foal being drawn with scarcely more than one touch. Already Turner is a hoarder and miser in art, covetous of everything he can use again. He has a gigantic memory; but for all that he crams his sketch-books with notes of the beautiful and the true. The composition of his later period is more easy and natural than are the earlier studies; sometimes too, pen and pencil are united in the same sketch; the pen stroke never repeats the pencil stroke, but inserts some addition, some further thought, for Turner was not a man to waste time.

As for sea and sky, he never tired of them. There is a cathedral, with evening mist seething from the meadows; a storm (in grey, afterwards engraved); notes of cross tides at twilight; running waves; distant sea; sunshine on stormy evening sea; sunset scene; breakers rolling in on the beach (in grey); and clear green waves, semi-transparent, darkening at their thin edges before the foam breaks out. Turner wanted to catalogue the sea, and to inventory all its effects.

Mr. Ruskin also found in the sketch-books of a later time four of the rivers of France—four severe and

noble studies of evening effect, sketches of rooms at Petworth (in colour on grey paper); the Priory and Castle of the Fair Gabrielle (in the "Keepsake"); sketches of the Bridge of Boats at Rouen, of St. Germain (looking up and down the Seine), and of Ambleteuse, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Vimaraux.

Later books contain a weak sketch from memory of Sir Thomas Lawrence's funeral; but the painter soon returns to nature, to draw in body-colours the severe lines of some castle-gate, or to make well-designed minor studies for his picture of the "Deluge;" to draw his favourite Folkestone, or to plunge again into Swiss scenery. He visits Contamines in Savoy; he sketches the Chamouni (of Fernely), engraved in the "Liber" by himself, and garnished with pines. One batch, too, contains an overworked sketch, poor in colour, of the battle of Fort Rock, now at Farnley.

Turner in these sketches showed himself as doggedly patient as he was accumulative and versatile. He is to-day drawing four pages of docks, water-sorrel, and foreshortened laurel-leaves (for the farm-yard in the "Liber"); to-morrow he is painting an arm-chair in oil, outlining slabs and vases for future use, or down on the coast again studying the shipping—drawing a cutter in chalk, a pilot-boat in sepia —using often, with habitual economy, both sides of the leaf of his sketch-book, and sometimes with one and the same touch expressing many gradations and depths of colour.

In reviewing Turner's career, it should be carefully observed that the nobility of England were not suf-

ficiently advanced in a knowledge of art to be able to understand Turner's génius, only two or three—Lord de Tabley, Lord Egrémont, Lord Yarborough, Lord Harewood, and a few others—ever patronized him, and they only stintingly. It was the great public he had to appeal to with his engravings. He earned his fortune by engraving, and not by his pictures. From exhibition to exhibition his great pictures returned unsold. It was the Manchester merchants who first began to buy his Venetian pictures; and at the very time tenth-rate Caraccis and disgusting Dutch pictures were being bought by hundreds to fill our noblemen's galleries.

Never let us forget that it was the Reform Bill that gave birth to modern art—that threw open our exhibitions, and that originated our galleries of modern pictures. Before that, ancient dead art was dominant, except in portrait-painting. Wilson and Barry all but starved; Gainsborough's landscapes would not sell; and Hilton was neglected.

In 1790, when Turner was fifteen, he exhibited at the Royal Academy his first water-colour drawing, "View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth;" in 1793, when he was eighteen, "the Rising Squall," his first atmospheric effect. In 1794 (aged nineteen) he began his excursions into Wales. In 1796, at twenty-one, he painted his "Fishermen at Sea," his first marine subject. In 1798, aged twenty-three, he produced his first oil-painting. In 1798 (twenty-three) he began his Yorkshire and Cumberland subjects, his showers, daybreaks, and twilights.

In 1799 (aged twenty-four), a most ambitious

year with him, he exhibited his first battle-picture, and was the same year elected Associate of the Academy; a very early age for such an honour, a generous appointment that no doubt implanted in him his life-long love for that unsatisfactory institution.

In 1800 (aged twenty-five) Turner painted his first scriptural subject, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," his ambition no doubt stimulated by his new honours.

In 1802 (aged twenty-seven), the year he became full Academician, he took his first Continental tour to France and Switzerland, and the next year exhibited the "Macon Vintage," the "Calais Pier," and other Continental subjects.

In 1804 (aged twenty-nine) the Exhibition contained his rivalry of Vandervelde, and his first real imitation of Claude, "Narcissus and the Echo." In 1808 he exhibited nowhere; but in 1807 (aged thirty-two) appeared his rivalry of Wilkie, "The Forge." In 1812 (aged thirty-seven) appeared the first picture of his Carthaginian series. In 1814 (thirty-nine) he became Professor of Perspective to the Academy.

In 1820 appeared Turner's first picture of "Modern Rome, from the Vatican." In January, 1829, Turner returned from a tour to Italy. In 1851 he died.

FROM HIS DEVELOPMENT—1790 TO 1800—TO HIS DEATH.

There are few drawings extant of Turner before 1790, when the painter was fifteen years old, and no oil-paintings before 1795, when he was twenty.

His first sketches* show us hard mechanical truth,

* All the sketches here mentioned, except bracketed otherwise, are in the National Collection.

with sometimes a tender carefulness that is promising, showing, as it does, not merely a love of the work, but an anxiety to be, at any expense of time, exact.

He begins about 1791 a sketch of Malmesbury Abbey, always a specially favourite place with him; yet even at this age he makes a note of a shadow playing on the tree-trunks, and about the same time he sketches the River Avon, at Clifton, twice. Looking up at the Hot Wells from Cook's Folly, he is careful in composition, and duplicates the vessels so as to lead the eye up and down the river; his trees are graceful and Wilson-like, the rigging and sail-shadows of his vessels accurate, and he for the first time here observes an effect, afterwards a favourite one with him, that of making a ship apparently emerging from a bank. He also, in Bristol, where he has relations, sketches the Tower of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, where Chatterton wrote his early poems. The colour is well laid in the Mewstone.

He visits York, too, about 1800, and sketches the transept and tower; then presently we find him at Boston, making three or four pencil drawings; the architectural ornament is not all drawn, but bits are given with delicate precision, as short-hand notes to show what the rest would be like. Everything is pale, refined, cautious, and almost feminine in timid neatness,* "useful to steady and refine his touch," says Mr. Ruskin. It shows the acquisitive and hoarding nature of Turner's mind; for here is a "Kirkstall Abbey," not used till 1802; a "Holy

* Some four or five sketch-books, of one hundred leaves each, with pencil notes of this kind, were found in Turner's chests filled.

Island," not published till 1808; and a "Bolton Abbey" of about 1800, not given to the world till 1827. The "Kirkstall," with its hot and cold colour melting one into the other, appeared in the "Liber."

There is, of the same Yorkshire tour, a "Leeds," in minute pencil work, afterwards used for a large drawing. This town leads Turner to the "manufacturing picturesque." He sketches steam-engines ("fire-engines," as they were called then) at Coalbrook Dale, and Swansea copper works, and iron foundries, at Madley Wood, Mr. Morris's, and some fifty other places.

Then he is back again to London (sketching the Savoy Chapel in grey), perhaps with Girtin, for Dr. Munro's half-a-crown a-day and supper, or drawing sham Tivolis, or exaggerated porticoes of St. Peter's, with fine, rich curves, in memory perhaps of Cousins.

Even at this time his love of tender iris-gradations of colour begins to show in studies of cottages and cottage roofs; his tints grow firmer and more varied and brilliant. His "Carisbrook Castle" is finished, inch by inch, on white paper, a system which makes him at once careful and certain, for he is anxious to learn to put the right colour at once quickly upon the paper, without blotting out or patching. He is very varied, too, and wide-reaching in his grasp; for to-day he sketches a cottage interior, paying special attention to the warm light a copper pan casts upon a blue jug, and to-morrow he makes dark notes of some dead ducks, being always fond of animals.

In the sketch-books, too, of this period are found

memoranda of coast scenery, such as women sorting dry fish, and studies for the future "Ivy Bridge," a picture showing knowledge and precision of touch; above all, there are indications of innumerable studies of boats. He makes foreshortened studies of rowing and sailing boats, sailing prosperously or stranded, shipwrecked and broken up into mere bundles of staves. Already he collects analytical diagrams of Dutch boats, with an eye to get nearer to Vandervelde; and he is evidently bent on marine-painting and on coast scenery, as he afterwards proved to be.

He draws trees, too—oaks sparingly, elms seldom, sometimes Scotch fir and willows; foliage he excelled in, and always remained attached to. He seems to have been in Scotland about 1800, but his leafage is still cramped, and his foregrounds are laboured and stiff.

These early years of Turner's work, Mr. Ruskin sums up as comprising so many volumes of architectural detail in pencil, so many years' work of grey tinting, so many years of pencil-shading, without as yet much thought of anything but the most timid and neutral colour.

When Mr. Ruskin was arranging the Turner drawings, he kindly allowed me to examine the principal sketch-books that the great artist had left behind. They were of all ages, from the books of his earliest boyhood to the books of his latest tours, and here are a few of my notes upon them.

In a little red book with a clasp, marked June, 1813, I found various scraps of notes about chemistry, and several studies for pictures in rivalry of Claude—as

usual very slight. Some of the leaves are smeared by rubbing, the lines are blunt, soft pencil lines; the trees often loop, and some of the boughs are mere lank fingers and dark zigzags. Yet even in these there is an implication of Turner's great qualities of multitude and distance. Occasionally, too, I came upon useful receipts, such as an experienced traveller would be likely to treasure. There is a receipt for making waterproof with linseed oil and gum elastic, and a prescription for the Maltese plague, as if Turner's mind were tending eastward. The symptoms, he writes, are sickness, debility, shivering, headache, heat and thirst; then delirium, dark spots and ulcers. The remedies are emetics and purges, lemonade, and spongings with vinegar every two hours.

The coarsest lines in the book seem however to be modified here and there to realize variety of expression. Then come indistinct verses, something about "Anna's kiss," "a look back—a toilsome dream," and "human joy, ecstasy, and hope," &c., for Turner's verses did not come into shape at all spontaneously, and even at the anvil he was not quick at shaping them; close by, there is a note of an order of Sir W. Pilkington's for some "Harbours of the Coast," and some "Liber Studiorums." Next I find some dancing nymphs and a Claude-like bridge, then more chemistry —notes of copal and other varnishes; then memoranda of anatto, turmeric, dragon's blood, and blues; lastly, some very noteworthy, nine pages about yellows, including orange oxide, Naples yellow, and paper-maker's yellow; finally, the following scrap, I think from Beckmann:—"Potash added to a solution

of iron, a brown precipitate falls, carbonate of potash separates, and yellow oxide, which soon becomes a beautiful yellow oxide."

The next note-book I examined was a long one covered with parchment, and full of beautiful studies of skies stored up for use. There were skies of an orange purple, skies webbed with grey showers, skies veined with cross-currents of interwoven azure, skies of gorgeous red and yellow, skies of transparent grey, blue fogs with looming red suns, red horizons, moons going down, and blood-red treble meteors, and lastly, a glimpse of London with St. Clement's Church indicated by a pencil note.

A third book, bound in the cover of a Bible, was full of pencil sketches from Coutancey. In one leaf a plot is inscribed "sunshine;" and another "yellowish grey." The distance in one case is marked with dotted lines; and there are notes of leaves, docks, and rush-flowers, with their curves and central ribs marked.

The verses in this volume turn chiefly on Content, and are either vague or pathetic, as thus on Scotch independence:—

> "A personal estate,
> Far beyond purchase or the grasp of state."

> "Thou givest the humble roof content, devoid of fear."

> "And blissful joy
> To its perhaps lone inmate."

Another book contained coloured studies for the "Northern Coasts and the Harbours of England," and compositions in the manner of Claude. The run

of the waves and their sweeping leaps are beautifully given in these sketches; but sometimes the shore is left weak, and the sky is finished, as being, I suppose, more difficult for the artist to remember. Sometimes hard, dark ridges of colour are left to mark the crest of the waves. The seas are of all colours, from dull grey-green to soft blue and almost indigo-darkness. In one instance a sail in the foreground has the yellow jewel-depth of the finest Cairngorm pebble. I find Dover and Portsmouth among the places sketched. Only the artist seems lazy, or self-confident, for there are merely red blots, or criss-crosses of grey. In one instance there is more foam than wave visible; and I remember a beautiful example of the yellow ghost of a fishing-boat, with a little red man in it. There are other sketches, in which the sea rages in the foreground, rolling and leaping, while in the blue distance you see the faint outlines of white chalk cliffs.

In the next book we break away from English seas and go sketching in imitation and in rivalry of Claude—Turner's great opponent with noblemen and art-collectors. In this book I found recumbent nymphs; receding arcades, vanishing in perspective; long flights of temple-steps; forests of masts, forming classical St. Katherine's Docks; fêtes champêtres after Watteau and Stothard; arches of Constantine and Acropolises crowning imaginary hills.

A book, dated 1809, contains notes on the Passage of the Simplon; the wonderful Gorge of Gondo; the Isola Bella; and hints of the Lago Maggiore. They are on tinted paper, which is often used on

both sides with an economy worthy of Pope. White chalk, that still lingers in dust between the leaves, marks avalanches and snow effects; and Gondo, specially studied, is outlined with all a map-maker's care and fidelity. There are Italian campaniles without end for future use, and gaps between rocks opening out from sunshine into dim whiteness: there are small drawings, in mere portions of a page, of the Simplon bridges, such as Turner may afterwards have used for Scott's "Life of Napoleon:" there are scraps of bad French, and in one place "two English" are mentioned.

In a green book with red back I found memoranda of sea-side houses at Brighton, of embattled towers and Tudor windows; and some miscellaneous sea-side effects, very subtle and beautiful in their care and truth: there is a camp on a cliff, and boys and boats innumerable.

Among the more subtle thoughts I found the following noted: foam, grey in shadow; the reflection of a bright-coloured boat on a wet, shiny wall; the reflection of a fisherman boy's form on a dun sail; and the interchange of reflections between white and umbery sails.

Another sketch-book is valuable for its containing studies of the nude figure made in the Academy Life School, apparently in his middle life, and probably for special objects. Some of these studies are sufficient in themselves to remove the slander that Turner, when he chose, and before his mind began to weaken, could not draw; but still in many of them there is certainly an appearance of labour, though they are all rather painted than drawn. In one case the mouth

is left unfinished, and in several others the faces are spoiled. Among these studies I found a female figure drawing a sword, the whole drawn with yellow and black chalk; and a figure seated on a rock, cleverly and sharply delineated, the high light especially, powerfully touched. Then there are several studies of a female figure as Andromeda, with her head hanging down and her arms up; there is a side view, a front view, and a back view. Some of the leaves are purposely reddened.

In a book containing a sketch of Caernarvon Castle I found a pen outline and many boat effects, smoke rising against sails, and sails cutting against white, yellow, chalk suns.

Of all Turner's sketch-books that I saw, I think none interested me more than one full of sketches made at Rome, and chiefly in the Vatican galleries. They show the intense delight the artist must have felt in the classic city where he found on every hand ample materials for the war he was ever carrying on with Claude. What he had so long only dreamt of, now he saw. He now could realize the visions of his schooldays, of those hours spent in academic and architectural study. His comprehensive mind filled itself with booty, his great memory stored itself with facts, his note-books are gorged with classical detail, with drawings of statues, bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, to be used hereafter in the foregrounds of classical pictures. That greedy accumulativeness that made Turner amass money, made him also, in its intellectual tendency, accumulate facts. He could not refrain from taking ten or twelve views of Lon-

don Bridge ; it was a pain to him to have to break his charitable store by giving away a shilling uselessly. Such are the inconsistencies of man.

Under notes of "My locanda, the Speranzella-strada, Speranzella," and directions of "the Corona di Ferro," or somewhere where an English waiter is to be found (most important to the non-Italian), I find addresses of friends, as "Captain Graham, Via Gregoriana;" and lastly, after the proper Italian sentences to address to the custodes of picture-galleries, "What can I see in this palace?" and a caricature of himself, I come to studies of the Campagna, of the Aqueducts, and the Alban hills.

But, besides this, I found a legion of classic ornaments from the Vatican drawn hastily in pencil, generally only a part finished from want of time, but the part finished always sufficient for the painter's use, and generally numbered, so as to be able to find it again. Among the objects selected I found Priapi, satyrs, vases, griffins, Bacchantes, Cippi, tombs, masks, leafage, Apollino, Psyche, female heads, and many inscriptions copied carefully in printed letters. I also found a few notes on pictures and statues, with sometimes remarks on colours. In one instance Turner's mind seems to have turned to architectural reflections; he says sensibly of St. Peter's:—

"The part by Bernini is good in the arrangement of the columns; but being very large, they convey the idea of greatness away from the façade of the building . . . . while in the upper corner, the most favourable view, the columns are cut by it, and the

cupola has no base; so that the dome, when approaching the steps, becomes secondary to the horizontal parts," &c.

The next note-book I met with contained notes of a sea-journey between Marseilles and Genoa. There was Isle Margarte, Antibes, and Nice; boats with lateen sails, and sketches of Genoa. After this I came upon one with drawings of London Bridge, interesting Indian-ink skies, and notes of scenes on the banks of the Thames; studies of sails, and memoranda of a fête-champêtre and of ladies' dress—"caps, sleeves, black bow, black boddice, grey body, and yellow band." This book is full of details of form and colour, water-carts, haymakers, boys wading round boats, fishermen making love, travelling gypsies in red cloaks, green lanes, and poplars sunlit that shed radiance like lighted tapers. Here and there are bursts of wood-nymphs and other classical furniture; but the most important and laborious efforts in the book are views of London Bridge, with St. Paul's and the Monument showing at various experimental distances. Now he tries the dome over the widest arch—now he crowds the balustrades with people, and introduces a hulk, barges, and the boats at the Tower-stairs—now he brings in bales for composition, and detains passing sails to break the lines of the arches or to vary their outline. Now he comes nearer, and tries a wharf, a tower, some additional roofs, or a dark steeple striping the light. Still he seems unsatisfied; either his acquisitiveness could never have enough views of a bridge that publishers and engravers often want plates of, or else he

cannot get the bridge to look quite as beautiful as he could wish it to look. He changes the boats; he lifts St. Paul's, to try it in all sorts of combinations; he moves the wharfs, the shot-tower, yet nothing seems to satisfy him, so greedy is he of all its possible variations.

The next book contains jottings of expenses, and sketches of classical subjects—Glaucus and Scylla, Dido and Æneas, Ulysses and Nereus, and a sketch of the Polyphemus, with the giant hurling the stone. Sometimes in these books we come upon a flood of sea-sketches and shore-studies, fish being packed or sold, steamers, notes of the moon's colours, slight sketches in colour (the tone sometimes touched in with coloured chalk), lightning, dismantled vessels, vermilion suns and indigo seas, waves spitting round piles or combing upon the shore, life-boats—in fact, all that could indicate a passionate observer and lover of the sea. Then, perhaps, come Roman details, and a list of Lord Egremont's pictures; then warm, cold, grey skies, and Naples-yellow suns.

In a book containing notes of Gothic ornaments from York Minster, the internal anatomy of a boat, and some pencil skies, marked "W. Turner, 64, Harley-street," I found some verses on love, which show that the heartache of earlier youth had not yet quite gone. The verses are,—

> "Man, like the easy bark which sailing
> On the treacherous sea, seeking the bubble pleasure."

And again:—

> "Cares like waves in fell succession,
> Frown destruction o'er his day;"

which I take to be very incoherent utterances of a great heart-sorrow.

A parchment-covered book, with loops for a pencil, contains views of Marne, St. Maure, Mons, Rouen Cathedral, Père-la-Chaise, Notre Dame, and St. Gervais.

One book I selected was full of pen-and-ink sketches of ladies conversing; and the next I stumbled on contained plans of Turner's for his villa at Twickenham, with computations of the expense for eleven doors, seven windows, and 2200 feet of brick; the cost of purchase to be 4000*l.*, and the cost of building the same.

Just after a book containing the sketch for the Dryden tomb at Westminster, and views of, I think, Tilbury Fort, I found a volume of interesting easy studies of Edinburgh, dun-coloured, exact and timid; the skies pale yellow and pale blue. There is one with the ruined chapel on the right, in the distance the Castle, and St. Giles's open diadem; in others the blue Pentlands, the Firth, Arthur's Seat, the Calton Hill, and the Castle in all aspects.

In a book dated 1808, and containing entries of the date of a cheque, I found a sketch of Kirkstall Abbey; and in another, early studies of deer, sheep, London Bridge, Children playing, and the Lord Mayor's Barge.

The original sketches of the Calais Pier picture show how bright Turner's colour was when his mind was made up; and how sharp, firm, and confident his touch could be. The figures are more prominent than in the picture. The painter also makes a note of

Sterne's Hotel; and in another page sketches several spires, a coach, and some gable-ended houses.

One note-book of Turner's contains many careful memoranda of the old masters, particularly of their flesh colours. Noting the "St. Jerome," and more especially the "Dead Christ," by Titian, the under-colours of the ground of which he says are Indian red and asphalt, the second colour being cold.

In another store I found sketches of all the coast that Turner passed on his way to and from Edinburgh, in the year of George the Fourth's visit. He has specially noted Bamborough, Scarborough, the Cheviots, and Fern Island.

He makes notes of the passing sky colours; observes that smoke is colder, if broken by warmth; and arrives at Edinburgh, to watch with evident delight, the gaiety and clamour, the firing of guns, the floating of flags, the processions of boats, the bonnets and kilts, the files of Highlanders and Scotch Greys, and the universal excitement of a national holiday.

The admiral's barge, the men-of-war, all interest the painter; and he stops even to sketch a porter reading a newspaper.

A book containing views of Scarborough, Torbay, the gorges of the Alps, and a list of the Italian names for the days of the week, is bound somewhat irreverently, as the shoes of the miser in Hogarth's picture were mended, with a piece of the New Testament.

In a book of no value I found sketches of a great ship surrounded by small boats full of finely-dressed women and children; perhaps studies for Napoleon

in the Bellerophon, at Plymouth. Another, with quite an exhaustive chart of all the features of Scarborough —cliffs, sands, pier, and castle; contains an immature attempt at satire on I know not what public monument, erected I know not where. It seems as if some ignoble Howard had somewhere usurped the place intended for a Nelson statue. But let the halting lines speak if they can.

> "Can Howard ask in vain, and view the block
> Graced with the gift of Nelson, Bronté's rock,
> Still in the centre, and . . . . night
> Stands the first Earl's memento bolt upright,
> While modern Charles, now all so modest grown,
> Thrust from the corner Nelson mounts the throne.
> Served thus the castle yields the doubtful strife,
> And spares the past . . . and clings to life."

Most honest indignation, I have no doubt; but spoken with somewhat a stammering tongue!

A book of Oxford sketches, on tinted paper, contains studies of St. John's, Wadham, and New College Gardens; but the drawings of High-street are feeble, and the Gothic details careless and uncared for. Turner makes notes of the college arms, and marks the coach-office, Dr. Barnes's door, and one of the saints whose image I suppose he wanted to remember.

In a sketch-book containing a view of Borthwick, I found many outbursts of colour; trials with the brush of small regions of purple and salmon colour; and notes of peculiarities of the building, which are not to be forgotten — broken freckles of blue and yellow, and brown washes deepening to red-purple distances of the iris-flower hue. Mixed up with these

are perspective diagrams, showing Turner's solicitude about his lectures. And then, again, comes that much-coveted St. Paul's, with barge-sails leant in every possible way across the arches and clouds blocked in to try effects of composition. The dome and its reflections—the light and shade tried in various balances—and masts spreading like clumps of lances. Then, again, come masses of experimental colour—fawn, grey, yellow, and red.

A book of the date of about 1810, contains a sort of itinerary of Devonshire and Dorsetshire, and shows Turner's eagerness for facts and truth. He takes notes like a spy or a pilot, and of things, too, that seem quite out of his province. The painter writes: "Berry Pomeroy Castle came into the possession of the Seymours 1551." Torbay—twelve miles from Hope's Nose to Berry Head; Brixham, where William III. landed, well there ebbs and flows; an apophthegm, "O humanum rerum vicissitudo;" the present town of Fowey, "well pleased with it;" near Place House, Le Foy family; Lulworth Cove, water for eighty tons burthen; Portland, four miles from Weymouth; Chesel-bank extends from —— to Abbotsbury, nine miles; pebbles get smaller as we recede from Portland; Lighthouse at Portland, sixty-three feet high; Torbay to be seen twenty-five leagues distant, near Caves Holes; inhabitants of Portland, the ancient Belares; Saxon mode of keeping accounts in law; traces of Roman encampment behind the Portland Arms; Abbotsbury, founded by Canute's steward; the chapel; sea-mark; Dorchester; half a mile to the right, amphitheatre, called Mam-

bury, near Monckton; Mardon Castle; most perfect oval encampment, treble ditch; Lulworth Castle, built 1600; first machine in 1760; Tuesday, market day; spring at Nottington; fixed air; digestive salt, resembles Moffat water; barn-door; Durdle Rock on north shore; Lyme Regis; Duke of Monmouth; Tynemouth; Danes and French; Shilstone Cromlech; logan stone; Hallcombe, smallest parish; Carews, four horse-shoes remaining over door; horse saved Carew; man great distance at sea; Tor Abbey; King John; Kent Hole, naval officer ventures in and was nearly suffocated; Compton Castle; Haye Farm, near Exmouth, birth-place of Raleigh. This book contains sketches of peaceful Devonshire rivers; water-mills among hills; champaign dotted with trees; and cows feeding on quiet river banks.

It is not often we come upon Turner's very earliest works, though it is probable he hardly ever parted with his sketch-books, which to him were as cheque-books. Yet here is one, a large royal two-clasp volume, with large sketches drawn with a needle-pointed pencil. There is a view of Harlech Castle (the date probably about 1798), seas and islands, stunted mountains, ruined churches, and valleys nestling among rocks.

Then comes the Bolton Book, with sketches of the Abbey and of Wharfdale. He has drawn people riding and pic-nicking; he has even made, for greater completeness, a ground plan of the Abbey. In the same book are sketches of Launceston Castle and a Tudor house carefully picked out in pencil.

Among several sketches on the river, I found

many admirably drawn studies of cattle and of figures at the plough. Turner has been careful to make the ploughman turning before his horses turn, and to write over the plough that the left stilt was the highest. There is also in one of the river scenes a subtle observation by him, worthy of one who took such pains to master every artifice of composition. He writes:—

"Bargemen hanging clothes on the shrouds—to avoid long lines"—that is, remember that the clothes the bargemen hang upon the shrouds serve to break the perpendicular and unpleasantly straight lines, and were therefore not to be forgotten.

Turner rushes into a slough of poetry in his efforts to compose a motto for his Garden of the Hesperides picture. Perhaps even Turner, who, it must frankly be allowed, had a great alacrity for sinking, never achieved so deep a dive of bathos. I give all the fragments of the spoiled tapestry I can decipher:—

"Discord, dire sister of ethereal Jove,
Coeval hostile even to heavenly love,
Rankling with rage, unasked the sport to share
At Psyche's marriage,
Rushed like a noxious blast of wintry skies
. . . . . Hesperian gardens rise.
The guardian dragon, in himself a host,
Awed by her presence slumbered at his post,
. . . . . the golden apple took,
Love felt the wound, and Troy's foundation shook."

Some sense and enjoyment, truly, of the grand heroic line—but what "alacrity for sinking" deeper in the mud than ever plummet sounded. It was in this same book that I found the following passages

of what I believe to be one of Turner's lectures on perspective, and which are therefore invaluable:—

"Reflections not only appear darker, but larger than the object which occasions them; and if the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects, and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator; but in receding lines, as well as objects, rules seem to lose their power, and those guides that enable us to find some cause for near objects, lose their power or become enfeebled by contraction in remote ones. It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of the water; but these axioms I dissent from. It is true that, by placing the eye equal to the water, it comes up to the rules laid down; but when the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but according to the elevation of the spectator, becomes more or less an angle of incidence. If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms, there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules."

Then comes a page of accounts (Turner's mind was ever painfully exact in money matters); next follow sketches of horses feeding, and cows chewing grass, with that stolid side stare they deign to give to man, resuming their suspended labour with a sottish contempt and ignorant epicureanism which Turner has most happily conveyed.

All of a sudden the painter turns author, and begins his oracular utterances.

"They wrong virtue, enduring difficulties or worth

in the bare imitation of nature, all offers received in the same brain; but where these attempts arise above mediocrity, it would surely not be a little sacrifice to those who perceive the value of the success to foster it by terms as cordial that cannot look so easy a way as those spoken of convey doubts to the expecting individual. For as the line that unites the beautiful to grace, and these offerings forming a new style, not that souls can guess as ethics. Teach them of both, but many serve as the body and the soul, and but presume more as the beacon to the headland which would be a warning to the danger of mannerism and the disgustful."

This book, containing sketches of London Bridge, and these obscure reflections, is dated November 3, 1820. The only scrap more on the same subject I could find, runs thus:—

"'Tis a small space, by considering it and treating them as reflecting upon polished bodies, frequently the reflection appears so true, but are most fallacious to the great book of nature."

"The painting art toils after truth in vain."

After this follow some historical notes touching the early history of England, and Suetonius is quoted to show that in the reign of Claudius our land was first called Britannia. The writer reasons awkwardly that as it cost many legions, and yet was not forsaken till the last extremity, some data may be drawn from that triumphantly to *elucidate* that Britain was considered mistress of the seas, "her statue wearing a *naval coronet*." Poor Turner, he never could find the exact word.

Then came incoherences still more puzzling about "forty-four, the first Christian Church built, Glastonbury, Giraldus Cambrensis, Joseph of Arimathea, and Andati, English god of victory."

Perhaps these scraps are notes from some guide-book read at an inn.

The same book contains more views of the never-ending London Bridge, and plans for the picture gallery in Queen Anne Street—arrangements for back parlour and kitchen and for ventilation. The gallery is to have no blinds, but "a moulding" to keep out the sun's rays. Then come more views of the river, with Bow Church and Somerset Stairs, and piers and warehouses, Truelove and his ironworks conspicuously marked, and above all, the Church of St. Nicholas, Cornhill.

A page or two more and there is a gamut for the flute written down. The very flute whose existence this gamut indicates was found in Turner's house after his death. He was a man of many aspirations; only a few of them bore fruit, but then what fruit they bore!

A Yorkshire sketch-book shows Turner's taste for social amusement, for it contains a patriotic song (certainly not his own) which he had perhaps heard at some festivities at Mr. Fawkes's. It is written in almost obliterated pencil, but still I can pick out a few verses. They run—

"*Song*—JOHN BULL.

"Here's a health to honest John Bull,
When he's gone, will you find such another.
So with hearts, as with bumpers, quite full,
Here's a health to Old England his mother.

"She gave him a good education,
Taught him that cowards should swing,
To be true to the fame of the nation;
To be true to his church and his king.

"Now John is a good-natured creature;
He's noble, and generous, and brave;
He in conflict's a terrible fellow,
He will fight, he will conquer, he'll save.

"Some swear court and city are equal,
'Rights of man' make a very fine sound—
. . . . . .
"Then the loom in the . . . would stand still,
Equality's mantle be small,
We then must fight and . . . .
For the pulpit, the town, and the hall.
"He's happy as long as he's good—"

A page, dated 31st December, 1825, contains a sketch of a wooded river and a waterfall among trees.

An early Scotch book shows that the painter left Edinburgh on one tour 18th July, and finished his book the 1st of August, at Gretna Green. I find in this volume sketches of Queensferry, Linlithgow, Glasgow, Dumbarton, Douglas Castle, Ben*lowmon* (Benlomond), Inverary, Loch Lomond (black shadows and green-brown rocks).

I suppose that at this time Scott's writings had impressed Turner, and directed his attention towards antiquarian topics, for there are several notes like these scattered about the book—"Linlithgow Church;" "James saw apparition of old man;" "Built by Robert II."

Then come Loch Awe, Ben More, Castle Dochart, Loch Tay, Breadalbane (with rows of windows like gun-ports in the side of a frigate), Kenmore, Auchentyre, Tummel Brig, Blair-Athol, Dunkeld, Dumblane

(in all the sketches, however rude, there is some gradation of colour given, and the skies are massed out), Bothwell Castle, Moffat, Regent Murray's Castle, Solway Frith, and Moor, and last of all, the celebrated Blacksmith's Shop on Gretna Green. No bad foray into Scotland this.

Turner's earliest book, the cover now half cut off, seems to have been filled by him with sketches when he was about fifteen years old. There is a back view of the Hotwells, from the Gloucestershire side, I think, pencil washed. There are notes of gates, towers, and trees (with little pen-touches), at Sir W. Lippincote's; women and barrows, bell-turrets and yew-trees, cliffs, boats, and lastly, hasty views of rocks, boats, and Welsh hills from the Old Passage. In the same book I find a profile sketch of St. Vincent Rocks; a craft stranded on an island in the Severn ("sea" written large on one place); pages of experimental purple blots; a bend of the Avon; the tower of Thornbury church; the Welsh coast from Cook's Folly; trees and hills and ships. A study of Malmesbury Abbey from the meadows, over roofs of houses—foliage bad—is a south-east view, and is dated 1791. The trees are left a rank green with yellow tips; there is an orange walk, grey and rusty stains are on the stones of the wall; the sky low-toned, is seen through an arch; there are, here and there, sharp touches, but all is weak, plain, and timid, though exceedingly careful. There is, however, no touch of unnecessary work, and where there is detail, only a bit is finished to show how the rest is to be done.

In some of the sketches the names are written in punctiliously over the shops—as "Heath, Ormond, and Bradford, Milliners;" "Grove Coffee House;" and "G. Nappel, Dealer in Liquors."

Last of all, we come to a Roman note-book, which contains memoranda of the following facts, and observations of Italian travel:

"Venus seated; Parma two stages from Reggio; St. Prospero; Modena, palace and pictures; Bologna, wax models, very curious; John of Bologna, fountains; Forli (Tabernacle of Michael Angelo); Rubicon; St. Marino; Rimini; Arch of Augustus; Bridge over Foglia; Ancona; Loretto; Adriatic ramparts; Gate to Rome; River Clitumnus; Spoleto inscription; Terni; Cascade; Caduta della Marmora; Fall of Narni; Mount Viterbo; View of the Tiber; View of Rome above Baceano; Pons Milvius; Baths of Diocletian; Alban Mountains, to the south, bearing west to Antium; Tyrrhene Sea; Mount Soracte, thirty miles; Capitol; Coliseum; Square, obelisks; Fountain; Spada; Pompey's statue; Villas; Tivoli, suspended over precipice; Arno; Villa by San Antonio; Horace disputed; Tomb of Clodius near Gate Albano; Naples; Jews will not solicit alms; Tomb at foot of Mount Vesuvius; Annibal; Puteoli; Pompeii, female skeleton; Street of the Tombs; Salve Inn; Siren's Island; Guido; Aretino; Invented gamut; Pavia; Augustus viewed ashes of Drusus; Caffagiolo; Maraschino; delightful; Last Supper gone; Lugano; Vallambrosa; Turin; Mount Cenis; Campanile; Gate of Paradise; Lazzaroni."

Then come some little pen-and-ink views:—

"Ponte Vacchino; Cortona; Villa Adrian; Colosseum; Tivoli; Arch of Severus; Villa Novale; Frascati; Fondi; Tomb of Cicero; Gaeta; Altar; Velletri; Terracina; Capua; Avernus; Posilipo; Naples; Agnano; Crater of Vesuvius; Cuma; Clitumnus; Pæstum; Loretto; Capri; Amalfi; Scylla; Salerno."

On the fly-leaf of one sketch-book I find the following economical inn bill:

	£	s.	d.
"Egham—B. B. U. 1*s.* 3*d.*—2			
Hosby	0	5	0
Blackwater	0	3	6
Turnpike	0	1	0
July 13th	£2	14	6.

The same book contains sketches of Plymouth, Lyme-Regis, Land's End, Clovelly, and Fowey (dated May, 1811?); there are also notes of figures—as a butcher leaning on the meat tray.

It will much assist the reader in fixing Turner's position among his contemporaries if I append a few of the relative dates of their birth and death.

Lawrence, born 1769 (six years before Turner), came to London 1787, two years before Turner exhibited; was made an Associate 1791, and 1795 R.A., several years before Turner; was elected President on the death of West in 1820, the year Turner exhibited his picture of "Rome from the Vatican," and died in his house in Russell-square, 1830, the year of Turner's "Orvieto and Palestrina."

Patrick Nasmyth was born at Edinburgh 1786, eleven years later than Turner, and died in poverty in Lambeth 1831. He was called the English Hobbima.

Newton, the American painter, the friend of Leslie, and who died mad, was born 1794, and made an R.A. 1832. He succeeded Fuseli as Professor of Painting, and died 1835, the year Turner's "Ehrenbreitstein" was exhibited.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was born 1723 (forty-eight years before Turner). He was made President in 1768, eight years before Turner's birth, and died 1792, and when his pupil was seventeen years old.

Romney, originally a cabinet-maker, was born 1734. He returned to London from Italy, 1775, the year of Turner's birth, and died 1802, the year Turner's "Tenth Plague of Egypt" was exhibited.

Scott, the marine painter, died 1772.

Shee was born 1770, came to London in 1788, was elected R.A. 1800, the year Turner was made Associate, and died 1850, the year that Turner's last picture was exhibited.

Stothard, originally an innkeeper's son, was born 1755, twenty years before Turner; was an Associate in 1785 (before Turner exhibited); an R.A. in 1794, and died 1834, the year of the "Golden Bough." Stothard produced about five thousand designs. He was a special object of admiration with Turner, who called him the English Giotto.

Etty, originally a miller's son, was born 1787, exhibited his "Coral Finders" in 1820, the year of Turner's "Rome from the Vatican," and died 1849. In 1807 he was a pupil of Lawrence, in Greek-street. This was the year of Wilkie's "Village Politicians."

Gainsborough was born 1727, came 1774 to

London, and died 1788, when Turner was thirteen years old.

Geddes, a Scotchman, was born 1789, and died 1844. He went to Italy in 1828, and died 1844. He painted portraits and landscapes.

Hilton began to exhibit in 1813, was R.A. in 1820, and died 1839, the year of Turner's "Fighting Téméraire."

Hoppner, originally a chorister, was born 1769, was R.A. in 1795, became a *protégé* of the Prince of Wales, and died 1810, the year of Turner's "Petworth" picture.

Howard was born 1769, went to Italy in 1791, was R.A. in 1808, and died 1847, the year of Turner's "Hero of a Hundred Fights."

Jackson (son of a tailor) was born 1778, was R.A. in 1817, was with Chantrey at Rome in 1819, painting Canova for him, and died 1831, the year of "Caligula's Palace."

Sir W. Allan, a fellow-pupil of Wilkie, was born 1815, and died 1850. He painted his picture of the "Battle of Waterloo" in 1843, and in 1838 became President of the Scotch Academy.

Sir W. Beechey was made R.A. in 1798, after his picture of "George III. at a Review," and died 1839.

Bird, the predecessor of Wilkie (a carpenter's son), was born 1782, was an R.A. in 1816, and died 1819, the year Turner exhibited his "Richmond Hill."

Bonington was born 1801, exhibited in 1821, and died 1828, the year of Turner's "Cowes Regatta."

Briggs exhibited in 1814, was an R.A. in 1832, and died 1844.

Calcott, born 1779 (originally a chorister-boy, like Hoppner), was an R.A. in 1810, the year of Turner's "Petworth" picture, and died 1844, the year of Turner's "Rain, Steam, and Speed."

Clint (a hairdresser's son) was born 1770, and in 1807 left engraving for theatrical portraits, and died 1854.

W. Collins was born 1787, was in 1814 an Associate, in 1820 R.A., and died 1847, two years before Turner's last picture.

Constable (son of a Suffolk miller) was born 1776, a year after Turner, was a student in 1800, the year of Turner's Associateship, was R.A. in 1829, and died 1837, the year Turner's "Regulus" was exhibited.

Copley, an American, father of the present Lord Lyndhurst, was born 1738, and died 1815, the year Turner exhibited his "Bligh Sound," and "Dido Building Carthage."

Thomson, the Edinburgh landscape artist, a friendly rival of Turner, was born 1773, and died 1843.

Uwins, a very puerile artist, was born 1781, and died 1857. He returned from Italy, 1831, the year Turner exhibited his picture of "Caligula's Bridge."

West, the American artist, was born 1738, came to England in 1763, was President in 1792, and died 1820, the year of Turner's "Rome from the Vatican."

Wilkie was born 1785 (ten years later than Turner), came to London 1805, painted his "Village

Politicians" in 1806, became Associate in 1807, was R.A. in 1811, the year of "Mercury and Hersé;" 1825 changed his style, and in 1841 died, on his return from the East.

Ed. Williams, famous for his moonlights (carver and gilder), was born 1782, and died 1855.

Richard Wilson, the first great English landscape-painter, was born 1713, returned from Italy 1758, painted "Niobe" in 1760, was Librarian to the Academy in 1776, the year after Turner's birth, and died 1782, when Turner was still a child.

His great engraver, Woollett, the chief glory of our English school, was born 1735, and died 1785.

Of the artists still living, we may specify Turner's old friend, David Roberts, born 1796, and R.A. in 1841.

Sir Charles Eastlake, born 1796, R.A. in 1830, the year of "Calais Sands."

Maclise, born 1811, 1831 R.A.

Mulready, born 1786, R.A. in 1815 (the year of "Dido Building Carthage").

Sir Edwin Landseer, born 1826, R.A. in 1831, the year of "Caligula's Palace."

Millais was born 1819, the year of "Richmond Hill."

The following table of historical dates will also serve to show how far the events of the day influenced Turner's art.

Turner born, 1775.

Separation of America in 1782.

George III. deranged, 1788, (Turner aged thirteen).

The coalition of France, 1792.

Burke dies, 1797.

Peace of Amiens, 1801.

(Turner seizes this opportunity, and goes to France and Switzerland.) The next year the war broke out again.

Death of Nelson, 1805.
Death of Pitt and Fox, 1806.
Death of Sir John Moore, 1809.
Prince of Wales Regent, 1811.
War with America renewed, 1812.
Peace with France, 1814.
Waterloo, 1815.
The Spa Fields riot, 1816.
George III. dies, 1820.
Lord Byron dies, 1824.
Catholic emancipation, 1829.
George IV. dies, 1830.
Cholera, 1831.
Reform Bill passes, 1832.
Scott dies, 1832.
Slavery abolished, 1834.
William IV. dies, 1837.
Queen visits Scotland, 1842.
Visits France, 1843.

Now let us view Turner's life by another set of dates, those of French history; for with English history his art does not show any very special sympathy.

Bastille destroyed, 1789.
Louis beheaded, 1793.
Napoleon First Consul, 1799.
Napoleon Emperor, 1804.
War with Russia, 1812.
British enter France, 1813.

Napoleon dies, 1821.
Marengo, 1800.
Austerlitz, 1805.
Beresina, 1812.
Leipsic, 1813.

The dates of our great naval victories will show the powerful effect such glories must have had on the mind of Turner.

Cape St. Vincent, 1780.
Rodney, 1782.
Howe, 1794.
Cape St. Vincent, 1797.
Camperdown, 1797.
Nile, 1798.
Texel, 1799.
Copenhagen, 1801.
Trafalgar, 1805.
Dardanelles, 1807.
Basque Roads, 1809.
Algiers, 1816.
Navarino, 1827.
Acre, 1840.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TURNER'S PRICES.

FROM some account books of Mr. W. B. Cooke's, kindly lent me by Mr. Lupton, I obtain a very clear view of the prices Turner obtained for drawings from 1817 to 1824. As I give all the figures in the Appendix, I will here only select a few of the leading items to comment on.

For such drawings (prepared for the engraver's use) as "Brixham," "Fowey," "Ilfracombe," Turner received 10*l.* 10*s.*; for the loan of drawings for the "Rivers of Devon," such as "the Eddystone," "the Junction of the Tamar," &c., not made, I suppose, on purpose for the work, but lying by him in his portfolio, he obtained 5*l.* 5*s.*

But the charges vary, I suppose, according to certain degrees of finish and goodness, as I find two drawings of Vesuvius, for some work on Pompeii, paid 31*l.* for; and drawings of Battle Abbey (1816), and Winchelsea (1817), paid as low as 6*l.* 6*s.*

Then come, on the creditor side, in August, 1818, charges for copper supplied for the "Liber Studiorum."

In the same year, 1818, "Hastings, from the Sea,"

for Mr. Fuller's work, is charged at 42*l.* This, I suppose, is the purchase-money for a work perhaps in oil; and further on, 189*l.* is paid for "Dover (large drawing for Exhibition, 1823)—Shipwreck," and "Margate—Sunrise."

I find also charges of 2*l.* 2*s.* for touching Tomkinson's "Cuyp" and Girtin's "Kirkstall." The same year, 1822, the drawings of Colne, Rochester, and Norham are charged 8*l.* 8*s.* each.

In 1822 three drawings of the Rhine are charged 85*l.* In 1824 a large drawing of "Smugglers fishing Gin," is marked 63*l.* Then comes a counter item, in 1824, of fourteen numbers of the "Liber Studiorum," at 1*l.* 1*s.* each, 20 per cent. allowed; making a total of 11*l.* 15*s.*

In 1824 Turner's charges for lending drawings increase. He now receives 25*l.* for the loan of "Brougham Castle, Totnes," and "Oakhampton Castle," for the "Rivers." For the first two drawings, for the continuation of the Coast (bought by Mr. Tomkinson), Turner receives 52*l.* 10*s.*

His oil-pictures might not sell; but he was still getting money in many ways—by making drawings and lending drawings, by publishing the "Liber," and by retouching paintings.

The *Times*, in 1851, says 120 guineas have not unfrequently been given for a small sketch of Turner's in water-colours; and a small sketch-book containing chalk drawings of one of his river tours on the Continent has lately fetched the enormous sum of 600 guineas.

The prices of his more finished oil-paintings have

ranged, in the last few years, from 700 to 1200 or 1400 guineas. All his works have now acquired triple or quadruple the value of the sums originally paid for them.

Apropos of prices, we are told that one day Mr. Gillott, the well-known manufacturer of Birmingham, sallied forth from his hotel, determined at any price to obtain admission to the enchanted house in Queen Anne-street. He was rich, he was enthusiastic—he believed strongly in the power of the golden key to open any door. He arrived at the blistered dirty door of the house with the black-crusted windows. He pulled at the bell; the bell answered with a querulous, melancholy tinkle. There was a long inhospitable pause; then an old woman with a diseased face looked up from the area, and presently ascended and tardily opened the door, keeping the filthy chain up, however, as a precaution. She snappishly asked Mr. Gillott's business. He told her in his blandest voice. "Can't let 'e in," was the answer, and she tried to slam the door. But during the parley the crafty and determined Dives had put his foot in, and now, refusing to any longer parley, he pushed past the feeble enraged old she-Cerberus, and hurried upstairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner was out upon him like a spider on another spider who has invaded his web. Mr. Gillott bowed, introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy. "Don't want to sell," or some such rebuff, was the answer; but Gillott shut his ears to all Turner's angry vituperations.

"Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?" was his only remark.

"Never 'eard of 'em," said Turner.

Gillott pulled from his pocket a silvery fragile bundle of Birmingham bank-notes (about 5000*l.* worth).

"Mere paper," said Turner, with grim humour, a little softened, and enjoying the joke.

"To be bartered for *mere* canvas," said Gillott, waving his hand at the "Building of Carthage" and its companions.

"You're a rum fellow!" said Turner, slowly entering into negotiations, which ended in Gillott eventually carrying off in his cab some 5000*l.* worth of Turner's pictures.

It was the manufacturers, as I have said, and not the noblemen of England, who were Turner's best patrons. And here is an *apropos* story of Mr. Britton, whose memory many artists still living hold at its proper value. Turner was busy one morning in the bedroom at Maiden-lane, working at some drawings for one of Britton's patrons—I think for the Earl of Essex. Suddenly the door opens and Britton enters, nominally to inquire how the drawings progressed, really to spy out all he could of Turner's professional secrets. In an instant Turner covered up his drawings, and ran to stop the crafty intruder's entrance.

"I've come to see the drawings for the Earl."

"You shan't see 'em," said Turner.

"Is that the answer I am to take back to his lordship?"

"Yes; and mind the next time you come through the shop, and not up the back way. I allow no one to come here;" and so shutting the door on sly

Britton, Turner returned to growl at him over his work.

Turner was often unjustly accused of being extravagant in the price he demanded for his drawings; but the complaining purchaser forgot that he was buying something which in a few years would be worth perhaps double the money given for it. Mr. Cockerell, for instance, on his return from Greece, engaged Turner to execute him a drawing of a temple in Ægina from rough hints furnished him. It was a troublesome task, and probably uncongenial to the artist, whose mind it diverted from its own channels. He had to paint a country and people he had never seen. The painter set to work, and executed his task with a patience and care worthy of one who had to win his spurs: he produced in the given time a beautiful and elaborate water-colour drawing fit for the engraver, and highly finished enough to afterwards adorn a gallery. But he demanded for it thirty-five guineas, which Mr. Cockerell thought an exorbitant demand from an old friend. Some years after, Mr. Cockerell sold the drawing for fifty guineas, and it is now in the possession of Mr. Munro—most probably worth, if it were sold, at least some sixty guineas.

One picture that one of Turner's patrons had paid 100*l.* forfeit rather than take, he afterwards refused 1000*l.* for.

One of Turner's early Venetian pictures was bought by Chantrey on a varnishing day, on an R.A.'s recommendation, without Chantrey seeing it, for 250*l.* At Chantrey's death the same picture,

much damaged by an ignorant dealer, was sold again at Christie's to a purchaser, who had also not seen it, for the enormous sum of 1500*l.*

Mr. Ruskin says, if Turner disliked his themes, he painted slightly, and let the purchaser take his chance. If he liked his theme, he would give three hundred guineas' worth of work for a hundred, and ask no thanks. He altered the engravings from his drawings to suit the public taste. "Sometimes, when an engraver came with a plate to be touched, he would take a piece of chalk (or whiting) in his right hand and of black in his left—'Which will you have it done with?' The engraver chose black or white, as he thought his plate weak or heavy. Turner threw the other piece of chalk away [down?], and would reconstruct the plate, with the added lights or darks, in ten minutes." He was never troublesome about detail, writes one engraver to me. Yet I remember, that in one small engraving, he took enormous pains to get a little doe's head in the foreground exactly true to nature. His touched proofs he worked on with pencil.

"Turner never broke a promise or failed in an undertaken trust," says Mr. Ruskin. His sense of justice was strangely acute. One of my friends had long desired to possess a picture which Turner would not sell. It had been painted with a companion, which was sold, but this reserved. After a considerable number of years had passed, Turner consented to part with it. The price of canvasses of its size having in the meantime doubled, a question arose as to what was then to be its price. "Well," said Turner,

"Mr. —— had the companion for so much; you must be on the same footing." Turner had no intention of doing a favour, but he wished to be just.

A great many stories are related of Turner's dealings with a merchant (let us call him Mr. Dives) of Liverpool. I know not whether a sincere regard for the great magician's works, or a love of trade, led the hero of these stories to Turner; certainly he came to market, whatever might be his ulterior motive, with princely liberality, and he is said on one occasion to have offered to buy the whole stock of paintings, drawings, and engravings in Queen Anne-street for 100,000*l.* Almost sure of assent, he asked Turner, who remained silent, for the key of the house, that he might go and cart off all the spoil he could find.

Turner said, "No, sir; I have refused a similar offer before;" and well he might, for the stock was then worth in the market far more than that, and, held close in one man's hand, might have obtained any sum.

"I'll make it guineas," said the business-man; but Turner refused both pounds and guineas.

When the same magnificent Dives purchased the "Mercury and Argus" of Turner, the painter, from some caprice, perhaps from his favourite notion of a series, would not sell it unless the business-man would take another picture of the same kind, at the same price, and this the eager purchaser consented to do.

On another occasion, says Mr. Birch, Turner was enumerating to Dives various books of sketches that he possessed, several of which he produced (they were

those the nation now has). They were coloured memoranda, valuable as jewels, with Turner's notes in pencil and chalk; blue gleams of sea and sky, wafts of mist, ochry sails, white frozen waves of Alps. The merchant was all eyes. Turner showed them gloatingly and cruelly, as an old maid shows her pretty poor niece the family diamonds, or a rich antiquary his cameos to a young beginner. He chuckles and seems communicative, unsealed, and chatty. He encouraged the fish to the glittering bait. He even induced him to make several offers. It was all coquetting. Turner was only amusing himself with seeing the mercury rise again in the old well-known price-barometer, and he felt a pleasure in realizing his rise with rich purchasers. Each book contained about one hundred leaves of sketches. I believe the price rose as high as 1000*l.* a volume. Each volume he shut up, and put them by. Turner said—

"Well, would you like to have them?"

Then, as the merchant said, anxiously, "Yes, yes," Turner laughed slily and maliciously, and replied—

"I dare say you would."

It is just possible the painter might have had some peculiar pleasure in tormenting this particular man, whom he chose to expiate the wrongs inflicted on himself by early trading oppressors.

Certain it is they ended by quarrelling. Turner one day heard that he had sold some of his pictures. From that day he sold him no more, and the companion to "Mercury and Argus" was never painted. Turner had hoped he had met a real admirer.

On one occasion Mr. Birch visited Turner, taking

with him "Easton Abbey," one of his early drawings, and the "White House," by Girtin. The latter, afterwards Mr. Windus's, Turner praised with rapture. But the following story describes one of Turner's greatest and most heartfelt triumphs. We have already seen him refuse 2000*l.* for the "Rise of Carthage" from a private purchaser; we shall now see him refuse 2500*l.* from a body of eminent public men, who wish to present the picture to the nation. He has but to keep silent, to forget his generous intention, and pocket the money. His change of purpose will never be known; he has other pictures to leave.

At a great meeting at Somerset House, where Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hardinge, &c., were present, it was unanimously agreed to buy two pictures of Turner, and to present them to the National Gallery, as monuments of art for eternal incitement and instruction to artists and all art-lovers. A memorial was drawn up and presented to Turner by his sincere old friend, Mr. Griffiths, who exulted in the pleasant task. The offer was 5000*l.* for the two pictures, the "Rise" and "Fall of Carthage."

Turner read the memorial, and his eyes brightened. He was deeply moved: he shed tears; for he was capable, as all who knew him well know, of intense feeling. He expressed the pride and delight he felt at such a noble offer from such men; but he added, sternly, directly he read the word "Carthage"—

"No, no; they shall not have it."

On Mr. Griffiths turning to leave, he called after him and said—

"Oh! Griffiths, make my compliments to the memorialists, and tell them Carthage may some day become the property of the nation."

One of his oldest friends tells me that the week Turner sold a picture he used to always appear dejected and oppressed; and if he was pressed to say why he appeared so low, he would say, sorrowfully—

"I've lost one of my children this week."

A merchant, having one day purchased and paid 10,000*l.* for pictures to Turner, said suddenly, just as he was leaving,—

"Now, Mr. Turner, there are three more pictures in your gallery; I'll give you 5000*l.* for the three, if you will allow me to pick."

"Well," said Turner, "tell me which they are."

The merchant began with the "Rise of Carthage." Turner stopped him.

"No," he said; "it's a noble offer, but I have willed it."

The purchaser then pressed him to let him have two for 5000*l.*

Turner seemed moved at his liberality, but merely repeated,—

"I have willed it."

The picture was originally painted for 100*l.* for a gentleman, who declined to take it when the critics and the press began to attack it.

"This is a great triumph," Turner repeated.

Turner's pride had been deeply wounded by this rejection. The noble revenge he took was to refuse 2500*l.* for it, and leave it to the nation.

Mr. Heath once asked Turner the nature of some

papers which were lying on the table, inquiring what he had got there.

"Oh," replied Turner, "some old receipts and papers not wanted."

Mr. Heath's attention had been attracted by a bill of exchange for 200*l.*, evidently unpaid, and due on that very day, of the existence of which Turner appeared to be wholly unconscious. This carelessness did not, however, extend to many of his transactions, for never was any one more rigorous in exacting the last farthing in a contract than he was, or more punctual in executing within the stipulated time whatever he undertook. Mr. Heath was wont to declare that, in spite of his exactions, and the difficulty of bringing him to any reasonable terms, he had greater satisfaction in dealing with him than any other artist. When once he had pledged his word as to time and quality, he might be implicitly relied on.

The following letter to Mr. Finden is a good specimen of Turner's business letters. It is like one of Cæsar's despatches, so terse and free from all superfluous words is it.

"47, Queen Ann-street West.

"DEAR SIR,—I shall want some money before I leave London for my summer tour, which will take place in about a fortnight.

"Yours truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"W. Finden, Esq."

"Mr. MacQueen called (to look about printing my plates). I did not see him, but sent down word

that I would thank him to send me the remaining proofs belonging to you. His answer, that he did not know he had any of Mr. Finden's; if he had, he would send them. This somewhat says that you have not said anything to him for my remaining proofs or book.

"J. M. W. T."

The awkwardness of the phrase "this somewhat says" marks Turner's usual want of power to express himself, and also his ignorance of the subtleties of language.

This question of proofs was an endless source of quarrel between Turner and his engravers. As an author claims so many copies of his book from a publisher, so artists claim from their engravers so many proofs. In the author's case this right is generally decided by a written agreement, which is legally binding, but in the case of artists, I believe there is no distinct law laid down; the number of proofs depends on the engraver's liberality or his good-nature. The artist gets as many as he can.

Turner's cupidity and acquisitiveness drove him to urge claims that the engravers would sometimes not concede, whatever might be their loss from a quarrel with the great artist.

On one occasion, words rose so high that a well-known engraver threatened, upon principle, to burn the proofs before Turner's eyes rather than surrender them. Another turned him out of doors. Led by that love of hoarding that had become almost a mental disease with him, Turner would keep the

smallest scrap of paper that contained the note of a single hint or thought.

Turner had dreadful fights with the print publishers. He regarded them as Pharaohs—as cruel task-masters, who thought a few guineas could buy any man's brain—men who did not care what they got for their money, so it had but a good name appended to it—men who were the huxters of art, mental pedlers, the costermongers of brain-produce. He regarded them as perpetuators of his serfdom; like Blücher at Waterloo with the French, he had to revenge on them the injuries and insults of years. Not that he was insolent to them, but he would have all the money he could get; he saw no reason why the mere interchanger of commodities should get more by them than the planter from whose land they had come. He knew his value in the market, and he used it with somewhat exacting severity. We must remember, too, that engraving was with Turner a compulsory and not a voluntary work. He was born a painter, not an engraver. He painted for fame; he engraved for bread.

With this Mr. Cooke, at whose house the scene of many stories is laid, Turner never seems to have kept on really amicable terms. It is impossible now to say on which side the fault lay; possibly Cooke was slippery, bland, and grinding; perhaps Turner was hard, mistrustful, and extortionate. He had been underpaid in youth, he had been degraded and wronged; he perhaps now thought he would revenge these wrongs on all who employed him. I have a most violent letter of Mr. Cooke's, dated January 1st, 1827, and referring to the "Coast"

drawings. He accuses Turner of misrepresentation and deception. The "Coast," it appears, was Cooke's own plan, and he began by giving Turner a commission for 400*l.* worth of drawings. Turner then demanded twenty-five sets of India proofs before letters. Turner had first received 7*l.* 10*s.* for each drawing of the "Southern Coast," which price was eventually raised to 10*l.* Turner now claimed the same price of 10*l.* for the earlier drawings, which he had promised by contract for 7*l.* 10*s.*

There can be no doubt that Turner had a confused notion of Cooke's intentions, or had been deceived by the keener tradesman. Cooke begins by underpaying him, and then writes to the artist, promising him twelve guineas and a half for the "drawings for the future Coast." Turner chooses to consider this offer as referring to work already done, as well as to that which is in hand. He then, ever dogged and obstinate when he believes himself defrauded, goes to Cooke, and says—

"I will have my terms! I will have my terms! or I will oppose the work by doing another Coast."

Then Cooke goes on to complain of Turner's giving him a drawing called "Neptune's Trident," which he presented to his wife. He declares that Turner afterwards re-demanded it, and charged two guineas for the loan. It is probable that Cooke must have mistaken a loan for a gift, for Turner never could have been intentionally guilty of such meanness.

The indignant engraver concludes by asking insolently if Hakewell's "Italy," the "Scottish Scenery," or the "Yorkshire work" had ever returned the capital laid out on them; asserting that Mr. Turner

quite over-calculated the profits of the "Coast" work. But let the letter speak more fully for itself.

"Jan. 1st, 1827.

"DEAR SIR,—I cannot help regretting that you persist in demanding twenty-five sets of India proofs before the letters of the continuation of the work of the 'Coast,' besides being paid for the drawings. It is like a film before your eyes, to prevent your obtaining upwards of two thousand pounds in a commission for drawings for that work.

"Upon mature reflection, you must see I have done all in my power to satisfy you of the total impossibility of acquiescing in such a demand. It would be unjust both to my subscribers and to myself.

"The 'Coast' being my own original plan, which cost me some anxiety before I could bring it to maturity, and an immense expense before I applied to you, when I gave a commission for drawings to upwards of 400*l.* *at my own entire risk*, in which the shareholders were not willing to take any part, I did all I could to persuade you to have one share; and which I did from a firm conviction that it would afford some remuneration for your exertions on the drawings in addition to the amount of the contract. The share was, as it were, forced upon you by myself, with the best feeling in the world; and was, as you well know, repeatedly refused, under the idea that there was a possibility of losing money by it. You cannot deny the result: a constant dividend of profit has been made to you at various times, and will be so for some time to come.

"On Saturday last, to my utter astonishment you declared in my print-rooms, before three persons who distinctly heard it, as follows—'I will have my terms! or I will oppose the work by doing another 'Coast!'' These were the words you used; and every one must allow them to be a *threat.*

"And this morning (Monday) you show me a note of my own handwriting, with these words (or words to this immediate effect)—

"'The drawings for the future 'Coast' shall be paid twelve guineas and a half each.'

"Now, in the name of common honesty, how can you apply the above note to any drawings for the first division of the work, called the 'Southern Coast,' and tell me I owe you two guineas on each of those drawings? Did you not agree to make the whole of the South Coast Drawings at 7*l.* 10*s.* each? and did I not continue to pay you that sum for the four first numbers? When a meeting of the partners took place, to take into consideration the great exertions that myself and my brother had made on the plates, to testify their entire satisfaction, and considering the difficulties I had placed myself in by such an agreement as I had made (dictated by my enthusiasm for the welfare of a work which had been planned and executed with so much zeal, and of my being paid the small sum only of twenty-five guineas for each plate, including the loan of the drawings, for which I received no return or consideration whatever on the part of the shareholders), they unanimously (excepting on your part) and very liberally increased the price of each plate to 40*l.*; and I agreed, on my part,

to pay you ten guineas for each drawing after the fourth number. And have I not kept this agreement? Yes; you have received from me, and from Messrs. Arch on my account, the whole sum so agreed upon, and for which you have given me and them receipts. The work has now been finished upwards of six months, when you show me a note of my own handwriting, and which was written to you in reply to a part of your letter, where you say—'Do you imagine I shall go to John o' Groat's House for the same sum I receive for the Southern part?' Is this *fair* conduct between man and man, to apply the note (so explicit in itself) to the former work, and to endeavour to make me believe I still owe you two guineas and a half on each drawing? Why, let me ask you, should I promise you such a sum? What possible motive could I have in heaping gold into your pockets when you have always taken such especial care of your own interests, even in the case of 'Neptune's Trident,' which I can declare you *presented* to me; and in the spirit of *this* understanding, I presented it again to Mrs. Cooke. You may recollect afterwards charging me two guineas for the loan of it, and requesting me, at the same time, to return it to you; which has been done.

"The ungracious remarks I experienced this morning at your house, when I pointed out to you the meaning of my former note—'that it referred to the future part of the work, and not to the 'Southern Coast''—were such as to convince me that you maintain a mistaken and most unaccountable idea of profit and advantage in the new work of the 'Coast;' and

that no estimate or calculation will convince you to the contrary. Ask yourself if Hakewell's 'Italy,' 'Scotch Scenery,' or 'Yorkshire' work, have either of them succeeded in the return of the capital laid out on them.

"These works have had in them as much of your individual talent as the 'Southern Coast,' being modelled on the principle of it; and although they have answered your purpose by the commissions for drawings, yet there is considerable doubt remaining whether they will ever return their expenses, and whether the shareholders and proprietors will ever be reinstated in the money laid out on them. So much for the profit of works.

"I assure you I must turn over an entire new leaf to make them ever return their expenses.

"To conclude, I regret exceedingly the time I have bestowed in endeavouring to convince you in a calm and patient manner of the number of calculations made for *your* satisfaction; and I have met in return such hostile treatment, that I am positively disgusted at the mere thoughts of the trouble I have given myself on such a useless occasion.

"I remain,
"Your obedient servant,
"W. B. Cooke."

I can scarcely imagine a more dogged and inflexible man than Turner, when once the idea of being defrauded or tricked had entered his mind.

The following letter contains little of interest; but it shows us Cooke and Turner again at cross pur-

poses. It refers to the beautiful Swiss drawings at Farnley.

"Saturday morning.

"My dear Sir,—I rather expected you would have called yesterday, as your messenger said there required no answer when he left your letter. However, I have seen Mr. Fawkes this morning, and there appears a great misconception respecting the extent of the drawings offered to you, *for the Swiss drawings are either bound together, or cannot be lent.* I shall be at home all to-morrow, if you can give me a call.

"Yours most respectfully,

"J. M. W. Turner."

(Pencil note on a slip of paper fastened to the above letter by a pin.)

"I told your brother George, on Thursday or Saturday last, that I expected to have heard or seen you before then, particularly when I had heard you did not go to Brighton, and to tell you so, you having left a message that things must remain until you returned, that the list you sent me had an inaccuracy or two, which required me to see you, and will call to-morrow before twelve, or after two o'clock.

"Yours,

"J. W. Turner."

The following two letters also relate to the connexion between Turner and Cooke. They refer to letter-press of the "Coast Scenery," written by Mr. Coombes (the disreputable author of "Dr. Syntax") for Cooke. Turner has evidently been trying his hand at a description of St. Michael's Mount, probably a favourite

scene. Coombes cannot understand it; says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever read, and that it is badly punctuated. Cooke suppresses Turner's composition altogether, with a sort of insolent contempt. Mr. Coombes, evidently knowing his man, says, that unless Mr. Cooke wishes to drive Turner "stark, staring mad," he must be sure to send him uncorrected sheets of the suppressed article.

"Friday afternoon.

"My dear Sir,—I am really concerned to be obliged to say that Mr. T——'s account is the most extraordinary composition I have ever read. It is impossible for me to correct it, for in some parts I do not understand it. The punctuation is everywhere defective, and here I have done what I could, and have sent the proof to Mr. Bulmer. I think the revise should be sent to Mr. T——, to request his attention to the whole, and particularly the part that I have marked as unintelligible. In my private opinion, it is scarcely an admissible article in its present state; but as he has signed his name to it, he will be liable to the sole blame for its imperfections.

"Your faithful humble servant,

"W. C."

"Friday morning.

"My dear Sir,—When I had just finished the article of St. Michael's Mount, and introduced all I possibly could into it of Mr. Turner's, I received your note requesting me not to insert a syllable of his writing. This has, of course, occasioned a considerable delay, as I must write the whole over again;

Mr. Bulmer, however, shall have it to-morrow, and Pool shall follow.

"I enclose the proofs; but if you do not mean to drive Mr. T—— stark, staring mad, you had better get two uncorrected sheets from Mr. Bulmer,

"Your faithful humble servant,

"W. C."

I have no doubt at all that Cooke was a timid, time-serving tradesman, with no real appreciation of Turner's genius, and who vexed the great man by his small higgling ways.

It seems to be a general opinion amongst engravers that Turner disliked them as a body: I am afraid Turner took every one who came to him for money for an enemy; yet he was very punctual and very just, though never liberal: some engravers refused his work, finding it took up too much time to be profitable. One of his engravers, whom he accused unjustly of eavesdropping, ordered him out of his house; but seven years after Turner met him in Regent-street, and nobly confessed his fault by offering him his hand; for magnanimity was one of Turner's noblest qualities.

I believe that "Loch Corriskin," in the Isle of Skye (illustration to Scott's "Lord of the Isles"), engraved by Le Keux,* is almost the only work of Turner's which was not touched or corrected by him. There are lines in the curves of the rocks which, admirable as they are, Turner would doubtless have altered.

* One of the earliest engravers remarkable for imitating crumbling stone, and much employed by Mr. Britton.

The publishers always treated Turner as a Jew; and an excellent story is told in Yorkshire as a proof of their belief. When Turner came down there to make his drawings for Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire," he brought a letter of introduction from a publisher in London to a brother publisher in Yorkshire.

The letter ended by saying of Turner:

"Above all things remember that Turner is A GREAT Jew."

The Yorkshire publisher took the intimation seriously and mindfully to heart. Down came the little man, looking "the very moral" of a master carpenter, with lobster-red face, twinkling staring grey eyes, white tie, blue coat and brass buttons, crab-shell turned-up boots, large fluffy hat, and enormous umbrella. The next day happened to be Sunday: after breakfast, the publisher told Turner that he would now leave him for church, and trusted that he could amuse himself with the books and pictures till he returned. The same thing happened again after dinner, and Turner grew a little nettled at being treated as a Pagan. At last, when at dinner, some apology was made about an unlucky and *mal-apropos* ham, Turner broke out:

"What on earth do you mean, sir?"

Said the innocent and now astonished publisher:

"Why, they wrote to me that you were a regular Jew."

The engravers were sometimes puzzled with the obscurer parts of Turner's later pictures. In transferring to steel one of the Venetian pictures, the

engraver turned some ships into houses; but it did quite as well, and so they remained. The picture was not meant to be topographically correct, but to be a beautiful dream, true in the feeling it conveyed.

Turner never, if he could help it, gave an opinion on the authenticity of a picture of his own, because he once, much to his vexation, had been called in as witness in a case of this kind, and it had hurt his pride.

He was thoroughly aware of the necessity of contrast in engraving, and, as Mr. Ruskin thinks, injured himself by too much aiming at meretricious black and white to please a public he despised—a public who would buy his engravings, but would not buy his pictures.

Turner was always quarrelling with the engravers about his touched proofs. He wanted every proof on which he had written directions to be returned, and sometimes he was baffled; but I think he was right, for the law on this subject is only traditional; and if he was just he had a right to be severe and thrifty, though I think it a pity that he condescended to wrangle about such trifles as a rich man; but then he was doggedly obstinate, and the wish to retain the touched proofs was rather a matter of pride than of parsimony, for he did not sell them again. He stood on his right, he felt he was asserting a principle, and we must remember that his early life had been embittered by the exactions of employers, and these wrongs had hardened him. With Mr. Goodall, the clever engraver of his "Caligula's Villa," Turner had one of his most violent quarrels about touched proofs.

There was also a remarkable scene once between Turner and his old tyrant, the publisher Cooke, at a *conversazione* at Freemasons' Hall. It was a dispute about the return of some drawings (I think of the "Annual Tour") that both claimed. Turner's red face grew white with the depth of his rage, Cooke grew hot and red—"must" — "shan't" — "shall" —"rogue," flew about, to the terror of the great man's henchman and his real admirers and his toadies.

It was Mr. Munro's habit to visit Turner on Sunday afternoons, when the painter was more at leisure. They were once pleasantly chatting together—for they were sincere friends—when in bounced Mr. W. B. Cooke, like a bullying tailor come to look after a poor sweating journeyman. He wanted to know if those drawings of his were never to be finished. When the door presently closed behind him, the big salt tears came into Turner's eyes, and he murmured something about "no holiday ever for me."

The corrections marked on Turner's proofs were of enormous value to the engraver. They gave reasons for the merest change in the curve even of a twig. Sometimes they gave the engraver (if trusted) great latitude: this sky was to be heightened—those towers to be raised. On one occasion Turner allowed Mr. Goodall to introduce figures of his own. It is almost certain that many of Turner's proofs, especially of the "Liber," were secretly stolen and sold by a workwoman who was trusted with the sewing together the numbers.

In 1805 the first engraving ever made from an oil

picture by Turner was published. It was from Sir John Leicester's "Shipwreck."

As this is somewhat an epoch in Turner's art life, I append the prospectus issued upon the occasion, and the terms of Turner's contract with the engraver:—

"Proposal for publishing by subscription, with permission of Sir John Leicester, Bart., a print from that celebrated picture of

A SHIPWRECK,

WITH BOAT ENDEAVOURING TO SAVE THE CREW,

By J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A.

To be seen at his Gallery, No. 64, Harley-street, until July 1st, 1805; and after, at No. 50, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square. To be engraved in mezzotinto by C. Turner. Size of the plate will be 33 inches by 23½ inches. Prints, 2*l.* 2*s.*; proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.* Those in colours to be under the direction of the artist. Half of the money to be paid on subscribing, and the other on delivery, which will be in December next, 1805.

"C. Turner has the pleasure to inform his friends, as it will be the first engraving ever presented to the public from any of Mr. W. Turner's pictures, the print will be finished in a superior style, and as only fifty proofs will be taken, gentlemen desirous of fine impressions are requested to be early in their application, as they will be delivered in order as subscribed for.

"Subscriptions received by the engraver, No. 50, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square.

"*Terms of Contract.*

"1. To receive the 31st of Sept. 25 guineas for the loan of the picture.

"2. To pay Mr. C. Turner the price of 1*l.* 6*s.*, or trade price for all I want to colour.

"3. The price of the print two guineas, proofs double size of the plate. viz.,

"4. For J. M. W. T. not to part with any coloured print under four months after the publishing the proofs.

"The plate to be finished by the end of Dec. 1805. 1*l.* 12*s.* trade price for 2*l.* 2*s.*"

The following prospectus of Turner's work, "The Ports of England, 1826," is also interesting, as showing the style in which Turner's engraving ventures were presented to the public:—

"Under the patronage and dedicated, with permission, to his Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.

PORTS OF ENGLAND,

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS, MADE EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK,

By J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A.

To be engraved in highly-finished mezzotinto by Thomas Lupton. Size of the plates, 9 inches by 6½, and to be printed on small folio. Price of the work: Prints, 8*s.* 6*d.*; proofs, 12*s.* 6*d.*; proofs on India paper, 14*s.*

"Notwithstanding the many splendid and useful publications undertaken by various persons within the last twenty years, it appears somewhat extraordinary that in a maritime nation like England, immeasurably indebted to her naval achievements for opulence and glory, a subject so deeply interesting and so intimately connected with her general history as a series of views illustrative of her several seaports and harbours, should have been to this period neglected.

"A work of this kind (hitherto unattempted on an extended scale), comprising all the licensed and chartered ports of the country, has been long in preparation, and is now proposed to be published in numbers, the first of which will appear on the first of May next, and will contain two views, to be delivered in the order of subscription: twelve numbers to form a volume. At the completion of each volume will be published, in handsome letterpress (detached), an Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the Ports up to the Present Time; the whole forming a complete graphic and historical illustration of the British ports.

"As the greatest care and attention will be given to the execution of this work, it is determined not to endanger its excellence by a rigid compliance with a fixed period of publication: the intervals between the production of each number will, however, be as short as the requisite attention to the work will allow.

"When it is considered how many pleasing associations—how many recollections dear to the well-founded national pride and best feelings of Englishmen, arise even involuntarily on contemplating such subjects—the almost countless host of naval heroes

who with well-omened hope have embarked from these ports and have returned to them in glorious triumph, shedding immortal lustre on their country—the magnificence and national importance of the ports themselves, and their immense superiority over those of other nations—it is impossible for the artist to feel otherwise than confident of the patronage of a discerning public.

"London: Published (May, 1826) by Thomas Lupton, 7, Leigh-street, Burton-crescent; R. Ackerman, Strand; and Messrs. Colnaghi, Son, and Co., Pall Mall East."

Mr. Miller, the engraver of Edinburgh, relating his business relationships with Turner, says:—

"Living at a distance from London, my personal interviews were not many; and the communications which passed between us during the twenty years or upwards that I was executing engravings from his works were chiefly confined to the margins of the proofs, and were mostly returned to him. When in London, I occasionally met with him either at his own house or in company at a friend's. On one such occasion, at the house of W. B. Cooke, the landscape-engraver—where were also present Hugh W. Williams (whose talents as an artist Turner respected), Lupton, the mezzotinto-engraver, and Geo. Cooke—during the evening, when Turner and Williams were discoursing on some scene and differing in opinion as to the forms of some lines in the subject, a piece of paper was produced, upon which each artist made a slight sketch in pencil to elucidate his views. At the conclusion Lupton was somewhat slily appropriating the sketch, a proceeding which Turner's keen eye disappointed by transferring it to his own pocket, notwithstanding Lupton's claim of property as having furnished the paper. My friend George Harvey, the artist, relates an amusing and

highly characteristic anecdote of an interview between Turner and a gentleman (whom he named) who had recently purchased from a third party a Turner landscape. In the course of the conversation he explained with great glee the mode in which sundry parts of the picture had been got up—in particular that a dog in the foreground was cut out of an engraving and stuck on, and a lady's parasol was in like manner a wafer attached and painted over. The current story of a cap flying through the air has, I think, a reference to the engraving of the 'Mouth of the Yare, Yarmouth Roads.' There are several articles of clothing apparently in motion in the foreground, and I recollect being puzzled at first about them."

One of the most painful things that ever happened to any of Turner's engravers happened to Mr. Lupton, one of the most talented of them. He took great pains in executing a mezzotint of the "Calais Pier;" but from some reason or other it never satisfied the painter, and after much loss of time and innumerable corrections it was left unfinished. In justice to Mr. Lupton, I append his own manly and straightforward version of the matter; but in my opinion the picture was too dark to work from:—

"J. M. W. Turner employed Mr. Lupton to engrave his large picture of 'Calais Pier' (now in the National Collection), of the same size with the beautiful print of the 'Wreck,' engraved by Charles Turner. All the engravings Mr. Lupton made from Turner he was in the practice of showing to the painter in their progress (that is, the working proofs

from the very commencement of the plates); of course 'Calais Pier' being a large plate, and an important picture, the engraver presented the second or third working proof off the plate for the painter's inspection. The painter, upon looking at it, instantly exclaimed, 'This is not the proportion of my picture! There is some mistake here.' The engraver replied that was impossible, because all engravings from pictures were reduced upon mathematical principles; consequently it was a correct reduction, and in true proportions to the picture. The painter again exclaimed, 'Well, if it is so, it wont do. These are perfect doll's boats! therefore the boats, &c. &c. must all be considerably increased in size, or there must be a large piece cut off all round the plate to give the boats or objects in the picture more importance; at present it is all *sea* and *sky*, and it wont do.'

"As the engraver's principal object in undertaking so large and laborious a work was to produce an engraving equally large and valuable as a work of art as Mr. Charles Turner's 'Wreck,' he objected, or refused to have the plate reduced from the original size first intended. The painter then declared the objects must all be increased. Now, it may be proper here to remark, in the first place, that beautiful and unrivalled as the picture of 'Calais Pier' is, it is thought by artists to be a little heavy in colour, or too dark in tone; and as this character of blackness in the picture was increased by the early proof shown to the painter (in mezzotinto), the process of which style is from black to white, this unavoidable blackness of the proof in its working state no doubt

tended to increase the delusion in the painter's mind that the picture had not been correctly reduced; but the engraver's opinion was, and still is, that if Mr. Turner had allowed the engraver to proceed and scrape away the superfluous black of the plate up to the light and finish of the picture, the painter would have felt differently about it. But no: at it the painter went, increasing every boat and sail in the picture, and this on a plate that had been most elaborately and carefully worked towards completion. The two principal boats in the picture—a lugger going out and a passage-boat coming into the harbour—were first operated upon. In the former, the lugger, the mainsail was lifted an inch higher on the plate, the boat itself widened to prevent the sail being too large for the boat. Then came the Dover and Calais passage-boat, the mainsail of which was both lifted and widened, also the foresail greatly increased, and, last of all, a large topsail was added to it; and, indeed, another boat also was introduced into the subject. (These various touched proofs, with the alterations, the engraver believes are in possession of Mr. Dillon.) The above alterations were made at various times, and each always after a laborious taking out of work and replacing it as well as could be done by the engraver from loosely touched proofs in chalk, that at last the engraver found it impossible to follow them satisfactorily to his reputation, and therefore declined proceeding further with the engraved plate until the painter could give him a matured and perfectly finished picture to complete the almost new design which the painter had, *pas à pas*, created on

the plate. The engraver regrets to say that [illegible] though contemplated, was never done, which accounts for the engraving never having been finished, and at the same time for the altered state of the subject now on the plate as compared with the original picture in the National Gallery, from which the engraving was commenced."

END OF VOL. I.


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